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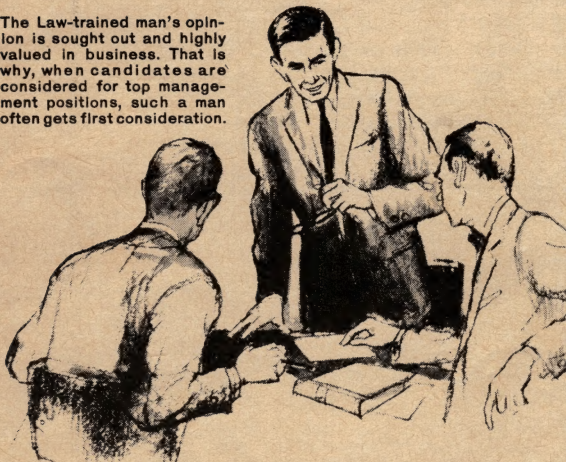
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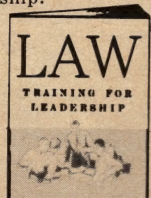
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MEN'S NEWSLETTER

SHORT SHOTS

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Almost every human society is willing to go along with sex before marriage, BUT THERE'S HARDLY ONE THAT CONDONES "CHEATING" AFTER YOU'VE TIED THE KNOT ...



Morals can be mesmerized

Contrary to popular belief, HYPNOTIZED PEOPLE CAN, REPEAT CAN, BE MADE TO COMMIT LEWD AND LASCIVIOUS ACTS AGAINST THEIR WILL—if the hypnotist is really a highly skilled operative ...

If the girl's pupils get bigger when she looks at you, YOU'RE IN LIKE FLYNN. The pupil of the eye dilates when viewing something pleasurable ...

A Peace Corps problem is what to do about young female members who get pregnant on the job ... without benefit of marriage ceremony. This is bigger in scope than realized and it is usually handled quite "diplomatically." ... YOU'VE PROBABLY GOT TONSILS, even if you had them removed as a child. At least 65% regrow if removed before the age of 12.

Changing sex attitudes in America have really chased organized prostitution to the woods. Men and women, in the new climate, are able to pursue their sexual pleasures legally, and as the joygirls themselves point out—competition from the free stuff is driving them out of business ...

CASH BOX

British will pay lump cash sums to anyone in their country who is a victim of illegal violence. Injuries must cause the loss of at least three weeks' earnings. New Zealand is the only other country to work this way ...

A WAY TO PICK UP A CAR DIRT CHEAP IS TO VISIT THE POLICE "CAR AUCTIONS" IN BIG CITIES. These are cars that have been abandoned for one reason or another. In Chicago alone one recent year, some 50,000 of them WERE SOLD FOR RIDICULOUSLY LOW FIGURES ...

SOME DRUG STORES NOW GIVE YOU A FREE X-RAY WITH EVERY PURCHASE OF A DOZEN CARTONS OF CIGARETTES ...

If you are patient you can get many of your toilet articles free. Colgate last year mailed millions of one-ounce samples of their new Code 10 men's hair cream. And Bristol-Meyers Co. did the same with its new Score hair preparation. Gillette mailed out some 25 million samples of its new stainless steel blades ...

YOU CAN EARN AROUND \$14,000 IF YOU FIGURE OUT A WAY TO FLY—USING JUST MUSCLE-POWER. Prize is being offered by British industrialists and so far there are no winners ...



Big dough for birdmen

MUGS, MOLLS, MAYHEM

COFFINS ARE NOW FAVORED BY THE HEROIN AND DRUG PUSHERS AS FAVORITE METHOD OF SMUGGLING DOPE AROUND COUNTRY ...

The ex-cons in Great Britain are unionized ... FBI keeps constant surveillance over the movements of some 1100 big time racketeers ...

If you ask cops how they feel about punishment for criminals, WHAT THEY'D ASK FOR IS CONSISTENCY. They beef that some hoods get off free, others get light sentences and some wind up with stiff penalties ALL FOR EXACTLY THE SAME CRIME. They feel this kind of injustice leads to terrible bitterness and hostility on

(continued on page 44)

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MEN and MEDICINE

CORPSE-ON-THE ROCKS DEFROSTS

—The woman had been lying in the Tulsa, Oklahoma, gutter the entire night—a night that saw the mercury dip down to 32 degrees. When she was brought to the hospital by ambulance, her temperature was 67, and there was no audible heartbeat. Just as the doctor was about to list her as “dead on arrival,” an intern heard her gasp. Immediately, chest massage, oxygen and hot blankets were applied. A stomach balloon filled with hot water was inserted and two shots of adrenalin were injected into her heart. In four hours, the woman's temperature had risen to 90, and an opening was made in her throat to ease her breathing. Not long after, she sat up of her own accord, had her first meal and her body temperature measured normal. While doctors expect her to make a complete recovery, they agree that if she hadn't been drinking heavily the night before, she never would have survived. Alcohol reduces the body heat and slows all processes. As a result, the woman required only about 15% of her usual oxygen supply. Had the woman been warmer to begin with, she would certainly never have “come back to life.”

BLUE CROSS WAS NEVER LIKE THIS

—Latest concept for helping hospitalized patients recover faster is to relieve their boredom and depression at being confined by planning all sorts of usual gimmicks for them. For instance, at Mount Zion Hospital in San Francisco patients are now offered a choice of wines with their dinner; are given a menu to select their meals from; have special meals prepared—such as Polynesian spreads, complete with hula dancers; Italian dinners, including Chianti and an accordianist. Other hospitals around the country have music piped in through the patients' pillows, electrically operated beds, closed-circuit TV so patient and family can “visit” with each other. What is best about these morale-boosting innovations is that it costs very little more than the normal tariff required to handle a hospital patient.

HOW TO RATE A LUSH — American Medical Association doctors have finally classified alcoholics into five general categories: 1. Alpha: Well-behaved drinker, psychologically dependent on liquor. Needs a couple of shots in advance before facing people at social gatherings. 2. Beta: This is the drinker who gets a physical reaction to liquor — either gets sick, or develops symptoms such as neuritis or an irritated

stomach. 3. Gamma: He's fine until he gets to a party, then he over-drinks and has to be escorted home. 4. Delta: The Madison Avenue, Multiple-Martini boy. At all times, there is a goodly amount of alcohol in his bloodstream. Steady drinker, but rarely takes more than he can hold. 5. Epsilon: Stop-and-start binge drinker—he'll lay off for long periods, then suddenly go on a bat until he winds up unconscious. After a while, the binges will begin to come at more frequent intervals.

WHY SOME HUSBANDS NEVER TALK TO THEIR WIVES

—It could very well be that Nature never intended for opposite sexes to converse. At least that's the startling theory just advanced to help explain why so many husbands and wives rarely exchange more than “Good morning” and “Good night” with each other. In the earliest days, all that was necessary was for the male to bring home the kill and for his woman to cook it—with little said between them except for an occasional, “Ugh.” And for thousands of years man has always held the view that women were little more than slaves—who should be seen and not heard. With woman's emancipation and growing articulateness, the man now looks upon her in awe, not sure how he let this thing come to pass. A smart woman, one expert feels, will not press her luck by badgering her man from morning to night with a verbal barrage. If she feels the need to talk—let her pick up the phone and chew the fat with a friend of her own sex. This will keep the man happier and knock the divorce rate in half.

BLOOD FROM THE DEAD — For the first time, blood from human corpses was successfully transfused to living persons. The transfusions took place five to five-and-a-half hours after death of the donors, and all the recipients in the experiment were volunteers.

Alcohol Gauge



RADIATION STERILITY NOT PERMANENT—When the explosion occurred at the Oak Ridge, Tenn., nuclear plant in 1958, five men received very severe radiation dosages. As expected, within nine months, all of them became sterile. However, three years and five months later, all five were declared perfectly capable of fathering children again...erasing at least one of the terrors of a nuclear war: the complete sterility of any survivors and a virtual dying out of the human race.

CONS VOLUNTEER FOR SKIN GAME

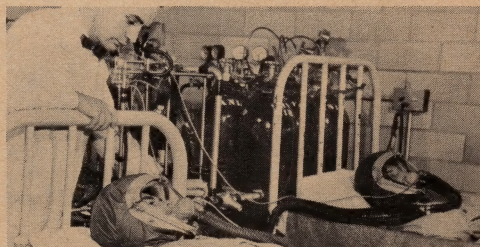
—Using seven volunteers at San Quentin Prison, doctors went after a solution to the old problem: Does a wound heal faster when covered or when left exposed to the air? Under local anesthesia, slices of skin were removed from the arms of the convicts. Half of the man-made wounds were then covered with an air-tight polyethylene film; the rest were left exposed. All wounds were treated with an antibiotic solution. On the third, fifth, seventh and ninth days, the doctors punched into the wounds and removed tissue for microscopic study. Their findings showed that bandaged wounds heal two to five times faster than the exposed ones, and that the one-time danger of infection in covered wounds was eliminated by the application of antibiotics. Thanks to the convicts' voluntary aid in the experiments, future treatment of wounds and burns will be revolutionized.

HEAD-DOWN POSITION OUT FOR SHOCK VICTIMS

—Worried by a siege of unexplained deaths at the shock unit of the L.A. County General Hospital, medics began a series of experiments on rats. Inducing hemorrhaging shock in the rats by excessive bleeding, the rats were then placed in three different positions: head down, head up and prone. Eighty-three percent of those in the head-down position (the standard position used to help patients come out of shock) died. Of those in the head-up position, only 50% died. None in the prone position expired. Analyzing the results, the doctors feel that the head-down position causes a severe breathing difficulty—because of pressure on the diaphragm—plus the danger of brain edema which delays the return of normal postural reflexes. From all indications, the prone position seems to be the best suited for handling any patients going into a state of shock.



Heads Up for Accident Victims



Cons Lose Skin



Easy, Inexpensive

"I hope others will discover how easily and cheaply you can learn with this wonderful Course."

—Mrs. J. C. Rogers, N.C.



Great Enjoyment

"I think taking your Course is one of the best things I have ever done. I never dreamed I would enjoy it so much. I think anyone who took your Course would enjoy it."

—Nita Edwards, Missouri



Plays on Radio and TV

"I have performed on television, radio, and before large audiences. I have also written three musicals. I owe my thanks to the U.S. School of Music."

—Leonard Ira Drumheller, Jr., Virginia



Lifelong Dream Fulfilled

"Your lessons are interesting and easy as falling off a log. I have always wanted to play and now a lifelong dream is being fulfilled — thanks to you!"

—Mrs. Phyllis B. Jones, Utah



Feels Warm and Happy

"I don't have much time to play — just 15 or 20 minutes a day. But

when I sit at the piano and do play, I feel warm and happy inside. My 9-year-old girl is also taking lessons."

—Mrs. Ruth Sloan, Idaho



Has Own Studio

"Have mastered the accordion. I teach at my studio, and play at big affairs that pay."

—Howard Van Orden, Bloomington, N.J.



Has 3-Piece Band

"I never thought, when I took up your Course, that I would play this well. I have a three-

piece band and we play at night clubs around this area. So you can see how much your Course means to me."

—Howard Clark, Ohio



Now Feels He "Belongs"

"Words alone could not express what the Course has done for me. It has made a fine musician of me,

where once I was called a 'strummer.' Thanks to the U.S. School of Music."

—R. Richards, Kentucky



Learns in Short Time

"I could never have learned music in such a short time if I had taken lessons with a private teacher. Your Course is so interesting and simple. I plan to take another one. Anyone can afford the low cost."

—Claudette Smith, Louisiana

Amazing Music Discovery

HAD THESE PEOPLE PLAYING RIGHT AWAY

You, Too, Can Play Right Away

...Even if You Don't Know a Single Note of Music Now!

THOUSANDS of folks like these, who never thought they *could*, now play music on their favorite instruments! They started by writing to the U.S. School of Music for *free facts* that opened their eyes to how easy it is to learn — *at home* . . . without a private teacher or boring exercises . . . in a surprisingly short time.

Now, YOU TOO can discover this key to good times, popularity, and new friends — by learning to play your favorite instrument at home. Over one million others have *already* done it. *You can, too!*

No "Special Talent" Needed

Even if you don't know a single note now, you'll start right in on *real music*. No tedious practicing of boring scales and exercises. You'll soon be playing all your favorite pieces. You actually learn to play by *note*, so you can read real sheet music. You don't need any special talent. It's all so easy to understand — so clearly explained — that even children catch on at once.

Costs Only Pennies a Lesson

Almost before you know it, you'll amaze your friends by playing all their requests — popular hits, country and folk music, clas-

sics, waltzes, *anything!* You learn in your spare time, at your own pace, free from the rigid schedule imposed by a teacher. And the cost is only a few cents per lesson, including all the sheet music which you *keep*. Your whole family can learn for the price of one!

Stop Cheating Yourself of the Joys of Music

Why not let the famous U.S. School of Music Course bring the many joys of music into *YOUR* life? Enjoy popularity, new friends, gay parties, more self-confidence and poise! Possibly extra money from playing or teaching — or even a career in music! Best of all, enjoy the deep personal satisfaction of creating *your own* music!

SEND FOR FREE BOOK

See for yourself how easy it is to make the pleasures of music part of *your* life. Let us send you — **ABSOLUTELY FREE** — our 36-page book showing why our Courses have been so successful since 1898. There is no obligation; no salesman will ever call. Mail the coupon *today*. **U.S. School of Music, Port Washington, New York 11050.** (Licensed by New York State Education Department.)



Check the instrument you would like to play (check one only):

- | | |
|---------------------------------------|---|
| ☐ Piano | ☐ Organ — pipe, electronic, reed |
| ☐ Guitar | |
| ☐ Steel Guitar | ☐ Tenor Banjo |
| ☐ Saxophone | ☐ Ukulele |
| ☐ Violin | ☐ Clarinet |
| ☐ Accordion | ☐ Trombone |
| ☐ Trumpet | ☐ Mandolin |
| ☐ Cornet | |

Do you have instrument?
☐ Yes ☐ No

Instruments, if needed, supplied to our students at reduced prices.

U.S. SCHOOL OF MUSIC, Studio 98
Port Washington, New York 11050

I am interested in learning to play the instrument checked at left. Please send me, **FREE**, your 36-page illustrated book "Now You Can Learn to Play Music in Your Own Home." I am under **NO OBLIGATION**, and **NO SALESMAN WILL CALL**.

Mr. {
Mrs. {
Miss {
(Please print clearly)

Address.....

City.....State.....Zip Code.....

NOTE: ☐ If under 16 years of age, check here for booklet "A."

Forgotten road to success in writing

One of America's highest paid free-lance authors tells of opportunities often overlooked by people who want to write

By J. D. Ratcliff

I can't understand why more beginners don't take the short road to publication — by writing articles for magazines and newspapers.

Last year over 250,000 articles were bought by general magazines alone. And that's only part* of a huge market that will pay well for pieces of almost any length on just about any subject that comes naturally to you. I've made a good living for 25 years writing articles, and I've enjoyed every minute of it.

A wonderful life

I've interviewed a dozen Nobel Prize-winners, including Sir Alexander Fleming who discovered penicillin. I've talked with heads of state, at least one king, scores of leading industrialists. In the past year, I covered stories from Bangkok to Buffalo.

It's a wonderful life. No commuter trains to catch, no office routine. Whether I'm at home, or abroad on assignment, I write from 8 a.m. to noon every day — no more, no less. My afternoons are my own.

How to pick subjects that sell

A big advantage of article writing is that you can break in with material right out of your own everyday experience. One of the first pieces I sold was about the adventures of a test pilot I knew. Another told the story of a friend of mine caught in a balloon that ran wild. Check the contents of any general magazine; chances are you'll find articles you might have written.

You can make good use of your special interests too. One of mine is science, and it's provided dozens of story ideas — from accounts of dramatic new heart operations, to a report on an astronomical observatory built out of salvaged junk. Your passion may be insurance or religion or football, raising roses or raising children. Whatever it is, you should be able to draw on it for articles that could inform and entertain thousands of readers.

Knowing *what* to write is about half the battle. The other half is knowing *how*. To produce saleable articles, you must master the tools and techniques used by all successful professional writers.

You might develop these skills on your own through sheer blood, sweat and rejection slips. But when I look back, I can't help thinking of all the time and agony I would have saved if I could have found a real "pro" to work with me.

Such help is now available to beginners everywhere through the Famous Writers School — founded by Rod Serling, Faith Baldwin, Bruce Catton, Bennett Cerf, Max

Shulman, Mignon G. Eberhart, Bergen Evans, Red Smith, John Caples, Rudolf Flesch, Mark Wiseman and myself.

A new kind of writing school

We poured all our secrets of success into a set of specially created textbooks and writing assignments. Then we worked out a method for bringing to each student, in his own home, the many hours of individual instruction a developing writer needs.

When you send an assignment to the School, one of our instructors — themselves all professional writers — spends up to two hours analyzing your work. He blue-pencils corrections on your manuscript, much as an editor does with established authors. And he returns it with a long letter of specific recommendations on how to improve your writing.

Your course begins with the fundamentals upon which every writing career must be built. Then you get concentrated training in writing articles and other non-fiction. (If you prefer, you may specialize in Fiction, Advertising or Business Writing.)

Students breaking into print

Our School is young. Yet students, many still in training, have sold their work to over 60 different publications, including *Reader's Digest*, *Redbook*, *Popular Science*.

"I've done it!" writes Lillian Maas, after her first article was bought by *Better Homes & Gardens*. "I feel as if I'd joined a club composed of the most vital and literate individuals in the country."

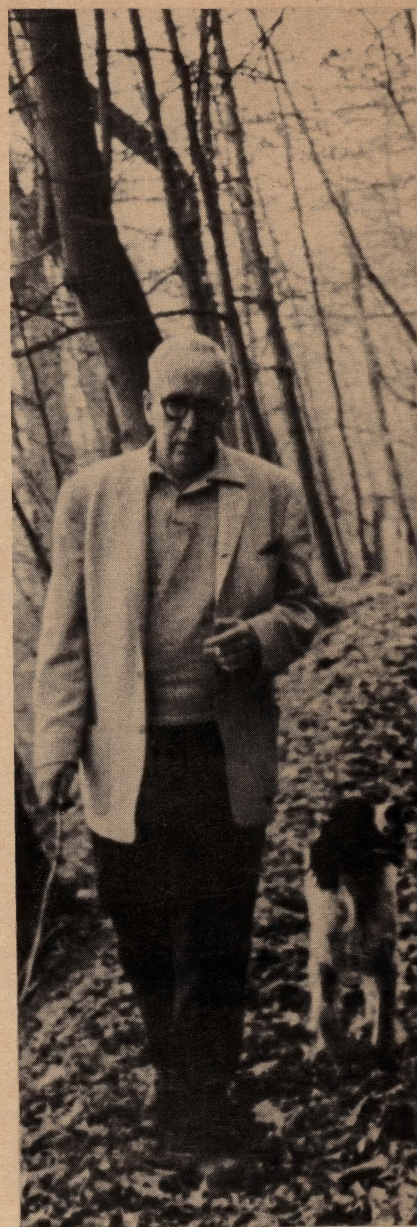
"I've just sold an article to *True* for \$1,000," reports Alfred E. Gaumer. "This is the first thing I've published in 20 years of trying, and I owe it all to your training."

Beyond the thrill of receiving that first check, our students find great intangible rewards in writing for publication. As my colleague Faith Baldwin puts it: "If one sentence you write opens a door for another human being . . . makes him see with your eyes and understand with your mind and heart, you'll gain a sense of fulfillment no other work can bring you."

Writing Aptitude Test offered

J. D. Ratcliff and other Famous Writers have designed a revealing Aptitude Test to help you determine if you could benefit from professional training. The coupon will bring you a copy, along with a 48-page brochure describing the School.

When you return the Test, it will be graded without charge by one of the School's instructors. If you show aptitude, you are eligible to enroll. However, you are under no obligation to do so.



"Jack" Ratcliff on a typical afternoon stroll through the New Jersey woods, where he conceives many of the articles that prompted *Time* to name him "America's No. 1 craftsman in the field of non-fiction." Although he writes no more than four hours a day, he has had over 100 articles published in the *Reader's Digest*, and hundreds more in such magazines as *McCall's*, *The Saturday Evening Post* and *This Week*.

Famous Writers School

Dept. 6481, Westport, Connecticut

I want to know if I have writing aptitude worth developing. Please mail me, without obligation, your Aptitude Test and 48-page brochure.

Mr. _____ Age _____
Mrs. _____
Miss _____ (please print)

Street _____

City _____ Zone _____

County _____ State _____

The School is accredited by the Accrediting Commission of the National Home Study Council, Washington, D.C.

*11,000 newspapers and Sunday supplements also pay well for fresh material.

THE LAUGHING PLACE

A mighty magnesium magnate summoned a timid, long-time employee to his inner sanctum and bellowed, "What's this I hear about your praying in church for a raise? Don't you know I never stand for anybody going over my head?"

A middle aged business man took his wife to Paris. After walking all over the city shopping he took a day off to relax.

Once rid of the old gal he visited a few bars and picked up a pretty hustler. He was having a ball until she brought up the subject of money. She asked for 20 and he offered ten. She refused to bargain and so they didn't get together.

That evening he took his wife to a good restaurant and there he ran into his pretty hustler of the afternoon.

"Ah, monsieur" said the hustler. "See what you get for 10 dollars!"

There's an oddball student who raises bees in his spare time. "Done well with your bees this season?" asked a kindly professor recently. "Yes and no," answered the student. "They haven't given much honey, but, on the other hand, they stung my mother-in-law."



"...and this is Igor, our Collection Manager!"

Arriving home unexpectedly from a business trip, the husband found his wife in bed with his best friend, in what may be described as a compromising position.

"See here," shouted the husband, "just what do you think you're doing?"

"See!" said the wife to the man beside her. "Didn't I tell you he was stupid?"



"Gentlemen, you are now looking down at the Great Divide."

Seven-year-old Wilbur already had a younger brother and an even younger sister, so when his parents revealed that still another addition to the family was on its way, Wilbur was understandably wary. "Which would you prefer?" twitted his father. "Another brother or another sister?" "Everything else being equal," decided Wilbur, "and if it won't put Ma out too much, I'd rather have a pony."

Critically appraising his girl for the night, he barked. "Girl?!? You must have spent your girlhood entertaining the Colonial Troops."

"Please!" the veteran prostitute said with dignity. "Remember mine is the *oldest* profession."

"I know," he moaned, "but damn if I'll spend the night with a charter member."

Do you have an original gag or two? Send it to the Editor, MEN, 655 Madison Avenue, New York 21, N. Y. and win \$5 if he likes it. Sorry, no returns.

**MEN**

AUGUST 1964

The bass drum pounds, the barker shouts "girls! girls! girls!", a line-up of bare-fleshed, bouncing dolls prances across the stage and a crowd of eager "marks" surges forward. It seems like nothing more than outdoor burlesque but, says a veteran carnie owner, stick around for the late-hours, back tent "blowoff" and your money buys you as much raw sex as any man can handle...

CARNIVALS:

NEW STAMPING GROUNDS FOR SEX HUSTLERS

By ERNIE KLAFTON

OMAHA:

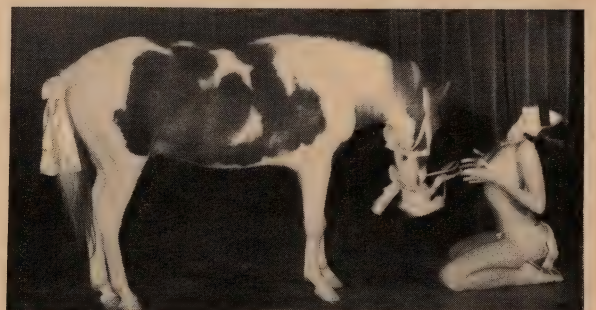
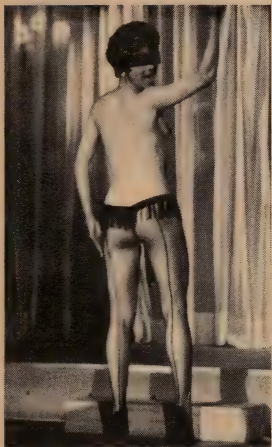
IT'S too early for the night crowds and from my bally platform the Midway looks practically empty. Nevertheless, I turn up the volume on the P.A. system, hit the bass drum a few licks with my cane and start chanting the magic words, "Girls! Girls! Girls!" The loudspeaker sends my gravel voice rasping out and in nothing flat the marks—the local suckers—are bunched up ten-deep in front of my pitch.

It goes to prove the old saying: "Nothing succeeds like Sex." The Girlie-Girlie, or Skin Show, always has been and always will be the biggest money-maker on any carnival lot. Even on a "bloomer" night when the other joints are dying on their feet, I'll have the Reubens standing in the rain howling, "Take it off!" when Sheila, my star stripper, gives with some sample bumps and grinds. That's why the "Sunday School" outfits, the ones that don't allow all-the-way stripping or the after-hours stag blowoff are going bust all over the map. I've been running skin shows for over 20 years and I never went bust yet.

The tip, the crowd, is still growing. I give the office and my 3-piece band cuts (*Continued on page 58*)



CARNIVALS vary the "sexiness" of their shows according to severity of local ordinances—but always feature undressed dancers



GIMMICKS of strip shows may range from ponies (above) to fire eaters (top, right). The biggest, most successful shows are completely legitimate and above board, never go in for "after hours" sex operations, but smaller ones often peddle their girls to make a profit and sometimes they get in trouble with the police as a result (above, right, two carnie girls arrested in vice case)...

The "BUDGET AUTO WAR"

EARLY this spring the manager of a cut-rate car rental office in Brooklyn telephoned the police in great agitation. "I th-think you'd better send a detective over right away. One of our rental cars was returned early this morning with stains in the trunk that look like fresh b-blood."

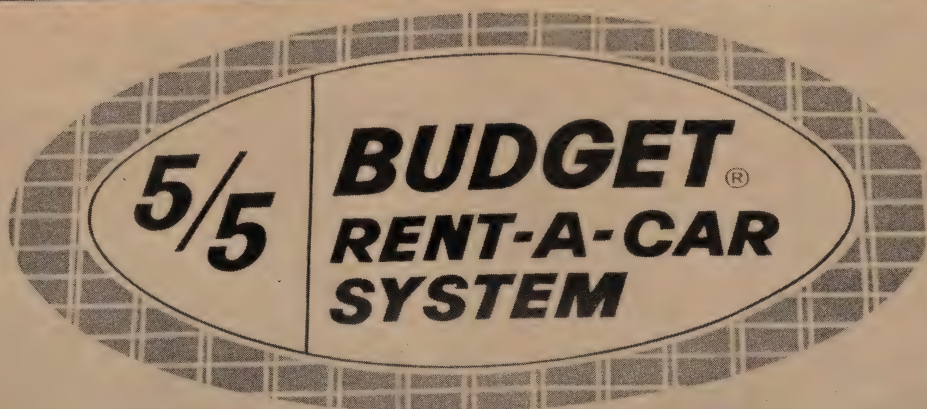
A squad of detectives and lab technicians descended upon the garage. In short order a test had established that it was indeed fresh human blood that had soaked the carpeting of the car's trunk. The presence of microscopic fragments of brain matter mixed with the blood made it clearly a case for Homicide.

The credentials and signature of the customer who had rented the car proved to be phony, and the clerk's description of the man was too (Continued on page 55)

How You Can Rent a Car for Practically Nothing

By RAY LUNT

The collage features several overlapping car rental advertisements. At the top left is a sign for 'NEW DEAL GARAGE' with an arrow pointing left to 'AVON RENT-A-CAR'. Below it is a 'THRIFTWAY AUTO RENTAL' sign for a 'VALIANT' car, advertising a 'BEST DEAL ON LONG OR SHORT TERM LEASES' with a price of '\$3.50 PER 24 HR. DAY' (including tax and insurance). To the right is a 'SERVICE RENT A CAR, INC.' sign for a 'WEEKEND SPECIAL' at '\$23.95' (including gas, oil, and maintenance), with a note 'FREE DELIVERY!' and a time restriction 'FRIDAY 4:30 PM. TO MONDAY 10:00 A.M. + 10¢ PER MILE'. Below that is an 'AVIS RENT A CAR' sign that says 'FOR SERVICE SEE ATTENDANT'. On the right side is a large sign for 'RENT A NEW CAR DRIVE-UR-SELF DAILY · WEEKLY · MONTHLY STANDARD RATES SEDANS · HARDTOPS'.



\$5 a 24-hour day 5¢ a mile

Call LE 5-4497

One company gives you an 80% cash discount and trading stamps, another comes across with velvet upholstery and a trip to Florida, a third hires stunning blondes to date steady customers. These are just the latest gimmicks in an all out car rental war so fierce that prices are tumbling every day—and if it keeps up at this rate, they'll soon be paying you to slip behind the wheel

A vertical sign for Hittner Rent-A-Car. At the top, it says "YU33 465". Below that is the "HITTNER" logo with a target symbol and "EST. 1913". The main text reads "RENT-A-CAR" and "MONDAY thru FRIDAY". A large "\$3.00" is displayed, with "7A.M. TO 5PM" and "PLUS 9¢ PER MILE" below it. To the left, a partial sign for "DOCTOR" and "HILLY ES OPS" is visible.

A horizontal sign for Paragon Rent-A-Car. It features a large "P" with a globe inside. To the right, it says "RENT-A-CAR SYSTEM" and "PARAGON". Below that, it says "LICENSEE" and "5 \$ A DAY A MILE". A smaller sign below reads "SPECIAL Parking Rates for OSCAR'S RESTAURANT". To the right, a vertical sign says "PARK" with an arrow pointing left. At the bottom, a sign says "SPACE AVAILABLE".

A vertical sign for Econo-Car Rental System. At the top, it says "Now in New York". Below that is the "ECONO-CAR RENTAL SYSTEM" logo. The main text reads "from \$3.99 FOR 12 HR DAY PLUS 9¢ A MILE WE PAY FOR GAS OIL". Below that, it says "ONLY 1¢ MORE FOR ADDITIONAL 12 HRS.". A list of features includes "NO MILEAGE CHARGE - ON WEEKLY RATES", "SAME RATES - WEEKDAYS & WEEKENDS", "VALIANTS - PLYMOUTHS & OTHER FINE CHRYSLER - LINE CARS". At the bottom, it says "ECONO-CAR MANHATTAN LT 1-5100", "1675 BROADWAY at 62nd STREET", "207 E. 38th ST. (at THIRD AVE. N.Y.)", and "MAJOR CREDIT CARDS HONORED". At the very bottom, it says "(Dissaway & Fisher)".

SPECIAL FICTION BONUS

A black and white illustration of a woman with long, straight hair and bangs, wearing a polka-dot bikini. She is standing on the deck of a ship, looking over her shoulder. She is holding a pair of sunglasses in her right hand. The background shows the ship's structure, including ropes and a porthole.

HE raised the powerful binoculars, focused in. In the hot noon sunlight he saw her kiss her husband's cheek, watched the confident, gray-haired man step from the 60-foot sailing cruiser into a dinghy and start for the docks. He would be gone for two hours. Now she was alone; the moment was near.

She stood a little over average height, had blonde, wind-swept hair, and her sun-baked skin was the color of cinnamon. She wore a skimpy, polka-dot bikini. Moving primly, she lay down on a bright red towel. It was sun bath time. She had a bottle of creamy lotion beside her, a tall drink, and a black transistor with aerial. Now and then she rubbed the lotion slowly over her body. Very

(Continued on page 52)

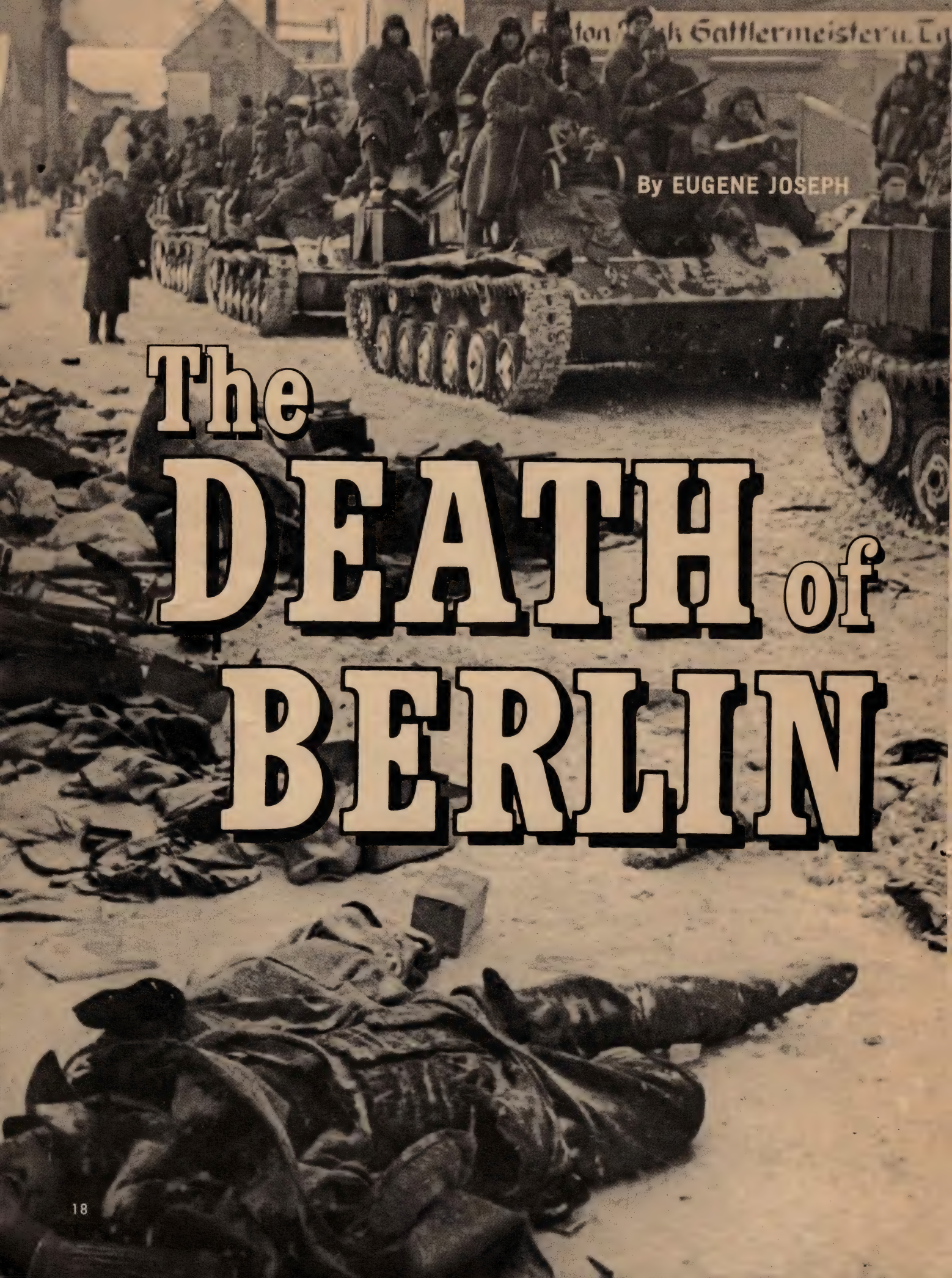
Sure Thing Blonde

By **BARRY JAMIESON**

ART BY SAMSON POLLEN

In all his 28 years of girl-handling, Joe Larkin had never seen anything to compare with this lush blonde sweetmeat, but she seemed to be cooler than a home deep freezer in mid-January—until, that is, he got within touching distance and she purred: “What took you so long, buster?”

“LET ME HELP,” he grinned.
“I’m not a Boy Scout but
I’m great with knots”



By EUGENE JOSEPH

The DEATH of BERLIN



In his last, maddest criminal act, with the Third Reich's greatest city naked, helpless, surrounded by on-coming Allied and Russian armies, Adolf Hitler gave his most senseless, inhuman order: "We will defend Berlin to the last man"—and with these words, the deranged Fuehrer sacrificed a city of four million people to feed the flames of his own funeral pyre...

CORPORAL Alex Wagner of the Hitler Youth stood on the roof of the Reichstag building and aimed his bazooka at a Russian T-34 tank crawling sideways down the Unter den Linden. The tank burst into flames. Wagner flung himself down as a hail of machinegun fire swept the roof. He fled down the stairs and crawled his way across shell torn rubble toward the Zoo Bunker. Turning a corner he ran down the street past corpses piled two stories high at corner collection points, past deserters hanging from trees, the last victims



PUSHING INTO CITY, Red tanks and soldiers (below, page 18) threw Germans back block by block, as city became a shattered pile of stone from incessant pounding of heavy guns. At end, Russian soldiers hung flags of victory from buildings (top) while Hitler and hundreds of other Nazis died in flames (above)





TINY, VICIOUS propaganda Minister Joseph Goebbels, after Hitler's suicide, turned himself into a human torch in Berlin's ruins

executed by the SS. Now fire was cutting him off from the Zoo Bunker and panic-stricken he turned down another street and found himself behind a three man Russian scouting party. He triggered his machine pistol and the three men seemed to jump down into the earth, huge chunks of flesh flying out of their bodies. He ran on; the thunder of cannons was so deafening he held his ears. Though it was morning a smoky twilight hung over the city, like some dense fog, and though he had lived in Berlin all his life, now he was lost. He saw an armored car coming down the street with a red star on its side. It did not

The DEATH of BERLIN

fire upon him but he lobbed his last six grenades at it and ran through a ruined building to the street on the other side. There he saw a phone kiosk and crawled into it. He lifted up the phone. Incredibly it was working. He dialed his mother's number and then heard her voice. "Are you all right?" his mother was asking. "Take off your uniform and get right home. The Russians have already left. You will be safe here."

"Yes mother," Cpl. Alex Wagner said.

Through sobs he heard his mother say, "Happy birthday, Liebling," and he realized that it was April 25th and he was thirteen (Continued on page 79)

Mounting the final assault, Marshal Zhukov said: "Now the





VICTORIOUS RUSSIAN soldiers who stormed through city linked up with U.S. GI's on the far side of the Elbe River



STARVING Berliners, ate horses (above), even chewed dirt



GUNS, BOMBS raked city, made much of it a furnace . . .

man who killed 30 million people will be brought to justice''

STORMING into city, Russian tanks crossed Spree River in endless lines



\$4.95 BESTSELLER

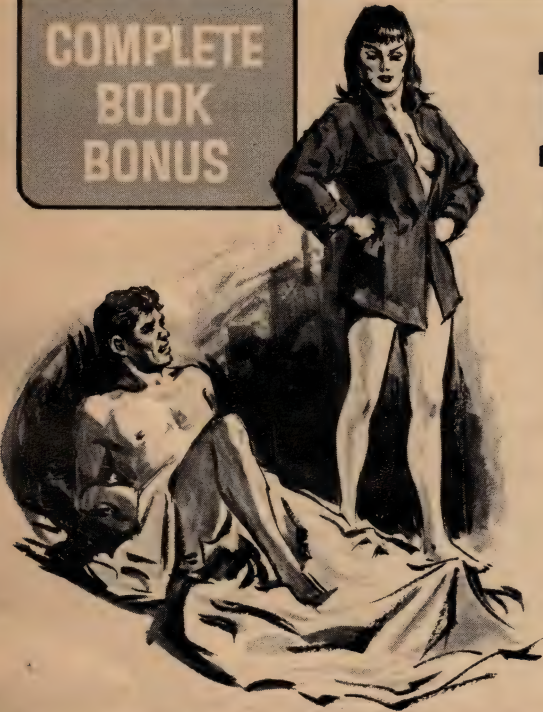
ABOUT SIN AND TERROR IN THE CHICOM HEARTLAND

"Malevolent...scarifying...highly entertaining..."

N.Y. TIMES

MEN'S

**COMPLETE
BOOK
BONUS**



LONE YANK IN RED CHINA'S BRAINWASH CITY

By A. E. VAN VOGT

ART BY EARL NOREM

Condensed from the novel, *THE VIOLENT MAN* by A. E. van Vogt, by special arrangement with the publisher, Farrar, Straus & Company, Inc. Copyright © 1962 by A. E. van Vogt

He was the only American in a remote, sealed-off Shensi enclave, the victim of a diabolical Commissar who chiseled at his mind like a sculptor prodding clay—until he reared up to give his captors a dose of their own poison, engineering a breakout that carried him and his fellow prisoners 2000 miles across the Red spikes of China to freedom

"A master storyteller's hair-raising tale of hate and cruelty in New Order China"





THE prison sprawled on the flat Chinese plain. Even at a distance it seemed large, a spread-out mass of gray buildings. As the truck carried him with eight other white men and four Chinese "landlords" along the deep ruts that made up the road, Seal Ruxton kept glancing at the massive penitentiary ahead.

The first shock of being sentenced to death was over. He had been unlucky, he realized, to have fallen into the hands of these angry orientals at a time when they were

"GET IN, Yankee monkey," the commissar said, "and start begging for peanuts"

LONE YANK

planning another experiment.

He had been on a train three days and two nights. So this remote prison was at least 1,000 miles from the ocean. The dialect of the truck driver and the two guards in the cab had a far north harshness. That fitted.

It hurt him to realize it was so far. He was a tall, strong man, with bitter, knowing lines around his mouth. Being realistic, he knew that a white man could not hope to cross 1,000 yellow miles. Therefore, this was easily the most threatening situation he had been in in his 38 years.

The truck throbbed throatily, and careened along at a steady 20 miles an hour. It was a '48 Dodge, probably one small item of the vast total of American equipment captured by the Chinese Reds from Chiang Kai-shek when they drove him and the remnant of his army from the mainland to Formosa in 1949.

As they drew nearer the penitentiary, Buxton made out smaller structures standing in the shadow of the bigger buildings. The developing size of the place took some of the power out of a grim joke he had had with himself the past few days. "I've been in a better jail," he had told himself, "than anything these so-and-so's have to offer."

It was a foolish humor, for it was more than six years since he had been in prison. He had returned from the South Pacific after World War II feeling perfectly normal and glad to have it over with. His intention was to re-enter his family business and start enjoying life again, which he did.

And then one day he almost killed a man in an argument over what—so he was told later—he reportedly conceived to be the other's pro-Soviet views.

As he explained it to his attorneys later, "The fact is I have no strong feelings on the subject. But I had had a couple of drinks. I don't remember the fight at all."

He was heavily fined and given a warning. Ruxton, who knew that he had actually had only two drinks, was puzzled—but he drank more sparingly after that.

On an evening in mid-1947 he beat up a complete stranger. In court, the victim claimed he had merely said, "Heil Hitler!" jokingly, whereupon he received the first of many vicious blows.

Ruxton did not remember the remark or his attack. "I had nothing to drink," Ruxton told the court.

A FEW weeks after he was released from jail, acquaintances pulled him off one of their number before he could do any damage. This third assault was hushed up, but Ruxton was now an intensely worried man, and he had the sensible thought that he had had no such violent impulses overseas, and that something about the American civilization and himself didn't mix any more. He promptly departed from the United States.

The British at Hong Kong accepted his credentials. From the beginning he considered the city a fabulous place and felt at home.

During the years since, he had not once lost control of himself.

His two trips into China were made because of Anna Chen, the intense young woman who managed his businesses with an expert's astuteness and a Chinese intuition. Anna's family was still on the mainland, and Anna—as she admitted one day when he found her crying—grieved often because she had not heard from her parents and two sisters for years.

Ruxton suspected there was nothing he could do. However, he inquired among his British business acquaintances if they might find a way for him to visit Red China. Finally, after it seemed as if his request had been forgotten, it was proposed to him that he act as agent for a British syndicate to buy spices.

He bought the spices, and then made a detour to follow out one of Anna's clues. He stayed as long as he dared, searching, and then, having found no sign of the Chen family, he returned to Hong Kong.

He had crossed to the mainland this second time as

unobtrusively as the first. And he had no illusions. It would be some time before inquiries were made about him. And when those inquiries were ignored, his business "associates" would not pursue the matter. It was understood by all parties that humanitarian principles of behavior were not followed by the Red Chinese.

Ruxton stopped the recollection with an irritated shake of his head. For days, ever since his arrest by the Red Chinese his mind had been like a broken record, going over and over the same thoughts. Since there was no true Cause and Effect here, he had nothing to learn from the experience except that it was a hard world even for a man as capable as he was....

He grew aware that a long line of limousines was coming up behind the truck.

A horn honked. Some of the prisoners had already seen the fancy-looking machines, and were staring.

The first of the limousines drew up alongside them. He expected the car to pass, but instead a man in army uniform beside the driver leaned out, and yelled in Chinese, "Who are these people?"

The truck driver yelled back, "Special prisoners!" The officer shouted, "The ones who have been sentenced to death under Plan 'Future Victory'?"

The driver answered, "Yes, these are the ones." "Then stop your truck," said the officer. "We want to meet our soon-to-be-friends."

The truck edged off the road and came to a halt. As the two guards climbed out the cars in the motorcade pulled up.

As nearly two dozen men and women emerged from the interiors, Ruxton counted all together seven cars: three Cadillacs, two Chryslers, a Mercedes-Benz, and a Rolls-Royce. It must be a group of high-powered people indeed to have such cars at their disposal. In



"WHY did you do that?" the Turkish prisoner screamed as Ruxton picked him up and heaved him out of the truck...

face and manner, they looked above average in alertness and intelligence. Their dress was dutifully lacking in ornamentation. The eight women were dressed simply, in cotton dresses. Then men all wore that peculiar, bulky, army blue affected by Mao Tse-tung and other top Reds.

The officer who had been giving all the orders paused in front of the truck, and looked up at the prisoners. He was as fine a looking Chinese as Ruxton had seen. Taller than average, with only a hint of Mongol features, in his manner was both command and deference. His gaze came to Ruxton, and there was no doubt in the latter's mind that he was being sized up, carefully and intently. The eyes moved on, then came back to Ruxton. He spoke in perfect, almost colloquial American English, looking straight at Ruxton.

"My name is Mai Lin Yin, and I am in charge of Plan 'Future Victory.' These people that you see here—" he politely indicated the men and women who were approaching from the various cars "—will be associated in our program, which, I can assure you, will be conducted with a minimum of discipline and a maximum of courtesy. But now, will you all step down?"

RUXTON climbed over the side and welcomed the feel of the ground. The other prisoners did not speak English, but they recognized what was meant, and also climbed down.

Introductions began, and Ruxton gave his own name. "... And this is my wife, Phenix—" Mai Lin Yin said to Ruxton.

The woman who came forward was lean, young, good-looking, with a confident manner. As she shook his hand, she said, "We are all excited about this experiment. If it works, then millions of lives will be saved when the free peoples of the world finally liberate America. We have a great obligation, you and we—all of us."

Until this moment, he hadn't thought there would be women involved. The prospect of two years without a woman had been one of the stunning realities of his terrible sentence. He looked straight in Mrs. Mai's eyes as he said, "You are a beautiful and desirable woman. I sincerely hope that we shall be very good friends."

She met his direct gaze for an instant. "I'm sorry, Mr. Ruxton, if we already have a misunderstanding. I am everybody's friend."

"Then I am fortunate," said Ruxton smoothly, "for I cannot help but be included."

"I might make an exception in your case," she said coldly. "But—" she unfroze, "not yet. Misunderstandings can be forgiven and forgotten provided—"

Ruxton had been keeping a tiny portion of his awareness on Mai Lin Yin. He was conscious that the man was affably shaking hands in introducing his colleagues to others of the prisoners.

A soft, hot breeze was blowing, a portent of the greater heat yet to come to this far plain of interior China. Except for the most desert-like bleakness, it might have been a scene on a back-country road in Kansas.

Mai was turning away. The prisoners began to climb back into the truck. Mai laid a restraining hand on Ruxton's arm. "Not you," he said. "I would be most honored if you would ride the remainder of the journey with my wife and myself."

Ruxton nodded his acceptance.

"Thank you," said Mai. And turned away.

Ruxton looked significantly at Mrs. Mai. Her angry eyes met his, and he did her the courtesy of glancing away.

"You have a very unusual name," he said. "Phenix—beautiful."

"It is an old Chinese name," she said. "But come, please enter the car."

She walked beside him, and she seemed curious suddenly, rather than annoyed. "Have you any idea why my husband wants you to ride with us?"

Ruxton shook his head.

Minutes later the line of cars was once more moving toward the prison. . . .

"This is Tosti, assigned to cook and work for us," Mrs. Mai said.

Ruxton faced forward. He had noticed the second young woman as he climbed into the car. Now, he inclined his head, an acknowledgment of the introduction. Mrs. Mai spoke in Chinese to the maid. Ruxton



CROUCHED among the rocks, Ruxton held his breath as the frantically-searching Red guards walked around his hideout

had not yet let his captors know that he spoke several Chinese dialects—as well as French, Japanese and Russian. The young woman bowed her head, and then looked momentarily into Ruxton's eyes, a quick searching glance.

Tosti's eyes were a rich, wide-eyed, chocolate brown, her face delicately oval, her lips very red, and her body slender. She was 28 or so, he thought, and very subdued.

Although she evidently understood Chinese, Ruxton saw that Tosti had Japanese features. He said so to Mrs. Mai.

"Yes," was the answer. "Tosti is Japanese."

Ruxton considered the emotional value to a Chinese woman of having a Japanese maid. It seemed like a very simple way of being socially superior.

Far more important, after Phenix' cold rejection of his advances, Tosti offered him a second chance for the days ahead.

The Cadillac, a '54 Fleetwood, glided over the country road with a minimum of swaying. Mai Lin Yin, in the front seat, turned and said, "You may be wondering why I invited you to ride with us."

Ruxton nodded, and waited.

Mai continued, "First of all, I thought I might find out from you, what is your opinion of the chances of the success of Plan 'Future Victory'?" He spread his hands amicably.

Ruxton said now, slowly, trying to recall the details as he vaguely remembered hearing them at the time of his sentencing, "You people are supposed to know how to change thinking—you Chinese even coined the word for it. Brainwash. I assume you will give me the brain-wash treatment."

"Not exactly," said Mrs. Mai, leaning towards him, intent and actually quite emotional. "This is different. You must change yourself. You may come to us for help, and in the end you must convince special interrogators of the Party that you have truly changed. You see—you must wash your own brain. This is the new plan, different from anything we have attempted before."

"How many of us are there with this problem?"

"Twenty-three. Nationals of the principal Western nations," said Mai.

"Are we all here now?"

"Yes. When this truckload arrives that will complete the experimental group. In addition, of course, there are more than 2,000 political prisoners representing the various reactionary groups of the old regime."

Ruxton abruptly felt sorry for her. "Would you really like my true thought?" he asked.

"Of course—" Mai seemed surprised—"that is the perfection of the new plan. Nothing need be held back, on a thought level. Of course, we cannot permit violence. Speak."

(Continued on page 87)



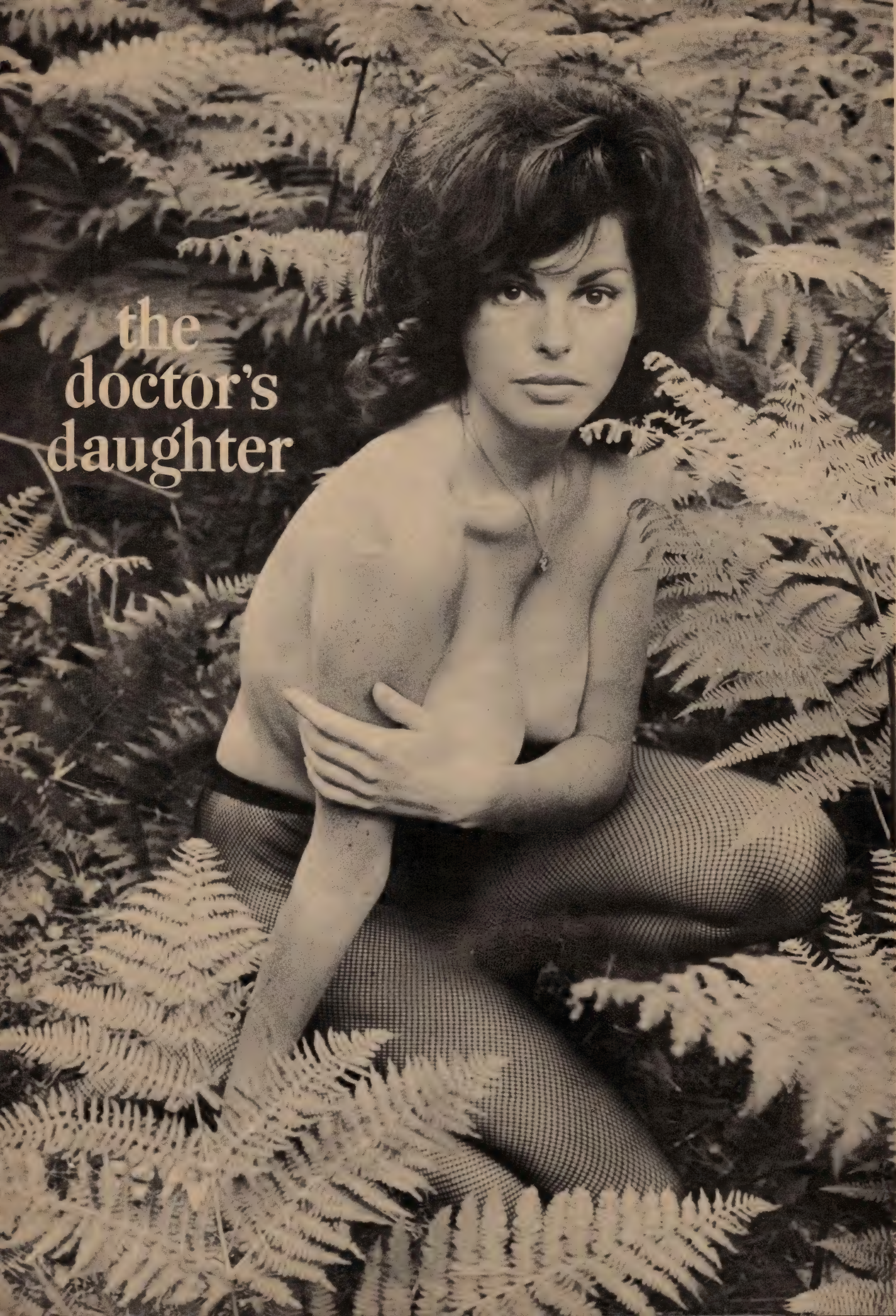
Smoldering, raven-haired Sally Douglas is a 21-year-old English starlet whose father has an M.D. after his name. "Being a doctor's daughter is sometimes a bit of a bother," says this classic (40-24-37) example of female anatomy. "As a child, you have to suffer through a million pills, check-ups and examinations. All that's supposed to make you grow up to be extremely healthy. Do you think it made a big difference in me?"

the doctor's daughter





the
doctor's
daughter



**TEST
YOURSELF**



ARE YOU A SMART GAMBLER?



WITHOUT question gambling has become the Number Two indoor sport of today. Women trudge for miles through snow and sleet to play bingo, men fly 3,000 miles to shoot crap on the tables of Las Vegas and San Juan, children play the races shown on television. Next to being great lovers, men most want to be known as cool gamblers, with the traditional nerves of steel—poker-faced and unbluffable.

But it is in our every day decisions that we gamble for the biggest stakes. When to go into business and where, who to marry, what friend to trust with our most dangerous secret.

To find out whether you are a real smart gambler in the things that count, here are ten spins from the Roulette Wheel of Life. Ten out of ten assures you a rich and full old age, nine out of ten a fairly happy existence and eight out of ten means you break even. Less than eight could spell disaster, for life is like gambling, just a few disasters can knock you right out of the pot. But don't be afraid, remember, you're cool, you're smart, and if you have the cards you can bet a million. Here we go—gamble a little.

QUESTIONS

1. You are about to marry a very nice, very rich girl. Suddenly you notice her kid sister has sprouted into beautiful womanhood. Coolly evaluating the situation (remember you're a gambler not a lover) you:

- (A) Ditch the older and go all out for the younger.
- (B) Marry the older girl as planned.
- (C) Run for your life.

2. You are a young married man with two children, good job, nice home, tremendous debts. A decision must be made. To assure your family an equally substantial life if you die, enormous premiums on an insurance policy must be paid. So you:

- (A) Buy the insurance and cut drastically on expenses.
- (B) Buy the insurance and take a

part time job to meet premium payments.

- (C) Gamble that you will live, just take out a burial policy.

3. You have a steady lifetime job which guarantees an adequate living. You get a chance to enter a new field of work with much greater rewards but with the possibility of suddenly being out on the street. Your wife and all your friends advise against moving. So you:

- (A) Stay in your lifetime job.
- (B) Quit and enter the new field.
- (C) Tell your boss about the new opportunity in the hope he will give you more money to stay.

4. Your girl friend is getting tired of what, for you, is a very comfortable arrangement. She insists on marriage. You love her, but with no bankroll to set up house what's your percentage? Finally she puts her cards on the table. Marry or find another girl, ante or get out of the pot. So you:

- (A) Let her go.
- (B) Marry her.
- (C) Promise marriage and set a date six months in the future when you hope to have a bankroll.

5. You're a high school baseball player with the real stuff. A big league scout drops by your house and offers a twenty grand contract. You had wanted to wait and hear from other teams but the scout says if you do this the price might go down, since the huge sum is offered to forestall bidding. In other words if you don't get a high bid from the other teams you may lose five or ten grand by waiting and shopping. What do you do?

- (A) Sign the contract right away and pick up the twenty thousand.
- (B) Tell the scout you will take your chances and accept the highest bid including his.

- (C) Tell the scout you will think his offer over and get in touch with him when you are ready to sign a contract.

6. Here is a real gambler's gamble. You and your wife fly to Las Vegas for a long-awaited and long-saved-for vacation. While she is changing for dinner, you get galloping domino fever and lose the whole vacation bankroll except for your return tickets. So you:

- (A) Cash the plane tickets and keep gambling.
- (B) Confess everything to your wife and fly back home.
- (C) Cash in the return tickets to pay the bills for the vacation and hope something will turn up before you have to go back.

7. With a wife and child you are in Paris, the gourmet center of the world. On one street are three fine restaurants, equally expensive, equally attractive looking. You know one of them has the really great chef, while the other two have quite ordinary food. But which one? You hate to spend a big bundle just for hamburgers in soup, yet you don't mind if it's for really exquisite food. But it's your last hour, you have to catch the boat. So you:

- (A) Take a chance and all duck into the restaurant you decide to gamble on.
- (B) Let it go, don't eat anyplace.
- (C) Split up one to each restaurant, so one of you will get the gourmet food.

8. You are a spy in an enemy country for over a year. Suddenly your "Cover" is knocked off and you yourself are wounded and hunted. You must have help. There are four possibilities:

- (A) Seek shelter with your mistress who loves you.
- (B) Place yourself in the hands of a man you know is a secret

(Continued on page 60)

Everybody knows that life is a gamble and to come out winners you have to play it cool. What pretty face can you trust, should you switch jobs, can you go partners with a life-long friend and know he won't dip into the communal cash register? Take this quiz and find out if you are a lucky, seven-throwing gent or the perennial, jinxed holder of a throw-in hand...



CASTRO'S

By ED HYDE



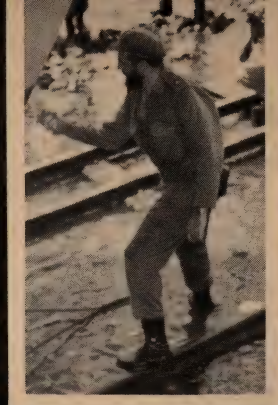
INSPIRED by "hate rallies" (top), Cuban terrorists nearly won oil-rich Venezuela recently when guerrillas (above, below) led all-out "people's" revolt

Hidden away in the Oriente jungle, a sinister murder college teaches fanatical young Red Cubans how to knock off a neighboring head of state, disembowel a "reactionary" peasant alive, and throw a riot-and-sabotage monkey wrench into any Latin American government. This is Cuba's notorious *violencia* school, whose professors are graduates of Stalin's blood-bath days, and whose 10,000-member alumni are out to turn the western hemisphere into one huge Red smear



SECRET ACADEMY OF TERROR

TARGET: SOUTH AMERICA TAKEOVER



CARACAS:

VIOLENCIA!

The tiny village of Minas del Frio, tucked in against the foothills of the Sierra Maestra Mountains in Cuba's Oriente Province, resounded with the shout of 300 youthful voices.

VIOLENCIA!

Once again the shout pierces the air. Then a third time. Bearded Ernesto Guevara smiled. It was mid-April, just a few short months ago, and Cuba's number two communist leader was on hand to congratulate the graduates of this "Academy of Terror." There are nine others in Cuba specializing in the instruction of guerrilla warfare and subversion. But Minas del Frio held a bit of Auld Lang Syne for Guevara. It was in the mountains behind the village that he first met a tall, bearded revolutionary by the name of Fidel Castro.

(Continued on page 61)



FOLLOWING "war plan" of Castro (top) Cubans shipped huge quantities of arms (above) to Venezuela. Venezuelan official (below) holds captured Cuban gun for newsmen



Down in a typhoon-lashed whirlpool of a sea, clinging to a blotter-sized rubber raft, this mule-stubborn GI trio set out on an "impossible" 800 mile voyage to safety through a sun-blistered, shark-riddled wilderness of water, turning their thirst-and-hunger wracked bodies into WWII's most indomitable survival machines...

Amazing
Ordeal
of Flyers

DIXON, PASTULA AND ALDRICH

34 DAYS
OF WIND, SEA AND
AGONY

By JACK PEARL

GUAM:

THE big Navy scout-bomber cleared the end of the carrier runway and nosed up into the South Pacific blue. It was a routine submarine patrol, and pilot Harold Dixon was loose at the controls. Dixon, at 41, was one of the last of a unique breed of non-commissioned naval officers who were permitted to fly missions. A veteran of 22 years in the Navy's Air Corps, he was a long, lean man with a hawk nose, tanned-leather skin and narrow blue eyes as keen as a hawk's.

By contrast his crewmen were greenhorns, both men in their early twenties, serving wartime hitches in the Navy. Ordnance-man Tony Pastula sat in the bomber's cockpit behind Dixon. A shy young man with mousey hair, Tony was the son of Polish immigrants who had settled in Ohio. He had worked as a landscape gardener before enlisting. In the plane's rear cockpit was Eugene Aldrich, the gunner, a husky, applecheeked Missouri farmboy, fairheaded and with a pleasing southern drawl. The two young men had both served hitches in the Civilian Conservation Corps before entering the Navy.

This was a new crew for Dixon. The three men were practically strangers, politely distant in conversation. But before this mission was officially "terminated" they would come to know each other more intimately than men generally get to know even their brothers...

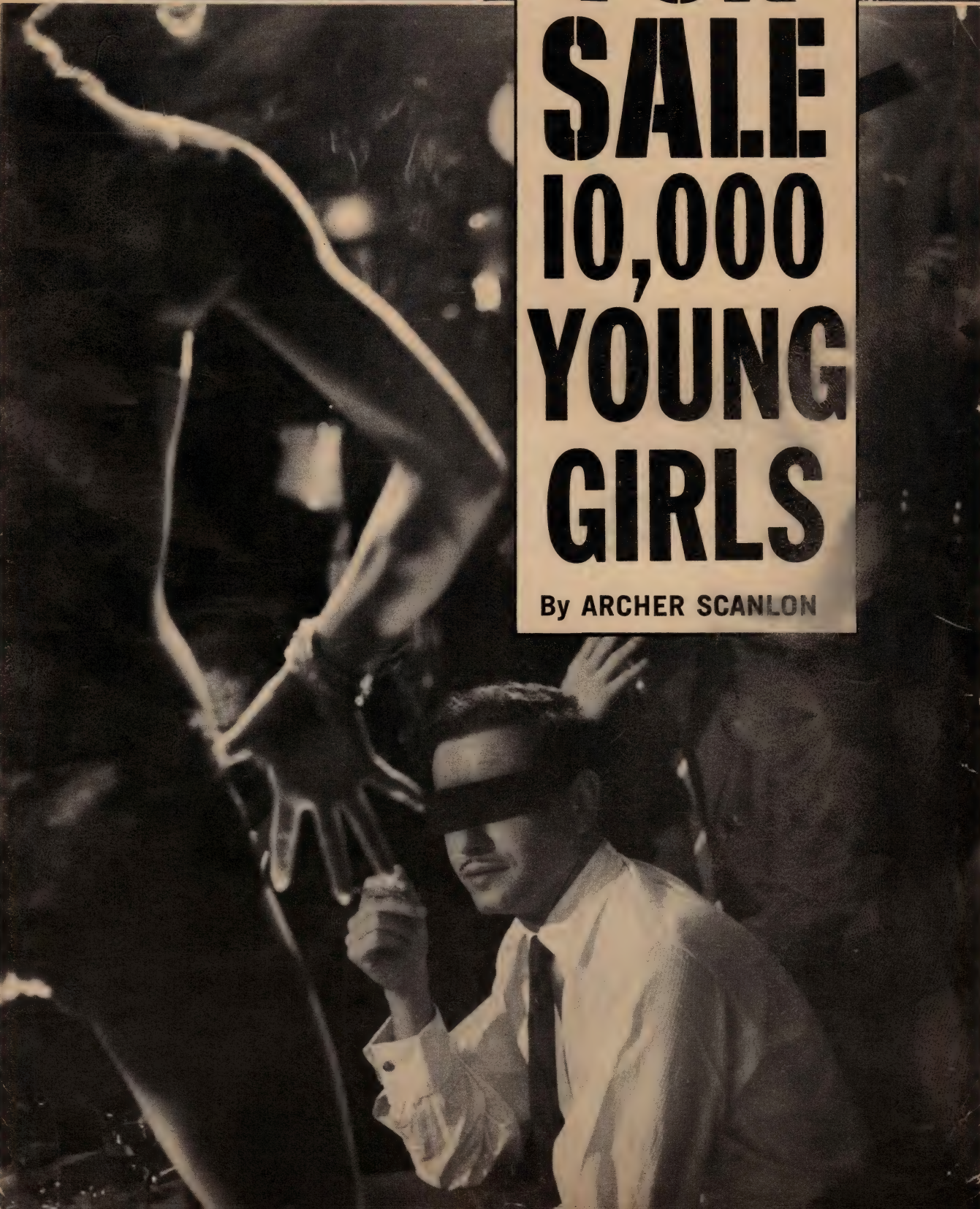
It was the winter of 1942, when the South Pacific was accepted as "Japanese territory." Pearl Harbor had been sneak bombed not two months before. The American Navy was in the position of a fighter who had both hands broken; all it could do was to spar and hold.

The scout-bomber soon left the fleet far behind as it probed far to the southwest in the direction of the Caroline Islands seeking Jap sub (Continued on page 75)



AIRMEN were emaciated by the time they reached friendly island (above, left to rt., Ordnance Man Pastula, Chief Dixon, Radioman Aldrich). Below, Dixon shows fascinated onlookers crude chart he used to navigate himself and friends to only island for hundreds of miles not occupied by Jap forces...





FOR SALE 10,000 YOUNG GIRLS

By ARCHER SCANLON

A curvaceous Paris hairdresser flies off to French West Africa to double her pay—a sparkling, Copenhagen blonde joins a dance company to "hit the big time"—a leggy Frankfurt model goes to Tangiers to make movies. From across the globe these innocent girls, often alluringly beautiful, are being suckered by phony ads and bogus interviews into a degrading, sometimes brutal life as "love prisoners"—and the slick operators responsible are so well-protected that not even a U.N. army has been able to break up their slimy international racket . . .

MARSEILLES:

MARCELLE Garnero was a hair-dresser's assistant in Toulon, southern France. Blonde, vivacious, just turned 21, Marcelle was tired of a small-city existence and yearned for the excitement of Paris or for travel that would make a whole new world open up for her.

Marcelle was ripe for a proposition when a man who introduced himself as Francois Gabon, employment broker, walked into the shop where Marcelle worked in the Spring of 1963. Gabon's lure was simple—there is a great demand for French hairdressers, he said, in West Africa. Especially the Ivory Coast resort city of Abidjan, which had a huge tourist trade and was filled every summer with wealthy Americans, Englishmen, Germans and oil-rich Arabian sheiks.

"You can travel," he said. "You can live in a fascinating, exciting town. And you can make at least twice what you get paid in this stodgy old city."

Marcelle bit. "I'd love to go," she pouted. "But I don't have enough money for plane fare to Africa."

Gabon assured her a plane ticket was just a minor problem. Hundreds of other girls have flown across the Mediterranean, he said, without a cent. All Marcelle would have to do would be to borrow some \$500 or so from him for plane fare and (Continued on page 68)



MODERN flesh merchants keep their "captives" (above, below, top p. 42) far from home and friends, gradually corrupt them through drugs and drink, often use violence to punish girls' break-out tries



STUNNING French and German girls go to Tangiers to work as night club entertainers, wake up to find they're in a bordello under iron-clad contracts that keep their owners safe from police interference

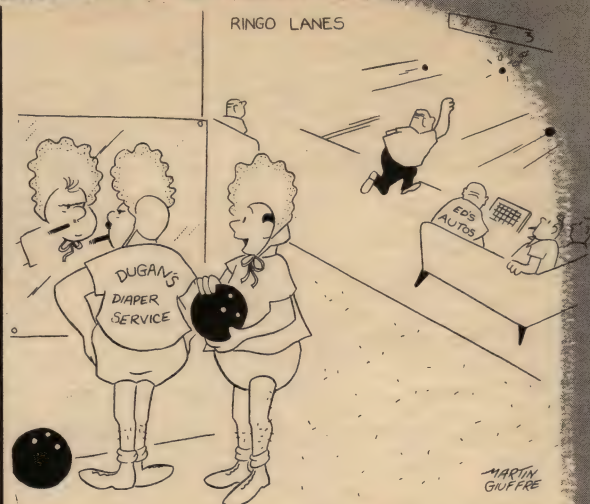


CLAIMING to be theatrical agents, artful con men sign up ambitious young girls as "starlets," then force them to perform in bordellos as part of giant vice rings





"Look, stupid—I've told you before—
don't call me at the office."



"Try to understand, Al.
Without a sponsor we'd
have no team."

FIVE TO HELP YOU QUIT SMOKING

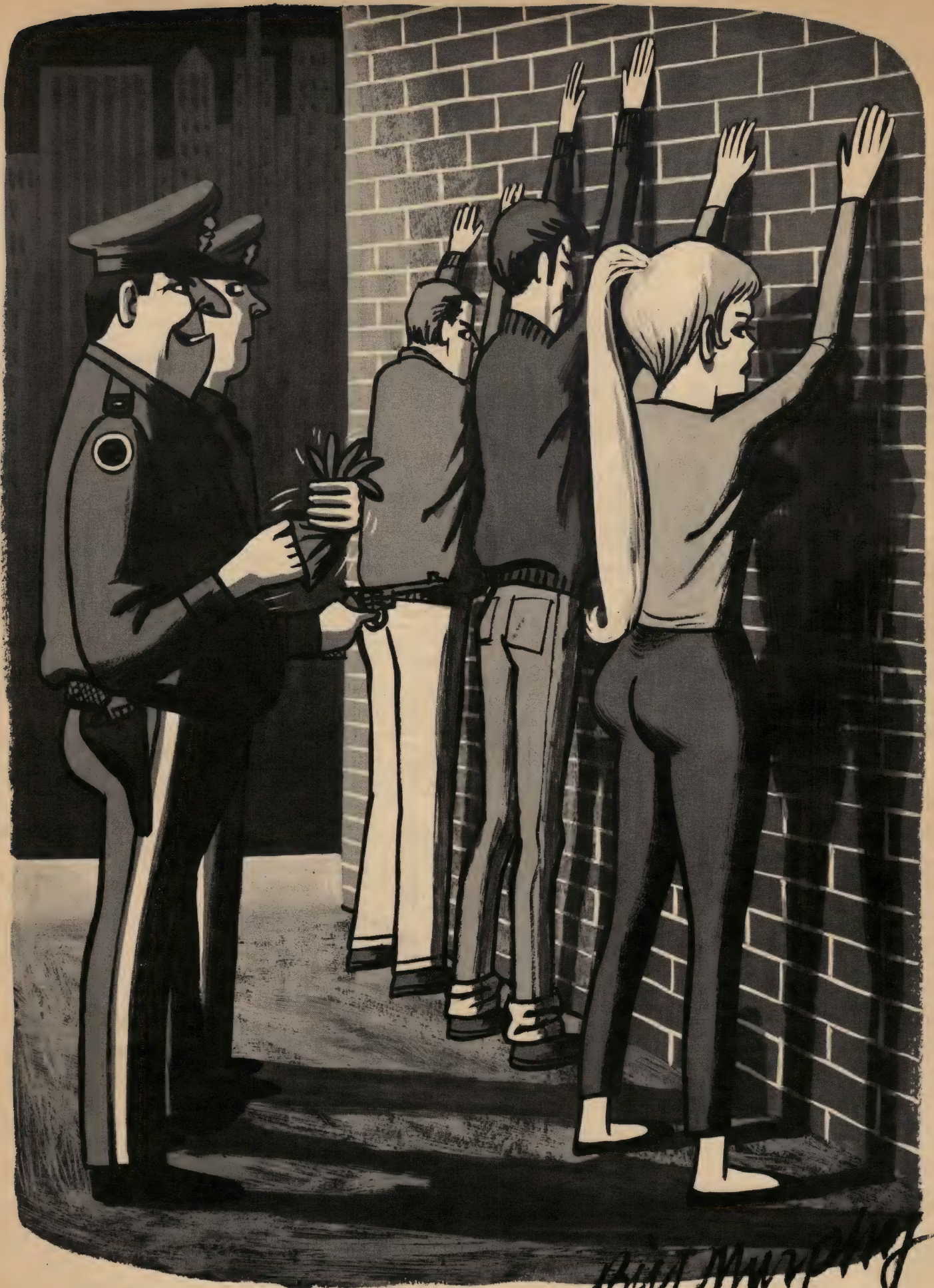
Their hearts filled with sorrow for those recent ex-smokers who are climbing walls and weeping on street corners over denial of their favorite weeds, MEN's cartoonists herewith offer these wacky, hilarious boffos—each one a nicotine antidote, guaranteed to give a thousand chuckles without a single cough . . .



"This happens to be my mother-in-law.
Now, imagine if we sprinkled my
powder over Russia."



"Although theirs may have greater
range and potency, it's been proven
ours go 'boom' 12% louder."



"Frisk those two, Fred—I'll handle this one!"

**SGT. BOBBIE
BROWN**

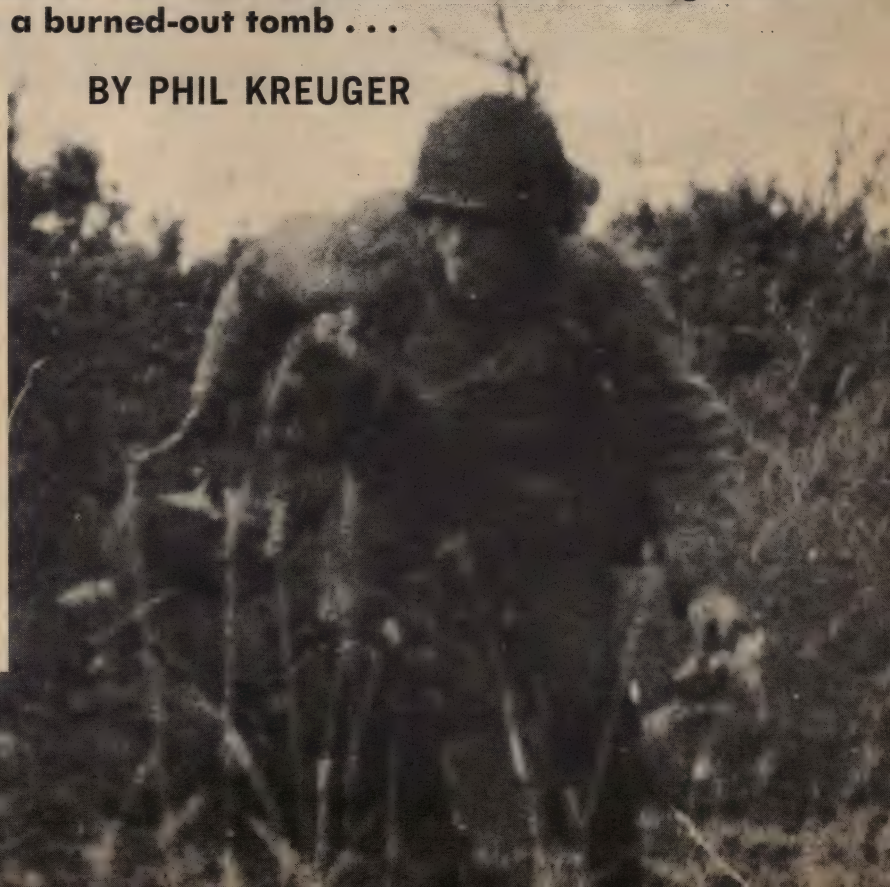
"62 NOTCH" SHARPSHOOTER WHO CAPTURED CRUCIFIX HILL

A pillbox-studded anthill of death, it was the "invulnerable" cornerstone of the vaunted Siegfried Line, holding back the tide of Allied conquest like a steel-spiked dam. Then a dead-eyed, falcon-fast GI, armed only with a beat-up carbine and a satchelful of TNT, made the go-for-broke massacre run that turned this Nazi stronghold into a burned-out tomb . . .

BY PHIL KREUGER



FOR one-man Aachen assault, Brown was decorated with CMH by Pres. Truman



"THE division's motto is 'Nothing in Heaven or Hell can stop us,'" Brown said wryly. "Now I guess we're going to have to prove it's true."

The tall, hawk-faced officer spoke jokingly to the other men in the command post but no one believed the motto more than Captain Bobbie E. Brown, commander of Company C, 18th Regiment, First Infantry Division. It was October 7, 1944 and the division—the most battle-scarred in Europe—was dug in south of Aachen, Germany, the strongest point on Hitler's vaunted Siegfried Line. Aachen lay in the center of a ring of mountains with a chain of fortifications running like ant tunnels through their bowels. Pocking the slopes and summits of these mountains were a total of 50 pillboxes, manned by crack veterans of the *Wehrmacht* and boasting the heaviest armaments in the Nazi arsenal. Foremost of these mountain bastions was Crucifix Hill, dominating the center of the frontal approach to the city. Crucifix Hill was, actually, one enormous rock—like Corregidor. The German military architects who had designed the fortifications around Aachen had combined ingenuity with nature to make the hill forts inaccessible to tanks. That meant the (Continued on page 64)



ENTIRE First Division was pinned down when Brown made single-handed attack on Crucifix Hill pillbox network



BROWN knocked out first box (above) by tricking German gunners into opening outer door, tossing in "satchel bomb"



AFTER capture of hill, division was able to breach Nazi lines, drive on into heart of fiercely defended German city



Armed by Red rulers, the blood-hungry despoiler they called Chispas had killed more than 2000 people. To end his violent career, a U.S. mining operator named Martin Scott baited a sweet trap with a dazzling-bodied native girl. If it worked, Chispas would be cut down under an avalanche of TNT—if not, Scott and the girl would become the bandit's latest, most-cruelly tortured victims, and we would lose one more round in the fight to keep South America out of Communist hands . . .

THE bowlegged little mestizo facing Martin Scott across the desk of the ramshackle Colombian mine office couldn't have had a bath in months—he stank like a polecat. He wore the tattered remnants of a khaki army uniform and there was a gaping red socket where his left eye should have been. But the Browning automatic at his belt was brand new and businesslike and the menace in his voice unmistakable.

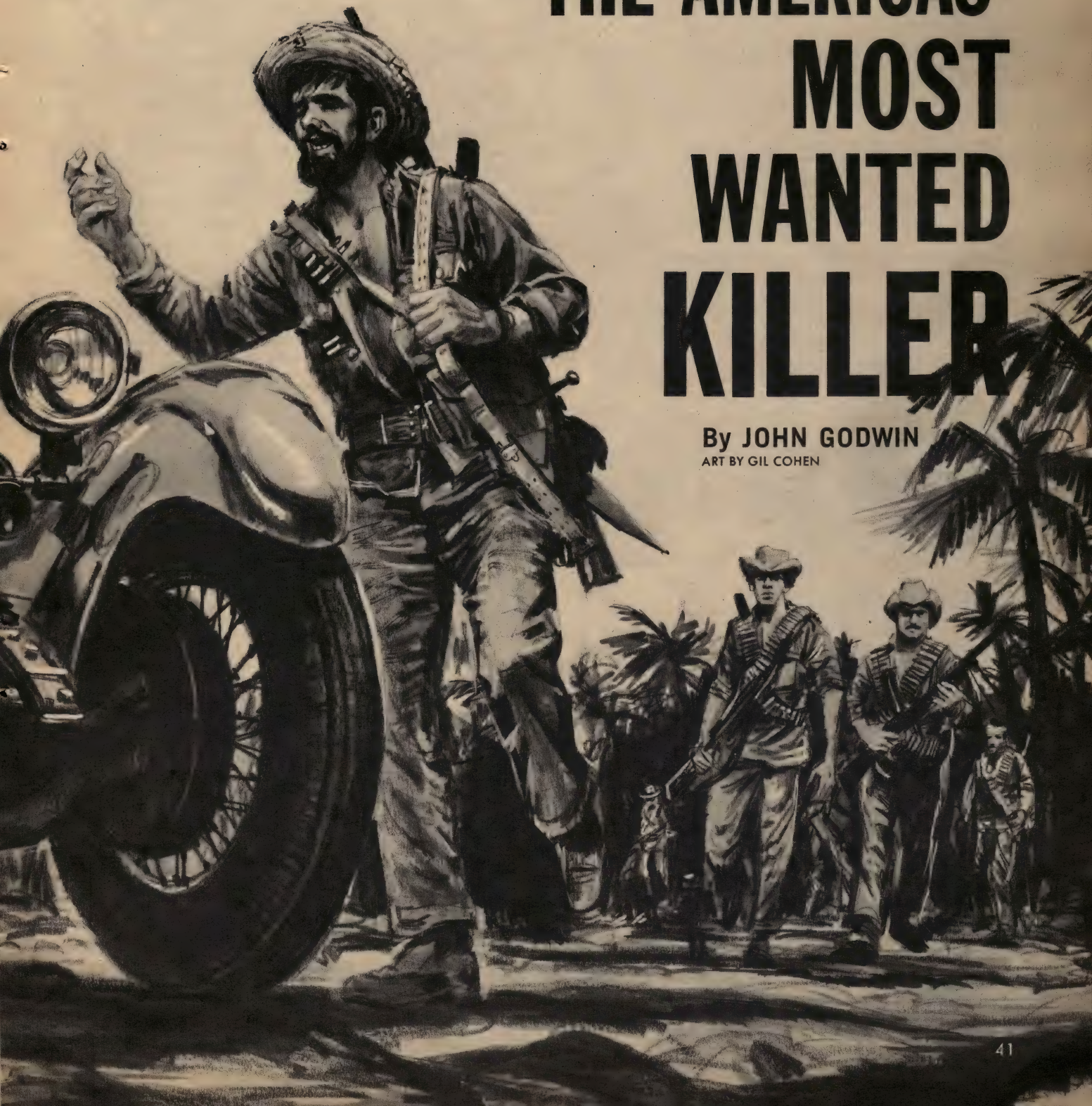
"This is what Chispas offers you, senor," he said slowly. "You will give him



"COME CLOSER," the bandit leader said, "and show Chispas what a good surprise you have"

HALFCASTE DOLL WHO FLUSHED OUT THE AMERICAS' MOST WANTED KILLER

By JOHN GODWIN
ART BY GIL COHEN



HALFCASTE

one out of every six ounces of processed gold leaving this mine, and in return he will let you operate here." With a chortle he added: "This is a good offer for a gringo. Chispas—he does not like gringos much."

The tall, square-jawed American behind the desk looked long and hard at the half-caste before he answered: "Thanks, buddy, your boss is real generous. And now I have an offer for you. You can either get the hell out of this office or take a ride down to Tolima jail—in handcuffs. What'll it be?"

The mestizo grinned, exposing two rows of blackened stumps in his mouth. "Jail?" he guffawed. "You must be even more stupid than most Yanquis. The magistrate in Tolima would lock me up for maybe three—four days. Good. But before I am released, you, *senor*, will be lying in a ditch with the crows pulling out your guts. You do not know Chispas—but you will learn."

He then turned on his heel and marched out.

As the door slammed shut, a girl who had been crouching quietly in one corner walked up be-

hind Scott's desk and placed her arm around his shoulders. She was a golden-skinned Indian with raven braids that hung down almost to her swelling haunches. Her only garment was a thin white dress that clung to her like a second skin, molding her largely thrusting breasts and stretching tightly over her flat belly.

Now her fingers gently traced the outlines of the American's neck as she whispered: "You are very brave, *amigo*—but are you being clever?"

Scott reached out and gave the girl's firm bottom an affectionate pinch before he pushed her away. "You can't be clever when you've got your goddam back against the wall," he growled. "No mine can afford to fork out one-sixth of its production in protection money—and that son of a bitch knows it. He wants to force me out of here. Only I'll see him in hell first."

THE girl shivered slightly; Scott could see the gooseflesh on her bare arms. "But Chispas—he is a devil," she said harshly. "I cannot even speak of the things he has done. I—I am afraid for you..."

Scott grinned up at the girl with a cockiness he didn't feel. "Don't worry, Irene. I've dealt with that brand of unwashed cut-throat before and I'm still in one piece. If our *Senor Chispas* wants a fight we'll give him one. This country could sure do with a few bandits less."

But even as he spoke, Scott was aware of the hollowness of his words. On that morning of January 2, 1963, he hadn't the faintest idea of how to make a fight of (Continued on page 70)

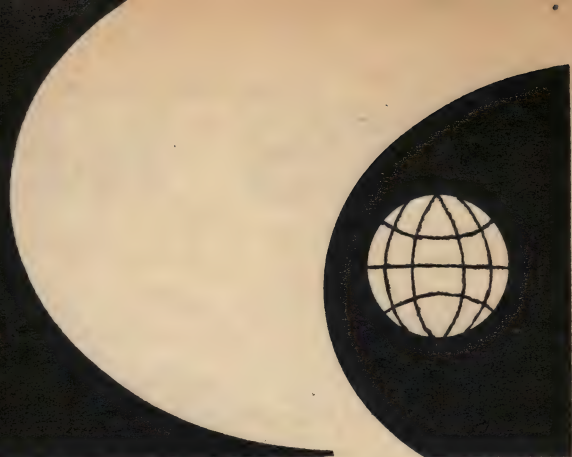


BACK in the States, working in Colorado, mining engineer Scott says: "The climate down there wasn't quite as mild as the travel ads say. If there's one word to describe it, it's 'dynamite'."

PERSONALLY responsible for more than 500 killings, Chispas had made the province of Tolima, site of Scott's gold mine, the bloodiest in all Colombia—until Scott's ruse tripped him up (below, members of bandit gang)...



KEYHOLE ON THE WORLD



A close-up on strange, out-of-the-way happenings around the globe

THE SOFT LIFE

Hovering over the courtroom in Barcelona's Palace of Justice was a vision right out of the brutality of medieval times: the garrote, an instrument of execution which strangles its victim in an iron collar and then, with a quick twist of a screw, snaps his spine. Those who might, according to the judges' decision, be fated to endure the garrote's awful punishment were, however, far from medieval. They were, rather, right out of the modern, fast-living sex and drug filled scene of *la dolce vita*, the soft life of sensual pleasure at any cost. Three men and three women, they were on trial for the vicious murder of a man, and so disgusting were the details of their crime to the spectators in the courtroom that shouts of "muerte, muerte" (death, death) rang out periodically as the testimony unfolded.

The six prisoners were linked together by their crime and by the sordid corruption of the life they had been living. Their story began on the isle of Ibiza, off the coast of Spain, where European and American playboys and playgirls have lately been going for their far-out kicks. There was, first, a 22-year-old ex-Sunday School teacher from Scotland named Joan Bryden who was living in a three-sided "arrangement" with American jazz musician John Hand (39) and the wife of Hand's brother, a 24-year-old American girl named Nancy Karen Hand. These three were joined by three other playmates, an American teacher named James Johnson (34), his mistress, a deep-eyed, soft-lipped Spanish woman named Maria del Pilar Alfaro (33) and a 23-year-old deserter from the American Army in Germany named James Wagner.

Together in Barcelona, with Nancy Hand pregnant and all of the group "blowing high" on drugs, they ran out of money and decided to rob Maria's former lover, a 50-year-old businessman named Francisco Rovirosa Closas. It was at this point that harsh reality intruded



Spain's soft life

on velvet drug dreams. When the U.S. Army deserter Wagner approached Closas, a meat cleaver in his hand, and demanded money, the Spaniard refused to come across, which disappointed Wagner to the point where he sank the cleaver in Closas' head.

In the end, those who hoped to see the garrote dispense its excruciating oblivion were disappointed. Wagner and Maria, who were charged with "planning the horrible crime" got the most severe sentences: 30 years for the American, 23 years for the Spanish woman. The other four got sentences ranging from 6 to 21 years.

The courtroom spectators shouted curses at the prisoners as they were led away. Meanwhile, on the sunny island of Ibiza, whose seductive balminess had perhaps turned the minds of the prisoners toward a life of wayward, criminal ease, hundreds of other pleasure-seeking young men and women were idling their time away in a blaze of sun, whiskey and sexual abandon.

ALL-AMERICANS TO ORDER

The young husband sat at the bar, gulping down his second drink of the evening and pondering the problem which had been bothering him for weeks. Once again, he went over in his



Athletes to order

mind the essentials of the situation. He and his wife had decided that they wanted a baby, that was for sure. The thing was, to begin with, did they want a girl or a boy, and then, exactly how did they want the kid to be made up?

Let's see, he mused, if I take a girl, do I want the slinky blonde kind, sort of in the Lana Turner mold? Or a brunette, maybe the Audrey Hepburn type? Or would a dark-eyed redhead, Rita Hayworthish, be the best?

It certainly was a tough decision to make, he thought. What if I go for a blonde now and then wish it had been a redhead later? And if I take a boy instead of a girl, what kind of a deal do I want for him? Lean and long muscled, the champion swimmer type, or mountain sized, built like a pro football tackle. Big muscled but compact

(Cont. on p. 50)

MEN'S NEWSLETTER

continued from page 6

the part of victims ...

THE MORE MURDERS A COUNTRY HAS, THE LOWER WILL BE ITS SUICIDE RATE — AND VICE VERSA ... No matter what police say about massive crime waves, THERE IS NO REAL EVIDENCE THAT CRIME IN U.S. IS EITHER INCREASING OR FALLING OFF ...



Gem thieves too gabby

Cops feel that jewel thieves are the most clever of all hoods, but they have one flaw: tremendous egos. DYING FOR AN AUDIENCE, THEY'LL BLOW THE SECRET OF THEIR HAUL TO A GIRLFRIEND OR EVEN A CASUAL STRANGER AT A BAR. The bigger the job they've pulled, the more they're dying to talk about it ...

Employment in prison is very often the first work of a steady kind experienced by some criminals ...

JUST OFF THE DRAWING BOARD

AN AUTOMATIC PILEDRIVER THAT HARDLY MAKES A SOUND ...

Motorists in many parts of the Southwest can now drive into car wash booths and have their cars cleaned, via vending machine, by high-pressure jets of water and detergents—for a 25-cent piece ...



All-weather wonder wheel

A new tire with built-in chains in the form of tungsten carbide pins IMBEDDED IN THE RUBBER FOR TREMENDOUS ICE-GRIPPING POWER will be on market next year. Can be used on all surfaces, dry or wet ...

THE FRONT LINES

ONE RESULT OF THE VIET NAM WAR IS THAT HENCEFORTH ALL INFANTRY UNITS OF OURS WILL BE TOTALLY AIRBORNE. Helicopters will carry men and equipment to battle and pick them up afterward. The only land vehicle troops will retain is the jeep, and they will be small enough to be carried by air ...

That new Army Redeye missile (can be held on shoulder, used to knock out enemy planes) WILL BE FIRST TIME INFANTRY HAS HAD ANY KIND OF EFFECTIVE PROTECTION AGAINST AIR ATTACK ... A good non-com will always use his men to discipline each other rather than try to do it all himself. He knows that control by buddies is much more effective even than fear of the guardhouse, according to Army studies ...

Been found that "combat nerves" HAS NOTHING WHATEVER TO DO WITH COWARDICE, NO MATTER WHAT THE GREAT GEN. PATTON THOUGHT. Between 200 to 400 days of unrelieved combat will drive any soldier "nuts" ...

When GIs crack up, go "psycho" it's rarely from fear of being killed but usually from guilt and fear of killing another person ...

Army's found that a combat soldier is at his best AFTER THREE TO FIVE MONTHS OF COMBAT EXPERIENCE ...



Old cadets complaining

Oldtimers in services are complaining that our service academies, West Point, Annapolis, Air Academy, are becoming sissified with all the new technical training. But the new brass feel that all the math, logic, philosophy, etc. is necessary to prepare men to fight the new kind of nuclear age war ...

WORLD OF SPORT

THE MOST DEADLY AND EFFECTIVE OF ALL BASEBALL PLAYERS—according to a new scientific, mathematical rating system, are (in order of ability) Cobb, Ruth, Williams, Gehrig, Mantle, Foxx, Hornsby, Mays, Greenberg, Dimaggio ... BASEBALLS ARE LOPSIDED, HEAVIER ON ONE SIDE THAN ANOTHER ...

Football is easily the most complicated popular game played today. The experts say there

(continued on page 46)

BE THE MAN IN DEMAND

**Train at home for a high-paying job
in one of these 4 major fields**



**N.T.S. TRAINED
TECHNICIANS ARE
HIGHER PAID ...
MORE RESPECTED ...
CONFIDENT
OF SUCCESS**

START NOW in one of these "Big 4" Industries, and be among the most sought after technicians in America. As an N.T.S. Trained Technician you can enjoy higher pay, rapid promotion, lifelong security.

N.T.S. TRAINS YOU RIGHT, FAST AND EASY!

Incomplete, "short-cut" training limits your earning power, even disqualifies you for top-pay jobs. N.T.S. gives you everything in *All Phases*... to qualify you for any job in your field... for greater profits the year round.

BETTER, MORE COMPLETE, LOWER COST TRAINING

N.T.S. Home Training is proved and tested in N.T.S. Resident School Shops and Laboratories — the oldest, largest school of its kind in the world. You learn *all phases*, and receive everything you need — Lessons, Manuals, Diagrams, big professional Kits with parts, tools, instruments for experimental, repair, service, troubleshooting projects. Yet N.T.S. Training costs less; only 1 Low Tuition. Other schools make several courses from the material in each of our Master Courses.

ELECTRONICS TELEVISION AND RADIO

YOU ARE NEEDED in All Phases of **ELECTRONICS TELEVISION-RADIO**... Servicing, Communications, Broadcasting, Manufacturing, Automation, Radar and Micro Waves, Missile and Rocket Projects, plus all the other high-pay branches of this vigorous Industry. N.T.S. Shop-Tested Home Training gives you **ONE MASTER COURSE**... at **ONE LOW TUITION**...

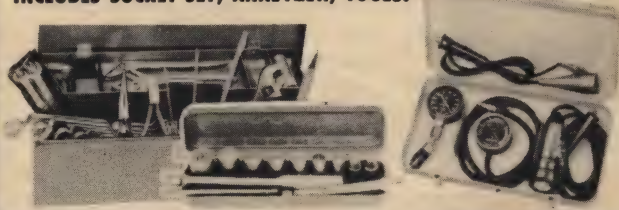
INCLUDES RADIO SET, TV SET, MULTITESTER.



AUTO MECHANICS AND DIESEL

TAKE YOUR CHOICE... be a successful all-around mechanic in cars, trucks and heavy-engines. Or specialize in your favorite field... Tune-Up, Automatic Transmissions, Farm Mechanics, Trucks and Buses, Stationary Installations, Foreign Cars, or get into Auto Air Conditioning, Engine Rebuilding, Diesel, and other high-pay fields, or go into business for yourself.

INCLUDES SOCKET SET, ANALYZER, TOOLS.



AIR CONDITIONING

**REFRIGERATION
ELECTRICAL
APPLIANCES**

FUTURE BRIGHT FOR TRAINED MASTER TECHNICIANS... over 30,000 new Technicians must be trained annually. You are needed to help service and repair the 50 million air conditioners, refrigerators and electrical appliances that will need fixing this year alone. You can go places in your own business or with a manufacturer, dealer, distributor or department store. With All-Phase training, your earning power is unlimited!

INCLUDES TESTER, GAUGES, TOOLS.



HOME APPLIANCE

TECHNICIAN'S COURSE

MILLIONS OF HOME APPLIANCES NEED FIXING... Every home is your market for Full-Time career or spare-time "Second Income." All you need is a workbench, spare time and N.T.S. Home Training. Costs less than \$1.50 per week. Repair any home appliance—from toasters, electric irons to washing machines and even room air conditioners—right in your own workshop. Or take a high-pay job with appliance manufacturer or large service company.

INCLUDES TOOLS, PROFESSIONAL TESTER, SOLDERING SET.



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WORLD-WIDE TRAINING SINCE 1905



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MEN'S NEWSLETTER

continued from page 44

are more "possibilities" in a single football play than there are in an entire baseball game . . . Figure sawdust is a thing of the past in track and field events. Newest safety cushion is yards and yards of plastic foam which looks like giant macaroni . . . **THERE'S A GOLF CAP WITH A PENDULUM ATTACHED:** when the golfer raises his head while swinging, the pendulum hits him on the head . . . Don't believe reports that those new plastic coated bowling pins are livelier than the old wooden ones . . .



Turned toes trip tracksters

A long distance track star really has trouble when he's pigeon-toed; he may be a great runner, but he'll be constantly stabbing himself in the feet with track spikes while running . . .

UNDER THE HOOD

Studebaker's still plenty alive and kicking. In Canada, company will soon market a low-priced version of the Avanti it sells in the U.S. . . .

You'll probably see a disappearance of tailfins on cars for the next five years or so—until someone decides it's a great idea again. . . . Safety experts pretty insistent that Detroit had better start improving brakes and tires before a wave of accidents hit the country. Power and acceleration of new cars have been souped up so that they've outstripped stopping capacity . . .

FIGURE THE NEW CARS NEXT YEAR TO HAVE BIGGER WHEELS GENERALLY, TO IMPROVE RIDING COMFORT, help braking somewhat . . .



Brakes taking back seat

Insurance companies are finding that the man who's had one accident may often be a better risk than he was before he had the crack-up. "Once burned, twice shy," most have learned such a bitter lesson that afterward they turn out to be the world's most careful drivers. Yet it's exactly these one-accident unfortunates who

wind up immediately in the assigned risk pool at exorbitant rates . . .

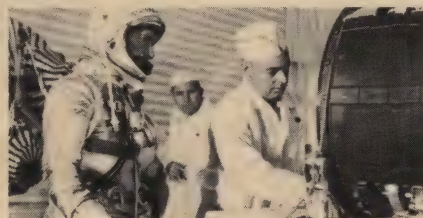
A new French car, designed for off-the-road driving, **HAS TWO ENGINES, ONE IN FRONT, ONE IN BACK . . .**

LIFE AND LEISURE

GOOD WAY TO PICK UP A HOUSE CHEAP is to get one that's been taken over by the government because of someone's failure to meet mortgage payments. Some 120,000 are available through VA or FHA in your city . . .

Plastic surgery has become such an easy business, that surgeons expect before long to model faces just as easily as they would model child's clay. Much of this due to a new compound called Silastic, injected under the skin and then molded by doctor into the desired shape in the ten minutes it takes to harden . . .

Been found by one group that there's a definite falling off in coughing by people who've switched from regular to filter-tipped cigarettes . . .



Infants in orbit

SPACE SUITS MAY BE USED FOR PREMATURE BABIES, TO HELP THEM TO NORMAL SIZE AND HEALTH. A leading space scientist feels that the suits will help their usually poor blood circulation . . .

The human heart beats an average of 100,000 times a day . . .

GRAB BAG

States are now considering mandatory seatbelts on all over-the-road busses . . .

Biggest new trend in West Germany is one toward witchcraft, plenty of nude female "sacrifices" to demon gods, the whole deal . . . And a poll showed that West German women have more extra-marital affairs than ANY OTHER CONTINENTAL GROUP . . .



German girls dig witchcraft

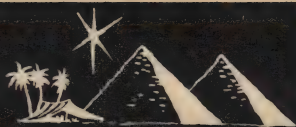
About 93% of the skills a man picks up in the Army are useful in civilian jobs . . .

If Pres. Johnson's anti-poverty war is taken up by Congress, it will mean the creation of some 200,000 new jobs for unemployed youths . . .

EXCITING NEWS A MAN CAN USE

NIGHTIE

Nights on the Nile



No. 953 EGYPTIAN SLAVE GIRL

So simple! So lovely! So truly classic! A perfect frame for any figure! Open shoulder to hemline with shoulder pleats held in place by dazzling gold metallic braid bows to match the side bands. If you wish, wear it with the matching self-fabric cord gathered at the waist. Very new, very chic for sleep wear or lounging. Adjustable — one size fits all! Created of ORIGINALS' finest quality sheer nylon. Moon Shadows Black, Temple White, Flame Red.

Originals' Special Price \$9.95



No. 952 QUEEN OF THE NILE

A new full-length ORIGINALS' exclusive adaptation of Cleopatra's most regal gown—unadorned to focus full attention on your personal beauty. Create three moods with a single lace shoulder strap which can be concealed to appear strapless... or raise the elasticized gathered bodice to create a high bust line... or put your arms through the lacy side openings to effect a still higher neckline. Now you can have this Fashion "first" first! ORIGINALS' finest quality sheer nylon and detailed workmanship. Moon shadows Black, Flame Red, Temple White. Sizes: S-M-L. ORIGINALS'

SPECIAL PRICE \$8.95



INALS exquisitely fine nylon! The eye-opening slash can be worn on either side. Lace trimmed with rich satin bows as shoulder and side ties. The sleek panty to match has elasticized waist and leg bands. Choose several: Moon Shadows Black, Flame Red, Temple White. Sizes: S-M-L.

Originals' Special Price \$4.95

No. 959 EGYPTIAN ROMANCE

An ORIGINALS first—exclusive with us! Our surprise version of Cleopatra's temptations favorite for sleeping. A mere breeze in ORIGINALS



No. 950 TWISTER TEASER 2-Pc. Ensemble

Exciting! Seductive! "Every little movement has a meaning all its own." The shortie top is a fabulous fringe, 23 inches long, fuller than illustration shows. Two satin ribbons hold it in place. The matching briefs are finest quality sheer nylon, with elasticized waist and leg bands for slick fit. Black only. Small, Medium or Large.

Very Special Originals' Price \$10.95



942 FROU-FROU — French coquettes adore this shocking new brief — it's so naughty, gay, youthful! A next-to-nothing frill of lace, neatly elasticized to hold the sheer nylon lace crotch in place. Black only. S-M-L. Only \$2.98

No. 932 SHEER DREAM

A Baby Doll ensemble to make you huggable on sight! Full shortie gown, lavishly trimmed with fine lace elasticized ruching, worn on or off the shoulders. Lace edged nylon briefs also elasticized for smooth fit. Midnight Black, Fire Alarm Red, Cloud White. One size fits all. Typical Originals Value. Only \$6.95



947 DEMI-VENUS — Emphasizes your natural charms, gives a more daring decolletage — enticing French effect. Designed for truly feminine enchantment. Exquisite lace, delicately lined for comfortable support. Black only. Sizes S - M - L. Only \$3.98



No. 941 PARISIENNE

Scandalously French of richly embroidered fabric with double lining and open tips to accentuate your bust line. Provocative, yet exceptionally comfortable, with adjustable straps and firm elasticized band, Sizes 32 to 36, B cup.

Exceptional value! Only \$3.98

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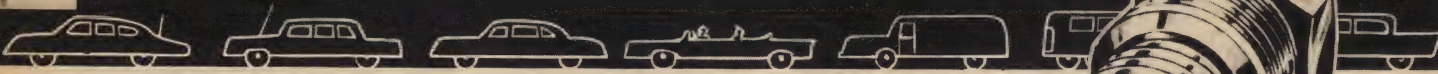
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NEW INVENTION MAKES MOTORING HISTORY!



WITH THE

BIG FAT FLAME

DRAMATICALLY BOOSTING CAR PERFORMANCE



Get more
power!

Use less Gas!

Spark plugs out-dated by **LECTRA** Fuel Igniters

NEVER CLEAN, ADJUST OR REPLACE!

SUDDENLY . . . SPARK PLUGS ARE OUT OF DATE

It's true . . . as you read this the spark plugs in your engine are going out of date. And when you think about it, it's not really so surprising. Essentially, the plug you are using today has been unchanged for forty years. Engines have changed, bodies have changed, suspension has changed, but till now those old spark plugs have remained just as your grandfather knew them.

The invention which is about to change the motoring habits of all car owners has already been fantastically successful.

The remarkable LECTRA FUEL IGNITER ends, completely and forever, the inadequacies of old-fashioned, gas wasting, inefficient spark plugs. Instead of that small spindly spark you get the BIG FAT FLAME that gives you better performance and greater economy than you've ever known before. LECTRA Fuel Igniters never wear out, never need cleaning, gapping or replacement. In fact they actually IMPROVE WITH AGE!

EXTRA POWER, EASIER STARTING, FASTER ACCELERATION

A spectacular innovation in the LECTRA is that the spark no longer has an air-gap to jump! Instead, the surface-supported flame-spark "walks" across its semi-conductor nose and spreads in all directions. That big, fat flame is .070 of an inch compared with the tiny .025-.035 in standard plugs, and so produces greater efficiency in every cylinder. (Ask any automobile engineer and he'll tell you that, at present, only a fraction of the gasoline you feed into your cylinders is actually burned.) LECTRA in your engine means extra power, easier starting, zooming acceleration. LECTRA takes you soaring up hills, gives your car undreamed-of capabilities.

NO ELECTRODES TO WEAR AWAY

LECTRA Fuel Igniters have no air-gaps, no thin-wire electrodes to wear away.

LECTRA do not wear out or need adjusting — ever.

ENTIRELY NEW PRINCIPLE

Because they have to fit into the existing ignition system of your car, LECTRA may look somewhat like the ordinary spark plug. But there the similarity ends. LECTRA Fuel Igniters work on an entirely new principle . . . and they're GUARANTEED TO LAST AS LONG AS YOU DRIVE THIS CAR!

CARBON ASSISTS LECTRA

Carbon is the arch-enemy of spark plugs. It shortens their lives and impairs engine efficiency. But this same carbon actually *assists* LECTRA Fuel Igniters. It serves as an extra carrier for the big, fat flame—giving them even greater efficiency.

LECTRA FUEL IGNITERS HAVE PASSED EVERY KNOWN TEST

A device as new and revolutionary as LECTRA has to be proved under the most stringent conditions—and test results for the Fuel Igniter have always exceeded expectations. After extensive field-testing the US Naval Bureau of Aeronautics approved the aircraft prototype of the LECTRA; that

model is now in widespread use throughout the world. The principle employed in the automobile version is, of course, the same. The most eloquent proof of LECTRA's success in cars lies in the satisfaction of the tens of thousands of motorists who are driving on Fuel Igniters today.

EASY INSTALLATION

Installation is quick and simple. Just remove your present spark plugs and insert LECTRA. As an economy measure you can reduce idling rate because the added power achieved with LECTRA automatically increases r.p.m. Carburetor mixture can also be leaner.

FIT LECTRA AND FORGET ABOUT THEM FOR AS LONG AS YOU DRIVE — and all the time getting unbelievable performance!

SAVE MONEY WITH LECTRA

- 1 By installing LECTRA Fuel Igniters you need never again have spark plug worries. No expenditure on replacements, no cleaning, no adjusting.
- 2 With LECTRA, it is possible to save on gas by using a lower grade than hitherto. Experiments should therefore be made with different grades of fuel until the optimum mixture is determined.
- 3 Add to this saving the economy of MORE MILES PER GALLON (every motorist's dream). The more efficient explosion you get needs less gas in the mixture. Taxis fleets have reported a 10-20% increase in m.p.g.

OLD-FASHIONED SPARK-PLUG



NEW LECTRA FUEL IGNITERS



Available only from

ELECTRA INDUSTRIES, INC.
23 West 47th St., Dept. CMG-8
New York 36, N. Y.

THE MAN WHO MADE HISTORY

Pictured when on Active Duty
COLONEL F. P. DOLLENBERG,
U.S.A.F. RES.
President of
Electra International



During World War II, Colonel (then Capt.) Dollenberg was in command of a task force of P. 40 pilots. He was determined to develop the perfect igniter after a particular incident had brought death to a young fighter ace. Loss of power while approaching the airstrip caused both plane and pilot to crash into trees just short of the runway. Investigation soon revealed the cause... ignition failure!

This was at the root of many tragedies during those years of war. Far too many. Colonel Dollenberg's subsequent researches brought many incredible facts to light. He discovered that spark plugs had changed not one iota in principle since their invention 40 years previously. Imagine a 2,000 horse-power engine depending for ignition on a skinny little spark intended to help Grandad toot around town on a Sunday afternoon! Well, that's exactly what those pilots had to rely on under their cowlings.

Back from the war, the Colonel devoted himself to the problem of the too-small spark. Failure to ignite sufficient gas to give the engine instant power to soar over those trees had killed that young pilot... and who knows how many more. And the basic design of the spark plug would not permit a bigger spark. Again, the maximum performance of a plug lasted only a short time, then erosion and carbonization gradually reduced efficiency.

The answer to the spark plug was an igniter which had no air-gap - which contained no wire electrodes - whose tip would not foul - which would never need replacement.

Colonel Dollenberg went to Washington with an idea. "The principle's fine," they said. "Let's see it work!" And Colonel Dollenberg made it work with the help of the Naval Bureau of Aeronautics who cooperated in the extensive and expensive testing necessary to replace obsolete spark plugs with a new, dynamic method of fuel ignition. After the most exhaustive trials, the Colonel knew he had won. His prototype was approved for U. S. NAVY high compression engine use. That was the LS-702, the aircraft predecessor of the present LECTRA Fuel Igniter for cars. Adaptation for the motorist was not without its problems. Little ones like reducing the aircraft igniter to the same size and shape as the conventional automobile spark plug. And big ones like getting a small voice heard in the towering wilderness of the Detroit auto kingdom.

Once again Colonel Dollenberg battled his way to success. He made and marketed the LECTRA Fuel Igniter. Today tens of thousands of motorists throughout the world drive on these igniters. They drive with a new confidence, and, of course, with a new economy. Thanks to Colonel Dollenberg and LECTRA.

IN TECHNICAL TERMS

The LECTRA Fuel Igniter is of three-core glass seal construction; this permits floating freedom of expansion and prohibits leaking at any time. Two of the materials used are a 97.4 per cent aluminum oxide ceramic of diamond hardness, and an erosion-resistant nickel alloy. The shell shield protects the core nose from excessive heat blasts and cold-fuel shock. The explosive chamber provides permanent cleaning action and is sealed by heat-crimping to afford maximum permanent sealing.

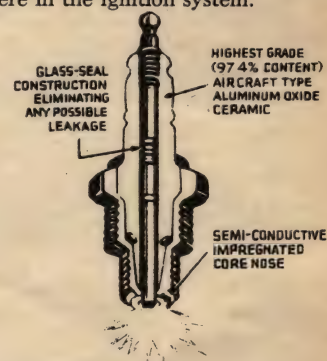
OPERATION

LECTRA Fuel Igniters, employing a new principle in automotive ignition, do not have an air gap for the flame-spark to jump. Instead, the flame-spark "walks" across the semi-conductor nose, spreading in all directions and increasing the percentage of gas/air mixture burned. Carbon that may form on the semi-conductor nose during use acts as an additional carrier for the flame-spark, improving the efficiency of the Fuel Igniter rather than affecting it adversely as in the case of conventional spark plugs.

EFFICIENCY AT HIGH COMPRESSION

LECTRA Fuel Igniters are designed to be permanent replacements for spark plugs and are capable of firing at 160 to 180 pounds of compression (conventional spark plugs can fail to fire above 130 pounds). Their principle of operation may be simply explained by imagining a man crossing a stream. As the man grows older and weaker, or as the stream

grows wider, the man finds it increasingly difficult to cross. But, if the man lays a plank across the stream, he will cross easily. Similarly, the LECTRA Fuel Igniter, being surface-supported, does not require its flame-spark to jump an air-gap. Instead of a weak, partially-effective spark, the huge flame-spark of the LECTRA Fuel Igniter covers the entire semi-conductor nose under compression. Because the flame is surface-supported, the high compression ratios of modern car engines cannot cause "blow-out." No damage can be caused by the large flame-spark generated by LECTRA Fuel Igniters because, although the spark is large, it is of low-intensity. Voltage is never trapped internally as with some conventional spark plugs, and the flow of voltage is immediate, creating no backlash anywhere in the ignition system.



RECORD OF PERFORMANCE — LECTRA FUEL IGNITERS

NOTE — All Lectra-equipped cars in these tests used REGULAR GAS
(Compiled from Consumer Field Test Reports)

YEAR	Make of Car	Spark Plug Miles Per Gallon	Lectra Fuel Igniters Miles Per Gallon	Miles Increase	(Gain) Extra Miles Per Gallon
1963	Chevrolet V8	17.7	22.2	24%	4.5
1955	Nash Rambler	20.0	27.6	38%	7.6
1961	Plymouth 6	22.2	26.0	17%	3.8
1955	Ford Fairlane	14.0	21.2	50%	7.2
1957	Chrysler Windsor	16.5	21.0	20%	3.5
1962	Cadillac	15.5	18.0	14%	2.5
1957	Dodge D-500	16.0	21.5	35%	5.5
1951	Buick Super	13.0	17.0	22%	4.0
1963	Pontiac	16.0	20.0	25%	4.0
1955	Oldsmobile 98	15.0	20.9	40%	6.0
1962	Fiat 1500	23.0	26.5	15%	3.5

All above figures confirmed by letters and reports available from our files in New York City.

Nothing is as exacting—as compromising—as cold statistics. In the final analysis, nothing will prove to you the extraordinary benefits of the Lectra Fuel Igniter as its performance in your own automobile.

Therefore we guarantee (and stake our reputation and our business on this guarantee):

That Lectra Fuel Igniters must be everything we say they are, everything we have led you to expect. They must make your car perform as you never thought it would and on regular gas when engine is properly tuned and in good repair. You must IN YOUR OWN JUDGMENT get easier starting, faster pick-up, improved economy (to conform to the table above) or you can return them within 10 days and get back every cent you paid—without question and without delay. What's more—they must continue to function properly for the life of your car or they will be replaced until they do.

We've taken a lot of your time in presenting our story. Now there's nothing else to say; the rest is up to our Fuel Igniter. If you want to try them (bear in mind our guarantee) they will be rushed to you as soon as we receive your order. For your convenience we are adding a coupon to the bottom of this page. If you'll fill it out and mail it I can promise you the most exciting automobile experience you've ever known.

Sincerely, *Col. Fred P. Dollenberg*

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Rush my Lectra Fuel Igniters by return mail on your money-back guarantee.

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☐ Send _____ Igniters C.O.D. I enclose \$1 deposit and will pay postman balance on delivery plus shipping charges.
My car is _____ year _____ make _____ model _____ No. of cylinders _____

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ Zone _____ State _____

KEYHOLE ON THE WORLD



Continued from page 43

and fast like Mickey Mantle or stringy and whip-quick like maybe Marty Marion? A power hitter like Ruth or a guy who sprays them to all fields like Ty Cobb? A Dimaggio or a Musial, a Paul Hornung or a Bronko Nagurski? Sighing, the young man took another pull at his drink and started all over again. . . .

The young father described above is of course an imaginary fellow, but the problem bugging him could well beset just-married American men in the next 10 years or so, if the prediction of a Nobel Prize winning zoologist named Herman Muller comes true. Dr. Muller, an expert in the science of genetics — the hereditary make-up of living things — believes that it will someday be possible for scientists to produce "tailor made" babies who would embody various characteristics specified by their parents before the baby was conceived.

Dr. Muller bases his belief on the giant strides that science has lately made in solving the mystery of exactly how human heredity works. Scientists now know that there are four chemical compounds (nucleotides) that make up the basic "form" of a human being. These nucleotides are linked together differently in each person, and the differing linkages are what determine such things as sex, color, size and perhaps even longevity.

In the laboratory, geneticists have constructed chains of nucleotides comparable to those in human embryos and, says Dr. Muller, there is no reason to doubt that at some time in the future they will be able to achieve this kind of "gene design" in humans. In addition to "constructing" babies to parents' order, the "gene designers" may be able to alter the gene arrangement in adult persons to eliminate hereditary diseases and even acquired ones such as cancer.

If it works out as Dr. Muller prophesies, look for a lot of home runs to be hit around 1994.

RUN, JOE, RUN

It was 10:30 P.M. when the husky construction worker was walking down a street on New York's upper West Side, heading for a late neighborhood movie. The block was dimly lit by widely spaced street lamps and the worker didn't see the three young toughs, heavy-booted, wearing leather motorcycle jackets, come out from behind a parked car until they had surrounded him, forcing him to stop.

"You got a wallet, buddy," one said. "Hand it over!"

The construction worker hesitated, not sure what to do. He looked his three accosters over.

They were on the light side and young, not more than 17 he figured. The construction worker had done some boxing in the Army, knew a few judo tricks and, he thought, they didn't seem to have any weapons.

He lashed out suddenly with a fist at the nearest youth, an action which led to a wild, bloody brawl.

The youths wrestled the worker to the ground. He flailed out with fists and hands in sudden desperate fury. The worker was more than holding his own when he kicked out hard at one attacker, caught him in the stomach with his foot. The boy fell heavily, his head striking a car bumper. The fallen youth lay still, the other two ran off and the construction worker went to call a cop.

The boy on the ground was dead of a fractured skull and though the construction worker wasn't aware of the fact, contrary to the popular notion that "self defense is justified," he had absolutely no defense against a charge of manslaughter, a crime which might bring him up to 20 years in prison. This is true because of an old legal principle, which came to American law from the English common law and which is known as the "retreat law." This principle makes it the duty of a man literally to run away when he is threatened with an attack, and it is incorporated into Federal law and into the law of 49 of the 50 states.

What it comes down to is that, legally speaking, if a mugger approaches you and you hit him, if a guy threatens to punch you and you stand up to him and swing away, if you wrestle a thief's gun away from him and it accidentally goes off and shoots him, you're in a hell of a lot of trouble with the law because in every one of these cases and any other similar situation you can think of, you should have backed off, run away if you were able to; if you couldn't run, you should have done everything you possibly could to avoid the attack.

As the courts have interpreted this "retreat" principle in New York, for example, "no provocative act, conduct, insult or words . . . no matter how offensive or exasperating" justifies your taking a swing at the insulting character. And if a man picks a fight with you or assaults you in any way, you're only allowed to hit him back hard enough to repel his attack. If you hit him any harder than the courts feel was absolutely necessary, even in the anger and excitement of a fight, you're liable to punishment by the law and to losing money in a civil suit your attacker could bring against you. In other words, a guy insults you, then takes a punch at you, you get mad and beat the hell out of him and you're in trouble.

Only in Texas is the retreat principle not applied. Texas courts have said that someone "without fault" is "never required to retreat." He must however, try some other way to avoid swinging without retreating. The only exception in the other states to retreating is your belief that you are "in imminent danger of losing your life or receiving great bodily harm" from your attacker.

In other words, when that mugger starts shooting, you can start swinging.

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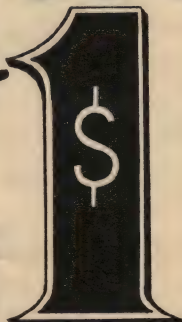
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AFTER THE SECOND MONTH, you pay the low premiums listed below which are 25% to 45% less than you would pay for the same coverage elsewhere.

BASIC COVERAGE RATES

EACH PERSON	Monthly	3 Mos.	6 Mos.	12 Mos.
Age 18 to 39	\$1.50	\$ 4.35	\$ 8.55	\$16.45
40 to 49	2.00	5.80	11.40	21.90
50 to 54	2.50	7.25	14.25	27.40
55 to 59	3.00	8.70	17.10	32.85
60 to 64	3.50	10.15	19.95	38.35
65 to 69	4.00	11.60	22.80	43.80
70 to 75	7.10	20.60	40.45	77.50
For Each Child Under Age 18	.75	2.20	4.30	8.25

Don't let prolonged hospital expenses rob you of your life's savings. Hospitalization expenses now are at an all time high. Since sickness or accidents come when least expected, you owe it to yourself and your family to be protected with Service Life's new, low-cost hospital plan! This sensible plan protects your savings, gives you peace of mind, the extra money you need *just when you need it the most.*

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The policy provides a full 31 day grace period. You may renew this policy to age 75 with the consent of the company. **THESE ARE THE ONLY EXCLUSIONS:** The policy does not cover suicide, venereal disease, intoxication, criminal acts, military risks, mental disorders, dental treatment (unless for fractured jaw), maternity (except by Maternity Rider at small extra cost) and rest cures.

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OVER \$18,500,000 IN CLAIMS PAID

Since 1923, policyholders and beneficiaries have benefited from Service Life Insurance Company. Domiciled in Nebraska as a legal reserve company, more than \$18,500,000 on all forms of coverages in all states have been paid.

FILL IN AND MAIL TODAY! Takes only a minute to complete for family protection! Do it now!

THE SERVICE LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY OF OMAHA

Dept. B80, 1904 Farnam St., Omaha 2, Nebr.

Gentlemen — I am enclosing \$1.00 in payment for two (2) months' insurance and I hereby apply to The Service Life Insurance Company of Omaha, for a Family Hospitalization policy for myself and for my dependents, if any, whose names appear below:

Full Name of Applicant _____ Sex _____

Address _____ Date of Birth _____

City _____ Zone _____ State _____

Occupation _____ Height _____ Weight _____

ONE POLICY MAY INCLUDE AS MANY AS ARE IN THE FAMILY (Applications for 1 person may be issued to adults only). (Please print full names of members whom you wish included in this policy)

	FIRST NAME • MIDDLE NAME • LAST NAME	DATE OF BIRTH				HEIGHT	WEIGHT	SEX
		MO.	DAY	YR.				
1.								
2.								
3.								
4.								
5.								

- Are you and all persons named herein now in good health and free from any physical defects or deformities to the best of your knowledge?
- Have you or any other person named herein during the last five years had any medical or surgical advice or treatment or any other departure from good health? Yes _____ No _____
If the answer is yes, please give details _____

I have read the foregoing questions and I represent and affirm each answer to be true. I agree to accept the policy that may be issued upon this application. I also agree that the company shall not be liable for payment of any benefits upon sickness, disease, or injury, arising prior to the date of acceptance of this application. I reserve the right to return the policy within 10 days and receive my money back if I should decide not to continue it.

Dated this _____ Day of _____ 19 _____

SIGNATURE

(Applicant) Head of the Family or Individual Applying Be Sure to Sign
WRITE—DO NOT PRINT

Please send information about your—
Surgical/Medical Expense Rider ☐ Maternity Benefit Rider ☐
Loss of Wages Rider ☐

continued from page 17

pampered, very secure. The boat rocked gently.

Joe Larkin lowered the binoculars, grinned. Dressed in seaman's dungarees and tee-shirt, he was a tall, muscular man with a laborer's sun-crinkles at the corners of his eyes. He was Chief of Maintenance at Seaway Boat Dock. He put fuel in expensive, mahogany-lined yachts, serviced the white canvas of sailing craft, and repaired safety devices. He knew Chesapeake Bay like the back of his hand, he knew boats—and he knew the people who sailed boats.

He also knew quite a bit about this woman he had been watching. Her name was Sheila MacAllister, and she was running through his brain like a fever. He got in his small motorboat, and started toward the cruiser. He had a debt to settle with her.

SHE and her husband had driven to the boat dock three weeks before in a shiny, sleek Mercedes-Benz, and she had spotted Joe leaning against the red gas pump, a yacht cap drawn down over his forehead. "Hey, you, boy!"

Joe ambled over, pushing the cap back on his head, scratching his cheek. "Can I help you, miss?"

"Yes," she said, briefly glancing at him. "My husband and I have some bags to carry on board our ship. It's the *Lorelei* over there. The bags are in the trunk—"

"There's another man here who carries bags," Joe said. "I'm the engineer."

The husband laughed, and Joe took notice of him for the first time. He sat next to the car window, his wife in the driver's seat. He looked about 15 years older than she. "That's priceless. An engineer. I suppose the boy who carries things is called an architect. Really, that's too much."

"Listen," the wife said, seriously, "we don't care what your title is. You work here, that's enough. We're hot, we're tired, we've been driving a long time, and we want those bags carried on board right now. Are you going to do it?"

Joe looked her in the eye. He never argued with customers. When he sensed anger, he did exactly what they told him. He got back at them later in other ways. "Very well, ma'am. Anything you say."

He carried three heavy suitcases on board the *Lorelei*, as well as a case of tonic water. Out of the corner of his eye, he watched her. She wore tight green Bermuda shorts that showed a delicate ridge of her panties. Her blouse was white and buttoned at the neck. When she talked to her husband, she showed perfect white teeth. Though prim in expression, her lips were large, soft-looking, and sensuous. Her husband was dressed in yacht captain's ensemble of white duck pants and blue blazer with insignia. He carried a permanent gin-and-tonic in his hand.

"Hey," he said abruptly to Joe, "don't put the tonic on the deck like that. Put it in the freezer. Don't you know how to store provisions on ship?"

"Sorry, sir."

"Hey, what's your name," the wife

called from the galley. "I need some help down here."

Joe went below deck, and took down a wooden dining shelf for her. As he did so, his arm brushed against her blouse. The material was very smooth, and gave off a light perfume. She did not seem to notice that they had touched. "Now, put the groceries there," she told him, and he did so. "All right, go topside and see if my husband needs you for anything."

On deck, the husband was rocking back and forth on his heels, inhaling the salt water air the way Joe had seen every non-sailor do—breathing too deeply, being too happy and contented with the sea. "Is that all, sir?" Joe said.

"What—? Oh, yes, I suppose so." He continued rocking. As Joe started down the gangplank for the dock, he called, "Oh, you. I forgot something. Come here, please."

"Yes, sir."

"Take this. Buy yourself a beer, or whatever it is you fellows spend your money on." He stuck out a dollar, as if he were paying an inconvenient bridge toll. He didn't smile.

"Thank you, sir. Hope you enjoy the sea."

"Yes—yes."

The wife had come topside, and Joe waited a moment for her to say goodbye. When she began fixing herself a drink, not looking at him, he walked down the gangplank quickly and onto the dock. He looked over his shoulder. The husband had his arm around her, and they were moving below deck—for a meal, for drinks, for something that didn't include Joe. He jammed the dollar in his pocket. *Buy yourself a beer! Run along, sonny!* The bastards, they were going to pay for this. Joe Larkin would see to that.

HE went about it coolly, methodically, the same way he repaired an engine or sewed a torn sail. It took him two weeks to plan it out completely. He learned that they anchored the *Lorelei* a quarter-mile from shore each night, and slept till mid-morning. At noon, twice a week, the husband went ashore for provisions. He was always gone exactly two hours, as if an efficiency expert had arranged it. While the husband was ashore, the wife took her daily sun bath. Joe watched every moment of the ritual through binoculars.

The more Joe collected data, the more Sheila MacAllister consumed his thoughts. He watched her raise the sails, saw the firmness of her breasts. He noticed the way she danced, during the small parties they gave on deck at night. He saw her walking on shore, her hips twisting from side to side as if she were walking an invisible line. He saw her laugh—an impulsive, giving, abandoned laugh. She had not even smiled the day Joe met her. What else had she hid from him?

One bright, star-filled night, as the MacAllisters went to their berths, Joe stripped and swam the quarter-mile to the *Lorelei*. Quietly, slowly, biting his lip, he carefully pulled himself on deck. Then, on hands and knees, he crawled to the partially open door of their compartment—and watched. As water sloshed, and lamplight flickered inside the cabin, Joe saw Mr. and Mrs. MacAllister make love. He noted every aspect of Sheila's body. And he kept track of each specific thing she did in their love-making. When they turned off the lamplight and snuggled into sleep, Joe waited 15 minutes before

easing himself off the boat, hearing the husband's snoring all the while. Walking back on shore, he laughed out loud. I know all I need to know now, he thought. Tomorrow I cash in . . .

Joe cut through the green water of the bay in his light motorboat, and pulled beside the *Lorelei*. "Mrs. MacAllister," he called. "May I come aboard? I'm inspecting boats in the bay for safety devices, and it's your turn today. Coast Guard regulations."

She rose from the red towel, turned down her transistor radio. "Oh, it's you. Say, you'll have to come back later when my husband's here. He knows everything about the boat."

"Well, actually, I just have to check a few things. Life preservers, sail rigging, such as that." He held a clipboard, with an official-looking form attached. "It won't take long. I hate to bother Mr. MacAllister with it."

She made certain her shoulder straps were snug, then pulled down her bathing suit at the bottom in a snapping sound. While pushing back her gold hair, she looked at him as if he were a fly buzzing around her head. "Oh, all right. Check what you have to."

She lay back on the towel, her head turned away from him. Pretending to check the rigging, he looked her over from head to toe.

"Oh, say, Mrs. MacAllister. I hate to trouble you—"

She turned, sighed deeply. "Yes, what is it you want?"

"Do you have any life preservers that aren't topside? I only see two up here, and regulations call for six."

"There are some under the seats in the galley, I think."

"Could you show me, please? I'd hate to make a mistake, and list the wrong number on this form."

"Oh, you people are all the same. Worrying over forms, petty problems—come on, I suppose I have to show you. That's probably regulations, too."

She wiggled into wooden slippers, put on a white terry-cloth jacket, and led the way. Her hips flicked from side to side. In the galley, she lifted back two seats and pointed. "There they are. Four of them. Satisfied?"

Joe reached over and touched the preservers. "How old are these preservers? Would you know?"

"We got them with the boat, and we've had the boat three years. That's all I know. Now, may I go back on deck?"

JOE stood in the doorway. His broad back nearly covered its width. Suddenly, his lips curled up in a grin, and he pushed his cap back on his head. He threw the clipboard aside. "Man, it's mighty hot today. I sure could use me a nice cold beer."

Sheila frowned, put her hands on her hips. "Get out of that doorway and let me through. What in the world is the matter with you?"

"Now, now. That's not the kind of hostess you are at night."

"What do you mean?"

"I mean, I've seen you laugh, I've seen you dance with guys, I've seen you flirt. You're a lot different in the moonlight, baby."

"Have you lost your mind? Do you have any idea who you're talking to?"

"Oh, I know. Somewhat."

"No, you don't, but let me tell you. When my husband hears about this, you'll be lucky to ever work on another dock. You'll never work again on this one. I can assure you of that."

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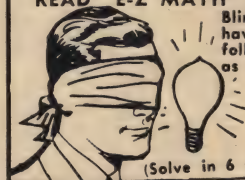
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CAN YOU SOLVE THESE EVERY-DAY BUSINESS AND SOCIAL ARITHMETIC PROBLEMS IN THE TIME ALLOWED? YOU CAN DO THEM EASILY EVEN WHEN BLINDFOLDED—AFTER YOU'VE READ "E-Z MATH"!



Blindfold yourself and have someone call the following numbers to you as you add them:

739
463
906
785
642

(Solve in 6 seconds) ?

$$9864372 \div 8146 = ?$$

(Solve in 9 seconds)

$$\frac{4}{7} \times \frac{9}{4} = ?$$

(Solve in 4 seconds)

$1\frac{3}{4}\%$ interest per month amounts to what percentage yearly? (Solve in 4 seconds)

$$367 \times 75 = ?$$

(Solve in 3 seconds)

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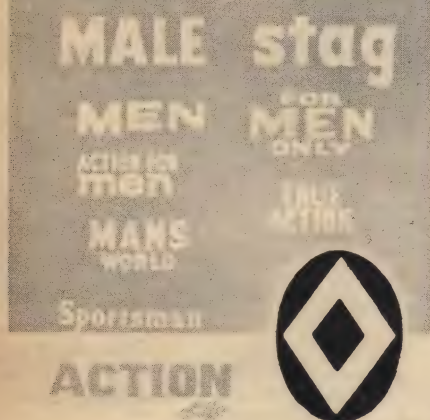
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Now, get out of my way—or I'll scream my bloody head off."

Joe examined his fingernails. "You wouldn't do that. For one thing, you don't want a scandal. Besides, I don't think one of your bloody screams would carry ashore. Just get me a beer like a good girl. After all, your husband will be here in—let's see—one hour and 35 minutes, and then you can report me all you want."

SHEILA drew in her breath sharply. "Dammit, I knew I shouldn't have let you come on board. I've never liked your looks from the first day I saw you. But okay, okay. I'll get you the beer, and I'll wait here till my husband comes. But," she added, opening the cooler, "if you try any funny stuff, you'll get in serious trouble. I warn you."

"Thanks for the beer," he said. "Call me Joe, Sheila."

She looked at the ceiling, tapping her toe furiously. Joe could see the imprint of her breasts through the terry-cloth jacket. Her calves were strong, bronzed. Her lips had a touch of transparent lipstick. Joe polished off his beer.

"I'm going to make love to you, Sheila. That's why I'm here."

"No, you're not!"

She clawed at his tee-shirt, kicked wildly at his shins. With little effort, Joe grabbed her wrists and held her tightly against him. She twisted from side to side, struggling, kicking. He put his lips briefly to hers—they were tightly shut but unbelievably soft. Then he pressed her down in the galley seat, and stepped back.

"You've got to relax, Sheila. I don't want to force you."

"You're completely insane." Her breathing came in gasps. She suddenly looked up. "Whatever gave you the idea you could pull this stunt? Have you done this with other women on ships?"

"Oh, a couple of times, as a matter of fact."

She brushed back her long yellow hair, continued to look at him, expressionless. "But don't you know you could go to jail for attempted rape?"

He took a step toward her, put his hands on her shoulders. She didn't move. "Who's going to call it rape?"

"But I'll report you, I'll tell my husband—"

He ran his fingers through her hair. "No, you won't."

"What makes you think so?"

"Because I've got you right where I want you. I know every little freckle on your body, I know every detail about the way you make love—even the words you call out. Listen." And then he described, step by step, what he had seen and heard that night he had climbed on board and watched her make love. He left out nothing. Her face turned deep scarlet as he dwelt on particularly private moments. Once she started to put her hands over her ears, then stopped. "I'll tell your husband I did those things with you myself. He won't ask questions, and he won't exactly call it rape."

She stood and took a few steps around the galley, turned her back to him. Then she said in a quiet voice, "You could ruin me. You know that, don't you? You could destroy my whole life. My husband is insanely jealous—I might as well tell you."

"All I want is you, Sheila—for just, let's see, one hour and 25 minutes. No one will ever know."

She turned around slowly, breathed in deeply. Her blush still showed through her sun tan. Quietly she unloosened the terry-cloth jacket, took it off. Looking him straight in the eye, she kicked off her wooden sandals and put her hand on her bathing suit zipper. "Okay, you sonafabitch," she said. "You win."

"Not here," he said. "Let's go back where you sleep. I want to have every convenience."

She shook her head. "I really believe you are crazy."

In the sleeping compartment, Joe examined framed photographs hung on the wall, looked over the husband's expensive belongings, went through Sheila's clothing. "Here," he said, throwing her a flimsy black nightdress. "Put this on. You look good in it."

Watching her step out of her bathing suit, Joe shucked off his own clothing. Her body was stark white where her bathing suit had covered her. In slow motion, she put on the nightdress, lay down on the berth, and watched Joe Larkin, dock handyman, walk toward her. Before he touched her, he put his watch carefully on the metal bedside table. One hour and 15 minutes to go.

"All right," he said, putting his calloused seaman's hands on her breast. "I want to do all those little tricks I saw you and your husband do."

"Oh—you—crazy—lowdown bastard—ummmmm—"

Through his lovemaking, Joe could hear the water lapping against the ship. Now and then a speedboat with water skiers would pass close-by, yelling greetings. For an intense, long drawn out moment, he didn't utter a sound. Then he whispered in her ear, "Okay, baby, scream."

Her scream started as a low moan, increased to a high pitch, and then softened to a sigh. In the descent from the stars, he did several considerate



"Momma, Papa! I'd like to present Irving Stone!"

things for her. In the lazy aftermath, they lit cigarettes. Moving shyly and tentatively, Sheila ran her fingers over the hairs on his chest, put her head on his shoulder. "I have a secret," she said.

"Yes?"

"That was as good as it's ever been, really."

"You see, I'm not so crazy."

"But—honestly—my husband would kill us both if he knew this." She giggled. "You know, I can almost picture his face. If he only knew what I've done with you."

"What does Mr. Big do for a living?"

"He's board chairman of a corporation. It's like being captain of a ship. Only he makes more money, and controls more men. He's very, very smart."

Joe put out his cigarette, began running his hand over her body. "Okay, let's make this a better one. Tell me everything you want."

AT precisely 1:50, Joe jumped into his clothes, watching Sheila tiredly put her bathing suit back on. He straightened up the berth, made certain that nothing was different from when he had first come in. "It's just like nothing had happened," he said, walking behind Sheila to topside. "He'll never know the difference."

"But I will," she said, going back to the red beach towel, smiling. "So long—dockhand."

As Joe swung away from the *Lorelei* in his motorboat, Byron MacAllister came up in his dinghy. Joe waved cheerily, a servile nod to his head. Byron MacAllister stuck up his hand briefly, faintly recognizing him.

On board Byron went over to his wife. She was lying prostrate on the towel, the radio tuned to soft music, a tall drink beside her. "Say," he said, "wasn't that the fellow who calls himself an engineer? The dockhand?"

"Yes—he came to inspect the life preservers or something like that. It's some kind of stupid regulation they have. I didn't pay much attention."

Byron snorted happily. "The working class is awfully boring in this country, you know. No imagination, no daring—all of them without the gumption to get the finer things in life." He rocked back and forth on his heels.

"Yes," said Sheila MacAllister, looking out across the water, "they're so dumb."

AUTO WAR

continued from page 15

vague to be useful. A fingerprint team was put to work on the car.

"I'm sorry," the manager told them, a trifle smugly, "but you're wasting your time. We pride ourselves on the fact that every one of our cars is thoroughly cleaned and polished, inside and out, the moment it is returned by the customer. In this field, competition is so stiff we wouldn't dare get caught with a fingerprint on one of our cars."

It turned out to be no idle boast. An inch-by-inch dusting from bumper to bumper, inside and out, brought out no trace of prints and the police finally had to admit themselves baffled. Thanks to the fiercely competitive zeal of the rental manager and his maintenance crews, they still have no idea whose body was transported where or by whom. All they're reasonably certain of is that someone got by with murder at the modest cost of \$6.64 for a car rental, including tax and full collision insurance.

Like a million or so legitimate users across the country, the underworld quickly discovered that it was safer and, in the long run, cheaper to rent a car than to steal one. Although the rental firms are understandably chary about publicizing the fact, they have unwittingly supplied the vehicles for robberies, hi-jackings, dope-running,

kidnappings, gangland assassinations and a staggering number of rapes and seductions.

One of the most novel uses was recently reported from Chicago. There an enterprising lady of love rebelled against the exorbitant gouging practised by landlords on members of her profession. Now she cruises the streets at night, doing a lively business in an economical rental car with reclining seats.

The fantastic mushroom growth of the cut-rate car rental field has even its own firms gasping. For example, Budget Rent-A-Car did a \$600,000 business in 1960. Advance orders indicate that this year's take will be in the neighborhood of \$23 million. One of their leading rivals, Econo-Car, did \$2 million in 1962, expects \$20 million in '64. Yet the industry estimates that of 94 million licensed drivers in this country, from 96 to 98 percent have still never tried renting a car.

AS recently as ten years ago, almost the only people who could afford to rent cars regularly were millionaires and salesmen on fat expense accounts. Today the boom in cut-rate car rentals has brought the blessings of non-ownership down within reach of practically everybody. Only the other day a man returned a rented compact to a New York cut-rate agency and paid the modest fee out of his relief check.

Until the price-cutters swarmed in, the standard car rental rate was 10/10—meaning \$10 a day plus 10 cents a mile—and for this you got a stupendous choice of a stripped Ford or a stripped Chevrolet. Today, by shopping around, you can find deals as low as \$2 a day

plus 3 cents a mile . . . and with trading stamps, yet.

The bargain hunter can also get free nylons, free fishing tackle, free gas, free mileage and free parking. With more than 500 rental firms competing wildly, the renter is definitely in the driver's seat, whether Hertz or Miserly Motors put him there. One enterprising wolf in Miami demanded—and got—a date with a busty blonde as his car rental bonus.

The granddaddy of the car rental industry and still the giant of the field is Hertz, who started in Chicago back in 1918 with 12 crank-'em-yourself Model-T Fords. Today that handful of Tin Lizzies has grown into a fleet of 41,000 cars, renting from 2,200 Hertz offices in 73 countries. Last year they brought in a breath-taking \$98,600,000 in revenue.

Second in the field is Avis, which started in 1947 at Detroit's Willow Run Airport. The other member of the so-called Big Three is National, a johnny-come-lately but growing like crazy and currently offering S&H Green Stamps with its rentals.

These three stand apart in a class by themselves, with the services and rates more or less standard, generally \$10 and 10 cents. They offer the widest choice of makes and models, usually deliver cars to your door or an airport gate and pay all gas, oil and maintenance costs.

At the opposite end of the field are the hundreds of budget rental outfits whose special deals and incessant price wars add up to a penny-pincher's paradise. The largest, Budget Rent-a-Car, offers a base rate of \$5 and 5 cents, you buy your own gas and oil. Right on

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their heels is Econo-Car, renting new Chryslers at rates that start at \$3.99 and around 4 cents per mile. Their competitors offer a dazzling variety of rates and deals, from miniscule mileage charges to flat rates with no mileage cost at all.

Both ends of the field offer much the same basic commodity—a new, fully-equipped and insured 1964 car with radio, heater, seat-belts and all licenses. The companies buy these from their local dealer at very small mark-up—around \$25 on a standard model. They are sold off after 12 to 14 months. Smart buyers of used cars often snap these up because of the fanatical maintenance care given them, particularly by the larger companies.

The budget companies achieve their low prices by trimming off a lot of extras. Many offer only compact cars, while a great many stick to one make and model exclusively, which cuts their cost of purchase and maintenance still closer to the bone. At sell-off time, they study the used car markets across the country and may move a fleet hundreds of miles to take advantage of an area where prices are a little better.

Since over 60 percent of car rental business comes from people who fly to a place and rent a car there, the Big Three pays fantastic rents for locations right in the air terminals. The budget companies get their biggest savings by setting up shop in cheap-rent locations as close to airports as possible.

THE better budget companies, like the Big Three, give guaranteed maintenance on every car. If anything goes wrong, they not only take care of full repair but will give you a replacement from any of their offices while the work is being done. A returned car is given a thorough checkout of everything from the battery to wheel alignment before the next renter drives it out.

Unhappily, a few of the smaller firms try to save pennies by keeping cars in service until they are ready to fall apart. The cool bargain hunter should see that every maintenance promise is given in writing, that the battery is fully charged, the tires not badly worn and all lights working before he accepts delivery.

The matter of tires brings up a point not generally known. If the tires on your rental car are noticeably worn, you will be paying for one percent more miles than you actually travel. You may, in fact, be paying for as much as 20 percent more miles in cars rented even from the biggest companies, due to a quirk in standard speedometers.

THE national Automobile Manufacturers Association admits that as new cars come from the factory, their speedometers invariably register too high by as much as 5 percent or more. Recently, an inspection of 350 rental cars in Miami disclosed that all but one had its speedometer set too high. The average ran up to 15 percent. In such a case, the poor sucker renting that car was getting only 85 miles of actual travel for every 100 he paid for on the basis of the speedometer reading.

One man turned in a rental car after a trip with 370 miles on the speedometer. A friend, who followed him the entire route in a second car, chalked up only 320 miles.

This is not to imply that legitimate companies purposely bugger up their speedometers. They simply too often neglect the nuisance of correcting them on every new car, a mere matter of replacing a small pinion with one bearing the proper number of teeth. So few drivers know enough to complain that the matter rarely comes up. There are, however, strict laws in almost every state to guard against giving a customer

short-measure. When someone does make a beef, the law is all on his side.

You can easily check a speedometer against the official Measured Mile that is carefully marked out at intervals on all major highways. If you find you're being charged for miles you didn't drive, point it out and most companies will make an adjustment without a murmur.

Companies who have tried to duck the responsibility have not fared so well. One renter who checked his speedometer out at 20 percent over, simply deducted that ratio from his bill and the court upheld him. But it is safe to say that 99 percent of all car rental companies, large or small, will bend over backward to give a customer full value for his money.

All the bigger companies make a fetish of delivering their cars to a renter in immaculate condition. Hertz has gone so far as to advertise a rebate of \$50 to any customer who finds cause to complain about the condition of his car. Some of the Hertz help hint broadly that anyone who can't dream up a \$50 fault of some kind just isn't using his head.

Some of the smallest outfits are content to give a car a lick with the dust cloth and call it clean. For the budget-cutter who isn't above emptying his own ashtrays and doing a wash job, there can be some pretty sharp bargains hidden under the mud and dust.

Why do people rent cars, anyhow? There are almost as many individual reasons as there are renters, and some of them are pretty far out.

A local budget outfit in Los Angeles had a pet customer of long standing. A soft-spoken, well-dressed man, he came in every Friday afternoon and rented a compact for the weekend. Each Monday morning he returned the car promptly and paid cash. They loved him . . . until a recent Saturday night when the police called them to come and peel what was left of their car off an overpass abutment. Only then did they learn their prize customer was an alcoholic who rented a car for weekend binges to avoid the risk of damaging his own.

PRACTICALLY all rental cars are covered by \$100-deductible collision insurance. This means the renter pays any damage up to \$100 himself. For an extra \$1 a day or \$5 a week, he can get complete coverage so no damage comes out of his own pocket. With insurance rates skyrocketing, this reason alone has turned many to car renting as an economy.

Not long ago a charming young girl came to a Philadelphia budget outfit to rent a car. In filling out the application, she let slip that she and her fiancé were eloping that night and the car was for their honeymoon.

"My boy friend wanted to get the car but I wouldn't let him. He's so nervous now I'm afraid if he got his hands on a wheel, he'd run away."

Budget companies have found some curious reasons for using their cars. Of late, many people who are about to buy a new car of their own have taken to renting various makes first to decide which one they prefer on the open road.

One reason salesmen used to like rented cars was that they could blithely ignore traffic rules in a strange city, knowing the tickets they collected were charged against the rental firm. Those good old days are now gone forever.

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The companies got tired of spending half their time in court fighting such traffic tickets. Through their national Car and Truck Renting and Leasing Association, they got together with judges and worked out a solution.

Now, when a notice of motor vehicle violation comes in, they simply send back a form showing the name, address and license number of the guilty renter. The court then goes after him directly, the same as they would an out-of-town violator driving his own car.

THERE is one curious fluke that car rental companies would just as soon not have advertised. If you rent a car in the proper manner and then fail to return it, you can't be charged with car stealing. According to the law, it isn't theft if you obtained the car by legal means.

Some renting companies learned this fact the hard way. When renters were delinquent, they reported to the police that their cars had been stolen. When the cops nailed the laggards, they went into court and collected fat damages for false arrest.

Now the industry calls it a "conversion" when somebody takes off with one of their buggies and is extremely careful not to accuse anyone of a crime. Instead, they have to go about getting it back in the same manner as a finance company with a repossession.

One of the biggest accomplishments of the budget rental outfits is to make it more economical for thousands of drivers to rent cars than to own them. While you don't have to be a millionaire to buy a cheap car today, it certainly helps.

Auto prices and insurance rates are still trying to beat Russia to the moon.

In many states, licenses and taxes are in the same race, while garage rents have long since blasted off. Higher prices mean longer and more expensive financing. Repair shops demand a leg and an arm just to lift the hood and sneer at you. In Detroit, engineering geniuses work overtime dreaming up new extras that are guaranteed to break off, fall off or just stop running before the payments do. And while you're busy pouring your dough into one end of the horn, depreciation and a tumbling used car market are sucking it out the other.

Against this massive onslaught against your pocketbook, the rental car stands out as a shining bargain. The one low rate includes everything except perhaps your gas and oil, and you always drive the latest model. When you don't need it, you can hand it back and let the company foot the garage bill.

The wise boys have discovered an even greater advantage. Since ownership of a rental car isn't in your name, nobody can put the snatch on it for unpaid alimony or overdue bills.

If you have to pay garage rent and don't use your car regularly, it will pay you to sharpen your pencil and compare the costs of renting instead of owning. For years, Bert Lahr, the famous comedian and star of innumerable Broadway hits, had been paying \$65 a month to garage his car in Manhattan. Recently he sold his car and started patronizing a budget rental outfit instead. "Renting," he says, "has cut my costs more than half."

Car rental firms are accustomed to status seekers who rent a flashy new model in order to impress visiting relatives or acquaintances, or to attend some elegant function. Recently, how-

ever, a St. Louis budget outfit encountered a reverse twist.

The head of a local branch office there is a man noted for expensive and impressive cars, although in other respects his tastes are modest. The other day he had his new Imperial convertible tucked out of sight in a downtown garage and went to a budget rental agency.

"I want the cheapest compact I can rent," he told them, "one without any radio or fancy trimmings of any kind. My big boss, the president of the company, is coming out from New York to look over the branch office. I don't want him to get the idea that I'm too extravagant or that I've been tapping the company till to pay for fancy cars."

SOME of the budget companies not only help the average Joe save money but they offer the lad with a few spare bucks an opportunity to get in on the hottest four-wheel boom in history. Both Budget Rent-a-car and Econo-Car, for example, are eager to sell dealership franchises in areas where they have no agency as yet.

To qualify, you have to have a modern and well-located garage with plenty of storage, gasoline and washing facilities. Also, you have to have a bankroll. To open a Budget agency will set you back from \$25,000 to \$40,000. Econo-Car will set you up for a comparatively modest \$8,500 investment.

An authority in the field predicts that by 1970 there will be a million cars available from rental firms, as against a mere 115,000 today. Even if he's right, one thing will be certain. There still won't be enough rental cars to meet the demand on a warm spring weekend. ●●●

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CARNIVALS

continued from page 13

loose. The girls come filing out the flap and you should see the faces of the marks fall.

We're playing a whistle-stop in the heart of the Iowa corn country and it's strictly a Sunday School town all the way. Our advance man, Duke Sellers, almost got tossed out for trying to grease the fuzz, the local law. The PTA even made my cover up my best front, a bigger-than-life color blowup of Sheila wearing nothing but a G-string and a come-on smile. The only way I got a permit to open at all was by promising my dolls would be "fully and decently clothed" at all times.

So I agree, but the mark hasn't been born who can put the screws to an old carnie. My chorus line comes out first—all four of them—wearing dresses with high necklines and skirts well below the knees. The marks groan, and then the groans become wolf whistles.

The last step onto the bally platform is so high the girls practically do a split to make it. Then they walk in front of a bright flood that silhouettes their bodies through the thin dresses. The marks don't need a scorecard to tell they're not wearing a stitch of clothing underneath and you can hear eyeballs popping all over the lot.

Then Sheila comes on. She's wearing a black backless evening gown, slit to the waist on one side. Still it's modest to a degree until she leans forward, which of course she has to do to make that last high step. Then you should hear the howls.

As a dancer, Sheila will never make the Rockettes' line, but if there's one thing she ain't it's flat-chested. From the waist up she'll hold her own against the biggest they can bring over from Italy or England. They don't call Sheila the Twin Peaks of Idaho for nothing. She can start fires just by standing still and breathing, and when she goes into action she's a one-girl orgy.

"This is little Sheila, the star of our show," I'm telling the tip. "As you can see, she's a bit on the skinny side, but a wonderful girl just the same—sweet, shy and modest. The boys tell me they love her because she reminds them of their mothers. Our little Sheila has only one fault. She just can't seem to keep her clothes on. Back in Boston they call her Sheila the Peeler. I'd like to tell you her dimensions, but the Atomic Energy Commission has declared that classified information."

The band slips into a jungle beat and Sheila begins earning the \$250 a week I pay her. I holler, "Cut it out! You remember what happened last time you did that dance, baby. You set off the Alaska earthquake."

It's time to turn the tip in—get the crowd buying ducats for the show inside, but I'm not happy. In 20 years you develop a kind of sixth sense when it comes to sizing up the marks. To my nose, this tip was strictly on the piker side. They'd all be right there for every outside bally because it was free, but prying the half-dollars out of their hot little mits would take something more than a clever spiel.

The band caught my signal and stepped up the beat and Sheila really cut

loose. Down in front the tip turned into one big sea of open mouths and quivering tonsils.

Sheila started squirming and squealing and clawing at her dress and I pretended to blow my stack. "Sheila," I bawled at the top of my lungs, "keep your clothes on. Do you want to get us all pinched? Absolutely no stripping out here. Save that for the cash customers inside." I whirled and shook my cane at the band. "Stop that music, you idiots! Can't you see what it's doing to her?"

The music got wilder and so did Sheila's writhings. One of her break-away shoulder straps parted. The neckline of her dress took a plunge and for a moment I thought she was going to bounce right out the top. I yelled, "Grab her and get her inside quick! She's having one of her stripping fits!"

Right on cue the other girls closed in and hustled her off the platform. Sheila put on her act all the way into the tent, yelping and bobbing and making a big show of trying to tear off the black gown. The marks were wild by this time, howling and whistling. I yelled, "What are you waiting for? Get inside quick so we can put on the show before she cools down."

Talk about a stampede! They almost wrecked the ticket box and Eddie Frehan, my cashier, knocked down eleven bucks in short change without getting a single squawk. The tent was so jammed that the band had to go around outside and duck in under the rear sidewall to get to the stage.

It took the marks quite a while to figure out they'd already seen the hottest act in the show. From here on, all they got for the half a buck was the usual tired routine of bumps and grinds, a couple of blue songs and some fleeting glimpses of Sheila's black lace underwear. On the way out a few soreheads cornered me and yelled for their money back.

"Boys," I told them, "I'm sorry if you were disappointed, but you know how unpredictable girls are—hot one minute and cold the next. Usually the later at night it is, the wilder Sheila gets and the harder to control." I tipped them a broad wink.

AFTER midnight the show did liven up some, but never enough to draw a beef from the town fuzz. I've seen the inside of a few tank-town jugs and the setting doesn't appeal—not for the kind of money this crowd was willing to drop. If they'd been real free-spending sports with an itch for action, things might have been different.

No matter how tight a town is, if the dough is there a carnie will find a way to get it. If he can't make it "iron-clad"—greasing the local fuzz to look the other way—he'll make it "on the sneak." The way I look at it, if a mark with loose pockets isn't satisfied with window-shopping and insists on feeling the merchandise, who am I to squawk? It's his dough, and the girls have to live, too."

Some 80-odd years ago, a notorious he-madam by the name of Bob Hogan had a brain-storm that turned into pure gold. He got to worrying about drill-hands in the remote corners of the Pennsylvania oil fields who were making money hand over fist, with no place to spend it. So Bob recruited 25 Prossies—professional prostitutes—mounted them on mules, loaded on a circus tent and a barrel of whiskey and set out to work the hinterlands.

The deal was straight carnie all the way down. Pitching his tent near a tank town or oil field, he put on a show. While his partner cleaned the gambling crowd at thimble-rig and 3-card Monte, the girls did kooch and strip dances and staged a nude wrestling match. When the marks were sufficiently hotted up, the girls got down to the main business and a merry time was had by all—especially Bob, who handled the take.

Today, some 400 carnival outfits are on the road, playing over 2,300 county fairs and twice as many "still dates" between. Except for a comparative handful of "Sunday Schoolers," they're still following Bob Hogan's original pitch right down to the blow-off—the private action that usually takes place in a smaller tent out behind the main canvas. About the only real difference today is that the carnies can't peddle whiskey, or at least they don't except for a little private bootlegging in the dry states.

THE dozen or so really big carnivals are Sunday Schoolers mostly by necessity. The really big out fits, with expenses running to \$30,000 a week and up, have to depend on the big State Fair and Exposition dates to come out ahead on a season. They can't afford a beef from the local Decency League that might lose them a State Fair date that could gross \$200,000 for a week.

Nevertheless, Sex is their most profitable flash and none would dare try to get through the season without as much of it as they can safely peddle. In one large operation, with a 38-car train and a payroll of over 500 to support, the owner frankly admits that the biggest moneymaker on the lot is his Broadway to Hollywood Revue, with a smaller skin show, The Harem, a close second.

Both are privately owned and pay the operation the customary 50 percent of their gross. The carnie owner doesn't lean too hard on the shows themselves. The strippers in the Revue really peel and the star of the Harem is famous for the same kind of talent as my Sheila. She shows it off in a net bra, size 38 C-cup, reinforced to stand the strain.

Where this owner and his top competitors draw the line is where most of the smaller carnies really begin—with the blowoff, or after-show. That's when the lid really flies off and the only limit is usually what the marks want and can pay for. Except for the nine railroad shows and a few others at the top, there aren't more than a handful of carnie outfits that wouldn't let the skin shows go all the way.

Before I hooked up with the Whittaker Shows, where I am now, I laid it on the line to Whiz Whittaker, the man with the boots, as carnies call the owner. "Look, Whiz," I told him, "you usually figure to close down and turn off the generators by one or two in the morning. But sometimes the natives are restless and don't want to leave while they're still carrying a full head of steam. So suppose I light up the gas lanterns and move to the little top out behind where we can be a little more—er—cozy?"

Whiz shrugged. "It's your show. Don't try to run my job and I won't try to run yours. Just bring me my cut and don't tell me a lot of details."

So that's the way it is with me, and it's the same with 99 out of 100 carnie owners across the country. As long as the girlie show doesn't involve the

whole outfit in fuzz-trouble, it can go just about as far as the situation calls for.

But don't get me wrong. I'm not saying the average carnie is nothing but an out-and-out cathouse on wheels, though plenty of them come close to it. The main difference is that the Syndicate never got its grab-hooks into Carnie sex. It's still an individual choice of the girls. If one of them doesn't happen to feel like it, or doesn't care for a mark, she's free to tell him, "There's a train leaving in twenty minutes, Buster. Why don't you get under it?"

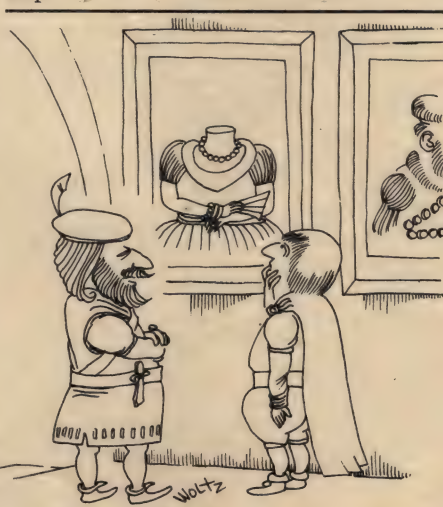
A funny thing, it was a girl like that who made a carnie out of me. I was just turned 17 at the time, a gawky farm kid from near Clear Lake, South Dakota, and as green as they come. That summer an outfit called the Red and Green Shows played a date at Watertown so three of us went up.

It was a fair-sized mud show, meaning they travelled by truck and trailer instead of my train, but it was strictly a 40-miler. That's a shoestring outfit that can't afford to make the long jumps to hit only red ones—the good towns. They carried two sex joints, one a regular girlie skin show featuring a stripper who billed herself as Wild Rose. The other was a Dime-A-Dance palace under canvas. Both were running wide open.

I saw my first blowoff at the skin show. When Rose finished peeling and ducked out the back, the talker came through the tip. "Wild Rose will be resting in her dressing tent for a few minutes but she likes refined company. Why don't you sports stroll back there one at a time and get better ac-

quainted? The price is only two bucks and you'll say it's the biggest bargain of your life."

I didn't know what to expect, but I peeled off two singles like most of the others. By the time my turn came, I was shaking so I could hardly lift the flap.



"And this is Elizabeth, my third wife, just after she was beheaded."

It was just a little square room with a cot on one side. Wild Rose, a blowsy, heavy-breasted artificial blonde was lying on the couch wearing nothing but a come-on smile and a faded paper rose. I could hardly breathe and I could feel my face burning.

"Baby," Rose murmured, "why don't you drop a dollar on the cot and take

off the rose. You can keep it as a souvenir to show your friends you were a sport."

I got out a dollar bill, shut my eyes, snatched the rose and ran like a scared rabbit. It took me an hour to stop shaking and start cussing myself for being such a stupid jerk. From the length of time most of the guys stayed, I was pretty sure lifting the flower wasn't necessarily the end of it. I'd made up my mind to go back and try again when I stumbled across the Dance Palace.

That was as far as I got. A busty redhead saw me gaping and the next thing I was on the floor, clutching a string of 10-cent tickets while she steered me into the mob. Nobody was expected to dance. You just squeezed close and squirmed. Every half-minute or so the music stopped while the girl snatched off another ticket, or a handful if she could get by with it.

In nothing flat I'd gone back twice for more tickets and was panting propositions in the redhead's ear. She was ready with all the answers. "We can go back to my dressing tent, honey, but you have to give the manager \$10 to pay for the time I'm not dancing. And then there's all I'll be losing in commissions, too."

All I had left was \$4 and change, and damned if she didn't get half of that away from me for more tickets before she spotted a live one with a fat roll and ditched me flat. By then I was hotter than a \$2 pistol and determined to have that redhead, one way or another. There was only one way I could figure to do it. That night I signed on as a roustabout and I've been with it ever since. That was over 20 years

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ago and most of the time since I have run skin shows of one kind or another. All I sell is Sex, but I've got it in assorted sizes and shapes, depending on the market and the local laws. You run into some of the damndest ordinances. I've played towns where the girls can strip but they can't bump and grind. In others they can make the pelvis do everything but whistle Dixie as long as the breasts are fully covered.

Then there are towns where the law says the girls can't neither peel or toss it around. For these, I've got a special front that drips with culture and a special posing show. The girls do a series of stills, modelled after famous paintings or great moments in history, like Anthony and Cleopatra.

The gimmick is that the law says the girls can't strip for the audience, but most of them forgot to say anything about appearing before the audience already stripped.

Most people have the idea that all carnies women are born with swivel-mounted morals and a price list of services tattooed on their shoulders. At the opposite extreme was a piece of bull-sweat I read a while back in a leading weekly news magazine.

"Unmarried female carnies," the article stated solemnly, "are chaperoned wherever they go. A single male may indulge himself as he pleases, but once he dates a carnies girl, he must go steady with her the rest of the season."

The editor who bought that jazz had better stay away from carnies or some pitchman will sell him the Washington Monument for a bill board.

The idea that the girls make their main living in the hay is just as far off. In all my years, I've only encountered four or five real prossies on carnies lots and they didn't last long. Carnies life is too rough for them.

I remember one day when Sheila's act had a tentful of he-wolves howling and whistling, but all the while she was tossing her hips she had a kind of dreamy, wistful look on her face. Afterward I asked her what she was thinking about.

"Osso Bucco," she told me. "It's an Italian dish I'm nuts about and I hear there's a joint in town that's out of this world."

So there you have a picture of carnies sex the way I see it from my experience. The chances are that one of these days I'll be playing your town. Come see my skin show—and if you aren't satisfied, talk to me privately. If you've got the itch and the scratch, the chances are we can work something out.

Editor's note: To protect the innocent, the names of people and places in this article have been made fictitious. ● ● ●

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GAMBLER

continued from page 29

sympathizer of your side.

- (C) Offer a huge sum of money to the local crime overlord to spirit you out of the country.
- (D) Take your chances on your own.

9. You and two other executives are jockeying for position. A deal comes up that could be spectacularly successful or the most dismal flop in the history of free commerce. To out-general your two opponents you:

- (A) Fight against the deal, then if it fails you are still in a power position and can continue the struggle.
- (B) Make the deal your idea and responsibility. If it goes great you get the top spot. If it drops dead, so can you.
- (B) Duck the whole thing and call in sick for a week.

10. You have an illness that means sure death in ten years. Possibly five years. Your doctors advise an operation which can kill you right away or cure you completely. Your wife says no, stick around a while, your best friends say no, don't gamble. They all feel five or ten years is long enough to live. So you:

- (A) Turn down the operation.
- (B) Gamble and let the doctors cut you up.
- (C) Toss a coin.

ANSWERS

1. This is known as a "sandbagging" situation. You can get wiped out if you don't play your cards exactly right. "A" can leave you holding the bag, without anything. C is sheer cowardice. However if you marry the older sister, you still have access to the beauty as a member of the family. Don't gamble, hedge your bet. "B" is the answer.

2. One must always consider the woman's viewpoint in matters like this. If you take a part time job your wife will be bored and unhappy. If you cut down on expenses it is money out of her pocket. After all, how much can you cut out of the budget by saving on your dollar a day lunch money? Now a woman who is unhappy and has a husband worth more dead than alive is a combination more lethal than a crooked dealer with a marked deck. So "A" and "B" increases your chances of croaking suddenly and this rules out all other advantages. "C" is your answer.

3. In gambling and in life both, there is no sure thing. So there is no life-time job. In this age of automation and science there cannot be. As for blackjacking your boss for a raise, how much more can he give you? A dollar and a half a week? "A" and "C" therefore are irrelevant to the problem. All other things being equal,

4. Sure it's true love but if you marry right away she's the dealer for the rest of your life. On the other hand you don't want to let her go if

the relationship is a playable hand. Set a date six months in the future. You may get lucky and have a bank-roll by then. If not, she has six more months in the pot, so can she drop out if you ask for another six months? "C" is the answer for the percentage player.

5. This is a simple one. It is the old-fashioned bluff. But you have all the cards. If you are worth 20 grand today you will be worth 20 grand a week from now NO MATTER WHAT THE OTHER CLUBS BID. If they bid low call up the Scout and tell him you will sign for the twenty, no less. He has to come across. "C" is the answer.

6. "B" is out, you're better off jumping off the roof of the hotel. "C" is OK for your wife but how about you? Sweating is no way to spend a vacation. There are times when you have to gamble all the way. Cash the tickets and roll those dice one more time. "A" is the answer.

7. You can't just sail home, that's like refusing to play your cards. If you split up, two of you are going to wind up hating the lucky one who got the masterpieces of the *cordon-bleu* chef. So gamble a little, even an ordinary restaurant in Paris is an eating experience for most Americans. "A" is the answer.

8. You are now a death-carrier. In this light and as a gambler you must weigh how much value these relationships have. The crimelord would seem to be the best bet, since avarice is the easiest emotion to understand. BUT, it has been proven that most criminals are as patriotic as the American Legion. Mistresses are for play-time, not serious business, that is just not their game. As for the secret sympathizer, how can he be so secret if you know about it? The enemy police probably watch him like a hawk. "D" is your answer. This is the one time you play a lone hand and refuse to

9. "C" is out. You do not get to be an executive in a high-powered business outfit by ducking decisions. That's for senators, governors and other politicians. Now here is where a knowledge of odds come in handy. The chances for the deal going over big are 50%, or 1 in 2. So if you back the deal to the hilt you have a fifty-fifty chance of being top man. BUT, if you take the safe way you still have to fight the other two guys in a three-cornered battle. Everything else being equal then your chances are only 1 in 3. Numbers don't lie, "B" is the an-

10. If you toss a coin you're just a wise guy and no cold-eyed gambler. If you listen to your wife and friends you're just a sentimentalist who closes his eyes and draws to an inside straight. But if you listen to the doctors as if they were gods, you're as bad as a gambler who lets a kibitzer tell him how many cards to draw. Evaluate the situation on your own. The key factor here is the astounding rate of scientific and medical discoveries. No matter how wild a gambler you have been in your lifetime now is the time to be conservative. Take the ten years, sweat out better cards. This time you go with the majority but for better reasons. "A" is your answer. ● ● ●

TERROR ACADEMY

continued from page 30

What Castro didn't know about guerrilla warfare, Russian-trained "Che" Guevara, an Argentine-born doctor who turned communist, was ready to teach the former Cuban lawyer.

Guevara turned to the sandy haired, round-faced man standing beside him. "What do you think now, Comrade?" he asked the Russian. The Russian nodded, pleased at what he saw. He'd have something to report back to Moscow in a few short days. Comrade Ledova, alias General Vadim Kotcherkin of the KGB's Foreign Intelligence Directorate, was about to leave for home after nearly a year in Cuba supervising the establishment of Castro's terror schools.

It all began on July 17, 1963, when the Russian descended from the gangplank of the freighter *Odessa*, a briefcase clutched beneath his arm. Within the briefcase were the secret instructions for *Plan M*—the communist subversion of Latin America.

"Welcome, Comrade Ledova," Che Guevara called out loudly for the sweating dockworkers to hear. They watched him bound up the gangplank and greet the Soviet visitor—Russian style—with an embrace. Cuba's number two man, as far as any anti-Castro secret agent among the dockworkers knew, was simply greeting another Russian on a trade mission. But there was one difference. Comrade Ledova

was more than just another trade official.

Lapsing into rapid Russian, the Argentine revolutionary who became a Cuban and the man who wrote Castro's primer on guerrilla warfare and subversion, led the burly visitor down the gangplank. Deliberately and loudly, Che Guevara switched back to rapid Spanish.

"Comrade, you'll find that we have much to trade with your country," Guevara said, keeping up the pretense. "Si, you will find that our sugar quota this year..." Guevara led the visitor to a made-in-Russia Zim limousine. The chauffeur, standing at attention, snapped a salute and quickly pulled open the massive door. The two men clambered in and the official car sped off to the former Havana Hilton Hotel where VIP guests are put up.

THE docking of the *Odessa* on that hot July morning marks the day when the third highest man in the world-wide Soviet espionage network arrived to set up a training center for communist agents.

He carried *Plan M* with him. If any master plan for revolution has a chance to succeed, this one has. The story was different four years ago. During the first year of his regime, Castro launched guerrilla invasions against Panama, Nicaragua, the Dominican Republic and Haiti. These invasion attempts each failed. Castro just wasn't ready. Meanwhile, his own regime ran into problems and he was forced to table plans for further armed incursions into the affairs of Latin American nations. He first had to clean up his own backyard. He began rounding up the opposition.

Between 1961 and last summer (1963) the Cuban communist regime's secret police—or G-2, as it's called—consolidated its position. Opponents were shot after brief trials, when trials were held. Castro's troops—the militia—then began a second phase corresponding with the arrival of Comrade Ledova. In ten sections of the Caribbean island the militia carefully combed these areas in an effort to clean out any anti-Castro guerrillas. The G-2 sent in its undercover agents to round up anti-communists. Every last *guajiro* or peasant was investigated. The peasants who lived in the village of Minas del Frio were moved out and relocated, as they were in the other nine locations. Then Soviet Red Army trucks loaded with construction equipment and material suddenly appeared on the scene along with drivers and others who differed from the Cubans by virtue of light Slavic features instead of dark skins and bright black eyes.

The Russians had arrived. Within days a report was received in a once white, soot-stained stucco villa in Coral Gables, Florida. "RUSSIANS BUILDING MISSILE SITE AT MINAS DEL FRIO ORIENTE," the message read after decoding by the anti-Castro group working in the villa. "Pass this on to Washington," a dark-haired young man ordered.

A phone call was placed to a cubbyhole office at 1737 H Street, NW, Washington, D.C. headquarters of the anti-Castro and anti-Communist Revolutionary Student Directorate (DRE). Senior Herminio Portell-Vila, a stocky 61-year old former history professor at the University of Havana—until the communists moved in and began teach-

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ing their version of past events—took the call. He carried the phone to a wall map of Cuba. "Si, si," he nodded as the rapid flow of Spanish from the other end of the line burst into the small office. "Missiles, you say? Hmmm. *Gracias, amigo.*" He placed the phone back on its cradle and picked up a pin. In a moment he found the location of the village and added the pin to the three dozens others of many colors that already speckled the map.

The professor then passed on the report. It landed on the desk of a Central Intelligence Agency expert on Cuba and then was dutifully relayed to the Defense Intelligence Agency where it ultimately found its way down to the Pentagon War Room. Another missile site had been spotted.

UNFORTUNATELY, the report was wrong. A new Soviet missile site was not being built. The CIA would have placed an immediate surveillance alert on the tiny village of Minas del Frio if it had been known that it was to become the first of ten terror schools. Plan M was functioning.

In a nutshell, *Plan M*—some call it "Murder"—consists of provoking terror in the other Latin American countries through trained, dedicated revolutionaries. It calls for inflammatory propaganda from Cuban embassies. Cuban diplomats have encouraged hate groups in Latin American nations, have harangued peaceful rallies, distributed communist propaganda and indulged in a multitude of espionage activities.

It wasn't until the first of this year that the terror schools were discovered for what they are—centers of subversive training. In a report to the State Department, the CIA pointed out the following:

"Most instances of serious civil disturbance in Latin America in recent months exhibit Cuban influence, if not direct intervention. At the time of the riots in Venezuela, the government announced the discovery of high-powered transmitting and receiving sets in the possession of Cubans in Caracas. In the following weeks about 50 Cubans were expelled from the country. Similar patterns exist in troubles in Panama, Colombia, Bolivia and Paraguay."

The pattern quickly became apparent to Americans who closely follow events in Cuba and elsewhere in Latin America. Castro was ready to spring his latest secret weapon. They didn't know

it at the time. It was *Plan M*!

In brief, *Plan M* calls for the use of violence and terror to bring Latin American governments to their knees for the eventual communist takeover. In some cases, as in Colombia, the aid of bandits is enlisted to stir up trouble. In Venezuela, Castro-trained terrorists are used to try to topple a government.

It has brought about a political volcano that has been erupting in Latin America with increasing frequency since early this year. Mortal danger is part and parcel of everyday life in many regions of Latin America. It can come from earthquakes, floods, man-eating piranha fish or the spears and blowguns of hostile Indians. It now comes from the murderous machetes and guns of Castro's terrorists.

In mountainous northern Tolima State, less than 100 miles west of Bogotá, Colombia, terrorist chief *Sangre Negra*—the Black Hood—raided an isolated coffee *finca* or plantation. The survivors of the raid, peasants and the plantation manager, were rounded up in front of the main office. The bearded and unkempt bandits, wearing local dress with the exception of the green fatigue caps made famous by Castro's guerrillas, began raping the women. One obviously pregnant native woman fought off the bandits.

"KILL her!" the terrorist chief snapped. A quick death wasn't enough for the cut-throats. A cold-eyed terrorist quickly pulled out his knife and slit open the stomach of the pregnant woman. As she slowly died, they turned to more killings. A machete quickly dispatched her husband and three small children.

While the horrified captives screamed, the terrorists knifed and shot 20 of the 27 who were captured. "Go back and tell your townspeople that we rule this country," the terrorist leader shouted.

Plan M was working.

It was a quiet Saturday night in April (April 11, 1964) as a jeep carrying the chief of Guatemala's mobile military police, Colonel Porfirio del Cid, sped down the Atlantic Road toward the coast. Behind the jeep were two trucks loaded with military police troops. They were answering an alarm from a coastal village which had reported that boats had been seen landing people. It could be Castro guerrillas. It was.

Unknown to the military police, the communists guerrillas were landing additional people and supplies. However, they had prepared for a possible reception from the military police. Guatemalan guerrilla leader, Marco Antonio Sosa, had set up a road block leading to the coastal landing area. This was the ambush that the military police ran into.

The first burst of machine gun fire that racked the convoy slammed into the jeep. Colonel del Cid and his driver died instantly. The soldiers in the trucks were burned to death by Molotov cocktails that were tossed into the vehicles.

About the same time that the Guatemalan patrol was wiped out, a band of guerrillas stabbed at a pipeline station of the Menegrande Oil Company near El Tigre, Guaraguao, Venezuela. The pipeline station erupted in a holocaust of fire and debris as TNT demolished the vital line connecting the oil fields with the storage tanks along the seacoast. It was the first major terrorist act since Venezuelan President Raul

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EXCLUSIVE IN SEPTEMBER MEN

Leoni was inaugurated after a burst of violence that threatened to cancel his election.

From bits and pieces of intelligence the plot became clear. The Reds are now ready to grab off all of Latin America. The final piece of the jigsaw puzzle was put together after youthful communist leader, Jose Maria Roura, stepped off a plane in Quito, Ecuador. He carried a heavy briefcase packed with forged passports and identity cards. His suitcase was crammed with \$100,000 in U.S. greenbacks and other Latin American currencies. He also carried the blueprint detailing subversive activities to be launched in Peru, Brazil, Venezuela and Ecuador.

Roura was on his way back to Ecuador after a lengthy visit to Cuba and the Soviet Union.

"The documents taken from the Communist Roura are part of a plan for subversion and political agitation prepared in Havana and Moscow," explained Jame del Cerro, the Ecuadorian Minister of the Interior.

THE first real insight into *Plan M* was discovered by intelligence specialists with the Council of the Organization of American States. "A large number of Latin Americans—about 10,000 are attending centers for subversion in Cuba," the OAS report declared. "They receive instruction not only in Marxist-Leninist theory, but also in propaganda techniques, the use of arms and explosives, sabotage, guerrilla warfare, and so on, in order to apply them later on in their respective countries. The cadres of instructors in these schools are made up of Russians, Czechoslovakians, Chinese and others."

The OAS report then detailed how student guerrillas entered Cuba. "The nationals of a country who wish to travel to Cuba request travel documents to go to another country, where they make contact with the Cuban embassy or special agents," report continued. "They are then provided with identification documents and permits to travel to Cuba, either to remain there or even go on to another communist country. In this way they avoid the marking of their passports with visa or notations referring to their trip."

Once in Cuba the student guerrillas are sent to one of the ten training centers of which six are located in Havana Province alone. The six in Havana Province are La Cabana Fortress, City of



"Well, Doc, I guess that makes it your word against mine."

In Pinar del Rio Province there's the El Cortijo School for training Castro's uniformed *milicia* forces in guerrilla warfare. There's also one school in Las Villas Province called La Campana, located near Manicaragua. Oriente Province boasts two centers, Minas del Frio and San Lorenzo School.

Lister ordered General Bayo to drop his guerrilla training assignment in Mexico and report immediately for duty in Cuba. Although Che Guevara is credited with setting up the terror schools, the two former Spanish Red generals can also accept accolades.

"You must be able to kill!" Lister told a class of young *becarios*—"scholarship" students. "Communism can only succeed with violence. The better life will come after communism is established."

"T would sicken you to see these children walking about with machine-guns slung over their shoulders and bandoliers of ammunition across their chests," he reported following his escape. Killing is, for them, a game. They are licensed to kill and often kill — without any cause. These child executioners are popularly called "Raul's Creche", after Fidel's younger brother and Minister of the Armed Forces. These children are cold-blooded. With-

IN the hassle early this year between Panama and the United States over the issue of more money for the Panamanian Government from canal proceeds violence flared up and shooting echoed throughout the streets of the tiny nation's capital city. The cause of the shooting, which resulted in the deaths and injury to several American GIs, was sparked by Guevara. From powerful radio transmitters Guevara broadcast orders throughout Latin America that it was time to arise against the Yanqui "imperialists" and kill every American in sight. "Americans must die!" Che Guevara ordered.

Latin Americans in Cuba get perhaps their toughest training in ways of dispensing cruel death from the Red Chinese instructors at Cuba's Julio Antonio Mella school. It's reported that the guerrilla instructors from Peking demonstrate how to disembowel a person and recommend this technique as the ultimate method for compelling obedience.

The required textbook from which the Latin American students learn is entitled *La Guerra de Guerrillas*—The War of the Guerrillas. It was written by Che Guevara. "Guerrillas," writes

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Guevara, "must fall upon the enemy like a typhoon, destroying everything, giving no quarter..."

"...toward the enemy the rule to follow should be one of absolute ruthlessness at the time of attack, absolute implacability toward all contemptible persons engaging in betrayals and assassinations."

It all adds up to *La Violencia*—violent death!

The academies of terror have an important role to play in the future of communist expansion in Latin America. Money is often a problem. One of the best ways to pick up operating capital, according to the instructions meted out by well trained Soviet, East European and Chinese Communists, is to rob banks. A complete course in bank robbery has been laid out.

According to Interpol, the international police agency headquartered in Paris, a good many bank robberies in Latin America, Africa and Southeast Asia has been traced to communist guerrillas who are hard up for funds. When the flow of money and weapons is interrupted by a nations' strong police force, robbery for arms and money then becomes the rule by which the subversives live.

Terrorism is an art. As the communists practice it, it's a method whereby a government is weakened so that the Reds can step in and take over when the time is ripe. One of the latest tricks is to deface currency so that it has no value. It can be turned in to a bank, but Latin American banks are known for their voluminous red tape. Defaced money in Venezuela takes about a week to replace. The man-in-the-street or his wife can't wait that long to buy food. The defaced money that they innocently come across won't be accepted by merchants.

ALTHOUGH death is also taught in virtually all of its forms, the latest and newest method of subtle assassination requires care and knowhow. A tiny minuscule amount of radio-active material is planted on, let's say, the person of the president of a Latin American nation friendly to the United States. His death could mean a communist takeover.

Over the period of a month the victim is exposed to radiation. He becomes weak, nauseous and suffers from fainting spells. Gaunt features worry his assistants. Finally, he enters a hospital. But it's too late. Within a week he is dead. Cause: pernicious anemia or leukemia. That's the doctor's official report.

It's an honest report, too. Until a knowledgeable police investigator is called in. He checks the victim's effects for radiation. Perhaps a ring or a watch has been pierced with a tiny hole and radioactive material inserted. Perhaps his desk has been boobytrapped with this same material, or the bottom of his chair. A geiger counter tells the story.

El Presidente didn't die from a sudden illness, as his family, friends and countrymen believed. He was murdered!

He was a victim of Castro's schools for subversion—the academies of terror. He was a victim of *Plan M*, the communist blueprint for the conquest of Latin America through subversion.

Whether planned mayhem is cruel or refined, the shouting graduates of the academies of terror have a phrase for it.

VIVA LA VIOLENCIA! ●●●

SHARPSHOOTER

continued from page 39

footsoldier had to go it alone.

It was the job of the 18th Infantry to crack the toughest nut of all—Crucifix Hill.

The darkness of October 7-8 found Company C crouched at the base of the hill as American artillery and Air Force saturated Crucifix and the other hill defenses with bombs and shells. Back in his CP, Bobbie Brown gave his platoon sergeants a final briefing as they huddled over a situation map.

"These six pillboxes are for us." He marked each one with a cross. "Including this baby right on top." He penciled in an extra-heavy cross on the map, indicating the summit of the hill.

Reconnaissance had showed this pillbox to be not only the keystone of the defenses on this particular hill, but also that its guns could cover the forts on the other hills. The pillbox—what was visible of it—was a great square chunk of concrete with steel-reinforced walls six feet thick. Rifles and light machine guns poking out of dozens of gun ports gave it a porcupine appearance. Hunched on its roof was a turtle turret which could rotate a full 360 degrees. The turret boasted a lethal 80 mm. cannon, two 20 mm. cannon and a brace of heavy machine guns.

"Like a land battleship," one sergeant commented.

The American artillery boomed like thunder in the hills, and the city was ringed with fire as the big shells pounded the German fortifications mercilessly hour after hour. During the early hours of daylight, the Air Force took command.

The men of Company C were tense as H-Hour drew closer.

"We jump off at 1300 hours," Captain Brown told them. The planes made their final passes and zoomed away. Suddenly it was very silent, as Brown led the boys of the Big Red Division up the slope of Crucifix Hill through the dissipating vapors. The scorched earth was smoking like a volcano. But all too quickly the truth became apparent. The huge chunk of rock was chipped and pocked superficially. The pillboxes were blackened and dented. But all the tons of high explosive which had been dumped on the hill had failed pathetically either to immobilize the defenses or to demoralize the defenders. As the Big Red infantry moved up the slopes, they were met by a devastating barrage of rifle and machine-gun fire.

"Hit the dirt!" Brown bawled. He dove for a nearby tank trap, a moat with sides notched a dozen-feet into the earth and studded with steel and concrete stanchions. The rest of the company piled in after him. Huddled in the trench, they were safe from the withering fire that cut the air over their heads. But it was a cul-de-sac. They could neither advance nor retreat.

The situation was the same in all of the other sectors of the Big Red front. The ring of steel and stone that guarded Aachen had met the first test and was unbroken. Everywhere the infantrymen were pinned down by scathing fire.

Morale was shaky in the ditch where Company C was holed up. "Je-sus!"

one man screeched. "The Air Force and the artillery didn't do a God damned thing to 'em! What the hell happens now?"

Captain Bobbie Brown sighed philosophically. "Well... I guess I'll have to do it myself."

A platoon sergeant stared at him, mouth wide open. "Sir?"

"What we'll need is a couple of pole charges. And throw in some satchel charges too."

The sergeant nodded. "Guess the only way to do it is to send up some sappers, eh, captain?"

"No," Brown said matter of factly. "I wouldn't ask a man to commit suicide like that. I told you I'd do it myself."

The remark was not made either in conceit or bravado. It was a simple statement of fact. If there was one man in the company who stood any chance of pulling off such a million-to-one shot, Captain Bobbie Brown was the man...

ROBERT Evan Brown was a born soldier. Only ten years old when World War I overtook the United States, young Bobbie followed the newspaper bulletins from the European battlefield with the zeal of an armchair general. No doubt it was a big disappointment to him that the war ended before he was old enough to serve in it.

Bobbie matured early. By the time he was 15, he stood six-feet tall and had the broad shoulders and muscular physique of an athlete. One morning, after surveying himself carefully in the mirror, he marched down to the local Army recruiting office at Columbus, Georgia, and told the sergeant: "I want to join up." The sergeant looked at him up and down thoughtfully. The kid was big enough all right, but there was something too boyish in the face.

"How old are you son?"

Bobbie took a deep breath. "Twenty-one, sir."

The sergeant's eyes narrowed. He started to say something, but the boy's intense, penetrating gaze held him. There was a determined set to his square jaw. This one had the earmarks of a fighter, the sergeant decided.

He shoved the recruiting book across the desk. "Okay buddy, you're in the army now."

Prouder than he had ever been in his life, Brown took the pen in trembling hand and managed to scrawl: "Bobbie E. Brown."

The sergeant looked at the signature and grinned.

The United States Army owes a significant debt to that recruiting sergeant. His hunch paid off right from the beginning. The youth's skill with weapons was uncanny; it was as if the rifle, the pistol, the machine gun became an extension of his own body once he laid hands on it. Bobbie Brown qualified as "Expert"—the highest rating—with every firearm in the infantry arsenal.

Once he had mastered the art of soldiering, Bobbie was restless. The peacetime Army is mostly a dull regimen, especially to a young man with a high I.Q. and a hungry mind.

Bobbie turned his energy into athletics. He joined the Army boxing team, and a string of quick kayos sent him on the road to the light heavyweight championship. In his entire career as a boxer, Brown only lost a single bout.

Bobbie Brown was a 17-year man, with master-sergeant's stripes, when

he was assigned to the headquarters company of Brigadier General George S. Patton Jr. who had been given the herculean task of building a mechanized army with a few rusty World War I tanks and a mob of green recruits.

Brown was with Patton when U.S. troops hit the beaches in Morocco. They fought together in Tunisia when the 1st Infantry Division and the Second Armored Division reversed the earlier defeat the Germans had hung on them at Kasserine Pass and sent Rommel's Afrika Korps yelping for home with its tail between its legs.

He was with Patton again in Sicily when old Blood-and-Guts showed the Nazi panzers what a real blitzkrieg was, ending the entire campaign in just 38 days. Then it was off to England for both men and the long, restless wait until D-Day.

Throughout these earlier campaigns Bobbie Brown was piling up a brilliant record in combat. He was not the kind of soldier who draws attention to himself. He was a quiet, self-effacing man who went about the deadly business of killing the enemy with the methodical detachment of the true professional.

Brown, now a first lieutenant, a commission bestowed upon him in Africa, said little about his exploits. What said it all was the growing line of notches on the stock of his M-1 carbine. Rack-ing up his "kills" in the style of an old western gunslinger was Bobbie's one concession to bravado. By the time he had crossed France with the Big Red One, the count was approaching 50!

NOW they were before Aachen and

Brown was putting his own life on the line. He didn't have to think about it twice. He was a soldier, and this was his job. He had killed more than his share of the enemy, and, as every professional soldier must, he accepted the possibility that in some distant battle he might well end up as a notch on some German sharpshooter's rifle.

While he waited for the explosives to be brought up, Captain Brown studied the layout of the first pillbox. It had withstood the heaviest shells and bombs, so there was little likelihood that his hand-laid charges would make much of a dent in it. If you thought too much about a job like this you were licked before you started. You had to improvise as you went along, hoping for breaks.

With a satchel charge in one hand and a pole charge in the other, he prepared to go over the top. A satchel charge is one of the most innocent appearing infernal machines ever devised. An oversized attache case loaded with 60-odd pounds of TNT and a short three-second fuse. The pole charge was a trifle more subtle—a 25-pound wad of TNT on the end of a six-foot pole. You pulled the fuse and poked it through any available opening in the pillbox that would accommodate it.

Bobbie Brown inched his way up the hill on his belly, dragging the charges with him. On the far flank, his men were diverting the enemy inside the pillbox with rifle and machinegun fire as well as flame throwers. At last he reached a point close enough to the fort so that he could stand erect. The guns could not be depressed low enough to pick him off. He was on his feet and streaking for the target.

He flattened himself out against a wall of the pillbox between an observer's port and a heavy steel door. The port was too narrow to shove the

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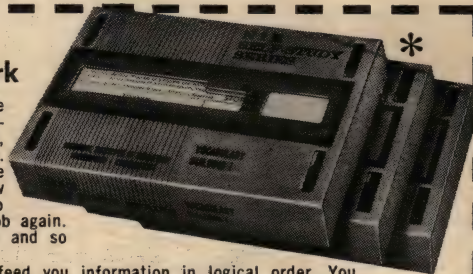
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pole charge through, but he decided that if he braced the pole against the pillbox with the charge crammed into the opening, the concussion might stun the enemy soldiers inside. He proceeded to put this plan into effect.

His presence was no secret to the Germans, but they were powerless to stop him unless they went out after him. Bobbie Brown was fully aware of it too. So, when he heard the steel door alongside him begin to creak on its rusty hinges, he changed tactics in mid-stream. This could be the unforeseen break he needed.

The first Nazi trooper to emerge from the pillbox came face to face with Bobbie Brown, the light-heavyweight boxing champ. Bobbie crossed a beautiful right to his bulging jaw, and the German collapsed into the arms of the soldier in back of him without an outcry.

With lightning speed, Captain Brown placed his one foot on the German's midsection and shoved hard. All clustered in the narrow entryway, an entire squad of Germans went tumbling down in a heap like tenpins. Bobbie tossed in both the pole and satchel charges after them, then slammed the door shut. He made a flying leap for a nearby crater.

There was a dull, trembling detonation but the pillbox seemed unaltered on the outside. The only inkling of the carnage that was going on within were ten-foot jets of fire that geysered out of every gun port and aperture. Brown got out of the hole and surveyed the pillbox with his hands on his hips. It was safe to assume that Number One objective had been knocked out. He waved his men out of the tank trap. The advance up Crucifix Hill began.

The second pillbox posed a different problem. It lay 100 feet up a steep rise, and most of the route he would be exposed to enemy fire.

"Let me take this one, sir," a sergeant volunteered.

Brown winked at him. "That's bad crap shooting, soldier. Never quit while the dice are hot."

Armed with another pair of charges, Bobbie Brown followed a wide, circuitous path up the hill that brought him in behind the pillbox. But he had not deceived the Germans. As he worked his way in close, machine-gun slugs threw up a lethal roof of lead scant inches above his body. They converted the canteen riding high on one buttock into a sieve. The least miscalculation—succumbing to the overwhelming desire to turn his eyes up briefly to see what lay ahead—would have been fatal. As Patton had drummed into him: *Discipline is the secret of survival in battle.* He crawled ahead blindly, face pressed down into the earth. Finally, he was home free, inside the effective trajectory of the guns.

This time he was nowhere near the door, so he had to get the job done before the Nazis could swarm out of the pillbox and annihilate him with sheer firepower. Quickly he braced the pole charge against the circumference of an open port, and pulled the fuse. He dove for another crater, grateful to the Air Force and artillery for at least providing him with so many handy hiding places on the hill.

The pole charge exploded thunderously, accomplishing exactly what he had hoped it would accomplish. It had temporarily stunned the occupants of the pillbox, at the same time greatly

enlarging the aperture. Now it was a simple matter for him to lob the satchel charge into the opening. Once more the violence of the explosion inside sent flame and smoke spouting out the vents.

Again and again Captain Bobbie Brown risked his neck to plant his deadly charges against the German fortifications. To his men it seemed a miracle that he could escape the thousands of rounds of ammunition which the frantic, angry Germans were throwing at him.

At one point one of the men shouted. "God, the captain's hit!"

With some surprise, Brown glanced down at his O.D.'s and saw they were covered with blood streaming down from a wound just above one knee. He hadn't even realized that he had been hit. But there was no time for first aid just now. He had the initiative and couldn't afford to relinquish it until the job was done.

THERE remained but one pillbox on

Crucifix, the monster on the summit. Throughout the battle, the squat turret had been revolving like an all-seeing eye, its cannons and machine guns mother-henning the defenses on all the lesser hills. If it spied a trouble-spot where the First Division infantrymen were mustering a formidable threat, a few well-placed rounds from the 80 mm. or the 20's could be depended upon to restore the balance of power in favor of the defenders.

This fort, the size of a modern ranch house, was the nerve and communications center of all Aachen's defenses. Strategically located, there was only one place on its perimeter that could not be covered from its ports. That was on the left flank, slightly to the rear. Captain Brown lay in a shell hole, about 15 yards from the pillbox and studied the layout. It was obvious to him that his charges would not affect the walls of this baby. No, he would have to devise a different technique. But what?

There was a steel door in the back of the fort, but it was unlikely that he could lure the Germans into being so careless as the inhabitants of the first pillbox had been. His eyes fell upon a thick-block of concrete some yards in back of the box behind the rise. It looked like the doorway of a underground bunker, possibly an ammo dump. Undoubtedly a fort of this size, with a full company of personnel, had a reserve store of arms, ammo and similar supplies to meet its huge needs.

A glimmer of an idea was born in Brown's head. He had been playing the long shots with clairvoyant infallibility all day. Maybe he could do it just once more.

The opportunity to give it a try came minutes later. The rear door of the pillbox swung inward and a stocky German soldier came out. He was unarmed and without his helmet or tunic. An ammunition handler, Brown judged correctly. It would have been a simple matter to lift his M-1 and shoot the man, but that was not the plan.

Brown waited until he emerged from the ammo bunker, with his arms loaded with shells. He felt for his charges and poised like a panther at the edge of the crater. The timing had to be perfect. Not one second too soon or too late. When the German re-entered the pillbox, the man would have to put down the ammunition he was lugging before he turned to close the door.

As soon as he disappeared inside, Brown was off and running for the doorway, handicapped by some 90 pounds of TNT. He reached it just as the German turned, and for an instant that must have seemed like eternity, the eyes of the two enemies locked. The Nazi took one step forward, his mouth slack with astonishment as Brown tripped the fuses on his charges.

"Special Delivery, Fritz!" Bobbie Brown said pleasantly and tossed the double-charge through the door at the man's feet. Then he slammed the door shut and sprinted for the refuge of the crater as he had never sprinted in any track meet. He didn't quite make it. But it was good enough. The world heaved underneath his feet and a blast of air like a giant's hand spun him head-over heels into the ditch. His head was clearing as a circle of grinning GI's formed around the rim of the crater.

"You okay, captain."

"I'm fine," he replied, testing arms legs for broken bones and bullet holes.

"You did it, sir. That finished 'em for good. The hill is ours," a sergeant reported.

Brown stood up, brushing himself off. "Good."

He turned aside congratulations. "Hell, it was only the job they expected us to do."

The Army had other thoughts about it, rightfully so. The conquest of Crucifix Hill pulled the underpinnings out of the total scheme of defense at Aachen. With the big one knocked out the other hill bastions began to fall apart. Observatory Hill, Lousberg—the Big Red surged ahead on all sectors, crushing the city in its brutish jaws. The mightiest stronghold of the Siegfried Line had been knocked out, the myth of its invulnerability exploded. And one man had done it almost single-handed.

The United States felt that the Medal of Honor, the nation's highest award for valor, was small payment for what Bobbie Brown had accomplished on Crucifix Hill.

CAPTAIN Brown had only one regret about the action. Somewhere along the line, a stray slug had smashed the stock of his precious carbine. Gently he retired it to the bottom of his portmanteau and issued himself another fresh gun.

Spectacular adventures like the one Brown lived through on Crucifix Hill are rare in war. Mostly it is humdrum routine, even the killing and the dying.

Captain Bobbie Brown practiced his craft as handily as he always had, serving in the clean-up operation on the Czech border with his old boss George Patton when the order came to "cease fire."

In 1953, Bobbie Brown retired from the Army at the venerable age of 46. Still a young man, he had given the equivalent of a lifetime of service to his country. Was he tired of military life? Not so you'd notice it. He took a civilian job—at where, of all places, but West Point, the U.S. Military Academy!

As ever Brown is a modest man, and never talks about the two carbines in his trophy room—their stocks notched with more than 60 markers. Sharp-eyed cadets will note with respect, however, the starred blue ribbon he wears on one lapel.

Like the notched carbines, the Congressional Medal of Honor speaks for itself. ● ● ●

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10,000 GIRLS

continued from page 35

the expenses of getting settled, and sign a contract committing her to pay it back, plus a commission, out of the salary she would make in Abidjan.

Marcelle quickly signed, then went to her bachelor girl apartment to pack. Before leaving she scribbled a hasty note to her father, Clemente, a 56-year-old government employee. "I'm going to the Ivory Coast to take up a marvelous job," she wrote. "Don't worry. I'll write soon."

She boarded a jet in Toulon next morning, chattering excitedly with two other girls her own age who were also going to the Gold Coast to work in jobs Gabon got them, as governesses for the children of government officials in Abidjan. The girls didn't know it but as the jet left the ground Gabon cabled his accomplices in Abidjan: "Arriving on flight 702, three French dictionaries published about 1942"—meaning three French girls, in their early 20s, were on their way.

ON their arrival, Marcelle and her two companions were met by two Europeans, of indeterminate nationality, who knew their names and whisked them by fast limousine to an impressive, sprawling villa in Rue Douze. Only later would the girls know the mansion was in the heart of the notorious red light district called Treichville, one of the most depraved fleshpots in the world.

Marcelle was immediately separated from her friends. But she was treated like an honored guest, fed well and given a large private bedroom. The next morning, after breakfast, she was introduced to the man she was told would be her boss.

"You are now working for me," he told her. "You will be a prostitute."

"What did you say?" Marcelle whispered, not certain she had heard correctly.

"I said you will be a prostitute. You will entertain my clients. Here, in my villa, in hotels in town, even in other cities I may send you to as the demand arises."

Marcelle screamed, ran for the French doors leading to a rear terrace. Two burly guards cut off her escape and dragged her back.

"It is impossible to get away and it is impossible to break the contract you signed," the vice boss said. "You have but two choices. You work for us and entertain our customers. Or you go to jail for not paying back the money you owe us on your contract, and get raped by native jailkeepers who are savages compared to the clients you'll meet here."

"I want to see the French consul," Marcelle demanded.

"You'll see the French consul after you've been arrested," the vice organization leader said. "But it may take the warden a week or two to notify officials you've been locked up. And in a week or so you won't ever want to see anyone again."

Marcelle realized she had no choice. Alone in a strange country, trapped by men with wealth and power, she had no choice except to agree—and she be-

came one more victim of an international white slavery ring.

Her customers were wealthy Africans and Arabs with a desire for European women, especially blondes, and Frenchmen who worked in the former French colony, sampled native women regularly, but much preferred the type they had left behind in the mother country.

A week after her arrival in Abidjan Marcelle was taken by a chauffeur-bodyguard to the hotel room of a high government official. After being forced by the former tribal chieftan to satisfy his demands, Marcelle said she was going to take a bath. She locked herself in the bathroom and quickly rummaged around in the medicine chest. When she found a fresh bottle of sleeping pills she swallowed every one of them, filled the tub and slipped in. Death came quickly as she fell unconscious, slid under the water and was drowned.

Marcelle's father was notified of the suicide and began a private investigation. When he turned up evidence pointing to a white slave ring he notified French police who conducted their own investigation. Using as a club the \$50,000,000 a year the French government pours into the Ivory Coast, officials got cooperation from the Africans and were able to learn exactly how the ring operated.

The procurer, Francois Hilaire, had sent dozens of girls to the vice ring in Abidjan—typists, shop assistants, factory girls, even young tourists had been lured into signing a contract.

And, if it did nothing else, the death of Marcelle Garnerio proved once more that white slavery is still as big a business throughout most of the world as it was at the turn of the century—when a highly-publicized international effort to stamp out the practice was begun. In spite of fifty years of trying to eliminate the enforced prostitution of girls and women, all available evidence indicates the global traffic in flesh is still staggering.

The white slave traffic remains so great, in fact, that the United Nations finds it necessary to conduct continuing investigations and to issue annual reports on the activities of the international flesh trade. And the reports indicate the white slave traffickers are doing a land office business and reaping "fantastic" profits.

Probably the greatest part of the white slave traffic today is in the importation of "blonde silk" from northern European countries into Africa, where the owners of harems and brothels demand a constant turnover of new faces and bodies. And get it because they can pay the price.

Today's modern flesh merchants are usually smooth, hip businessman types, with good manners, a nice smile and a fast line of talk. Instead of kidnaping, they lure—usually through carefully laid professional traps. The white slaver is usually a man holding out the promise of a job. He frequently runs an employment agency, is a so-called theatrical agent, producer, bandmaster, ballet empresario, nightclub owner—in other words, a man who can unlock the door to an exciting, glamorous career for a woman.

The system white slavers use to trap girls into the racket has been carefully developed over the years. Basically, it depends in equal parts on several factors—the girl is a long distance from home and friends, she is placed in arti-



"Well, well, Mr. Bixby, you still alive?"

ficial debt that she must pay off, she is gradually corrupted through dope, drink and abuse, and she finds all avenues of escape are cut off, either physically or because the white slavers control local police and court officials.

Applicants—and they are numerous—are carefully checked to make certain they are not related to anyone with powerful political connections who could make trouble after the girls suddenly vanish. "Qualified" girls are then told they have been hired. They are made to sign a contract and instructed to report to a certain place at a certain time. If they show up, they're trapped.

TAKE a look at what happened to a 19-year-old German girl I'll call Greta Braun. Greta answered an ad placed in a newspaper in Stuttgart, her home town. The theatrical agent assured her there was a job waiting for her in Tangier, even though she had never danced professionally in her life.

"There's such a great demand for dancers in North Africa," he told her, "that club owners are willing to train you and pay you while you learn. You can make a lot of money as an entertainer, and meet some of the most interesting people in the world, businessmen and tourists and government officials."

Greta quickly signed a contract and reported next day to the ship she was told was leaving for Africa. Once aboard and out to sea, she discovered she was on a freighter carrying cargo and eight other girls who were bound for a "club" in Tangier.

When they arrived and were checked through immigration, their papers and permits as "entertainers" all in order, the girls were taken by bus to a seedy-looking cellar dive in the Tangier vice area. They were given rooms over the club, with a guard patrolling the corridor, and they also got their first lesson in dancing from a dozen other girls who worked there.

"You start off with this bikini," a luscious French redhead told them. "After you've been on stage about 30 seconds, you've got to be dancing in your skins. And when the show is over you must entertain men customers in these rooms up here."

Greta Bauer said she wouldn't do it, demanded to see the cafe owner—and was beat up and then raped by one of the guards. An hour later she was pushed out on stage, 10 minutes after that she was being dragged into bed by a tall, bearded Arab.

continued on page 84

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HALF-CASTE

continued from page 42

what looked like a forthcoming massacre.

Born in Boston, Massachusetts, the son of a long line of New England mining engineers, 31-year-old Martin Scott had learned bandit lore together with fluent Spanish while superintending a Mexican silver mine in the Sierra Madre. There'd been plenty of Mex torpedoes in the area and some of them were pretty tough cookies, but the contest had always been more or less even. Both miners and "bandidos" used the same Colts and Winchesters and the bandits' tactics were hit-and-run raids that rarely lasted more than a few minutes. If they tried to blockade the roads the "federales" came riding up from Durango and chased them back into the mountain scrub.

When Scott was offered the job of managing a gold mine for the Frontino Company in Colombia he gladly accepted, expecting similar conditions. It wasn't until he reached the location—4000 feet up in the bleak, towering central Cordillera—that he found out different. This, the wildest part of the South American Andes, was a nightmare world that made Dodge City in its heyday seem like a prayer meeting.

Most of Colombia was writhing in the grip of the worst outlaw plague ever to befall a modern nation. A few miles outside the skyscrapered capital of Bogota soldiers and police had to travel in convoy to avoid being ambushed. Even then they were frequently attacked, and the day Scott arrived an entire company—110 men—was wiped out at Barranca. The bandits, led by a chief nick-named "Sangre Negra" (Black Blood) straddled the soldiers with trench mortar bombs, then raked the survivors from hidden machine guns. They stripped the dead of their uniforms, then obscenely mutilated the naked corpses as a warning to their comrades.

BUT even in a straight fight the troops frequently came off worse. The outlaw gangs were equipped like miniature armies and far more skilled with weapons than the half-trained conscript soldiers. Some of their arms were U.S. aid weapons—sold to the bandits for fat profits by government officials and army officers. But a lot of their hardware came from behind the Iron Curtain—via Cuba. The bandits were non-political killers, but they kept the country in uproar—which was just what the Commies wanted.

Facing the latest in killing tools with rifles and bayonets only was too much for a good many soldiers. They either ran or changed sides, leaving entire areas at the mercy of the bandits. So one has compiled accurate crime statistics for Colombia, but conservative newspapers put the number of murder victims between 1948 and 1962 at around 300,000 and the number of women raped over the same period at 28,000. And as a sort of gruesome joke comes the fact that most of these outrages were committed by men wearing army uniforms.

Most of Colombia was bad, but the worst, most bloodsoaked corner was the part of Tolima Province that harbored Scott's goldmine. This was the mountain

realm of an outlaw chief named Teofilo Rojas, who called himself "Chispas" (Sparks). A former cavalry officer, kicked out of the army for raping a 12-year-old convent girl, Chispas was considered a demented maniac even by his fellow bandits. In little more than two years his gang had butchered 1817 men, women and children in the area, burning many of them alive in their own huts. The leader's personal score was 535—most of whom died slowly.

Scott's first encounter with him was indirect. It came through the person of the beautiful 19-year-old Indian girl, Irene Ruiz, who made up his bed when he first arrived and then—with completely natural nonchalance—flung off her dress and crawled in with him. Scott knew that his Indians would never have understood if he'd insisted on sleeping by himself. A bachelor boss had to have a woman—and Irene was a gal and a half. Afterwards, when she lay naked and relaxed in his arms, she had told him how she had come to the mining camp.

HER parents had owned a small inn in the foothill village of Quezika. Six months ago Chispas and four of his men stalked in one evening and demanded dinner. Her father had served the food with his own hands, leaving his wife and daughter in the kitchen. Chispas ate, belched happily, then calmly drew out his automatic and blew her father's brains out. The bandits then charged the kitchen. Irene just managed to escape through the back door, but they caught her mother. All five of them raped her in turn over the kitchen table before Chispas himself sliced off her head with his machete.

For the sheer hell of it the bandits burned down the inn as they departed, leaving Irene penniless as well as orphaned. The Frontino mine offered the only chance she had of making a living. She was taken on as a general servant to the manager, an elderly Spaniard who died of a heart attack, thus creating the vacancy Scott had filled.

"He was kind to me," Irene had whispered, "but he was not young and strong like you. Men must be strong to make me happy."

Scott had half expected trouble with Chispas, but the utter brazenness of his methods took him by surprise. The little bow-legged messenger simply walked in his office and demanded one-sixth of the output, like a government tax collector. Perhaps the outlaw chief had meant to impress him, but all he achieved was to make Scott start rolling up his sleeves.

He began by driving his jeep down the crazy hairpin road to the district capital of Tolima. The cop in charge there was a young, U.S.-trained police captain named Eduardo Parra, who had offered Scott "every assistance in my power" when he first arrived. But now he found that Captain Parra's power was very limited indeed.

"I have 76 policemen under my command," Parra shrugged. "If I send them up to patrol your mine it will leave the town unprotected. And if I send up only half the bandits will just butcher them." The captain clenched his fists in helpless fury. Then he added coldly: "My advise to you, Señor Scott, is to try and defend the place with your own men. They are Indians—good fighters when they have a good leader."

Good fighters, maybe, thought Scott, only what the hell were they going to fight with? Apart from his own Colt

automatic and Winchester repeater, the whole damned mining site only boasted about half a dozen shotguns and a few ancient revolvers. What's more, the Indians were lousy marksman, never having been able to afford enough ammunition for target practice. He remembered his top foreman, a wiry little scrapper named Toro, firing five rounds at a tree stump a dozen yards away and missing each time. What earthly chance did they stand against a horde of heavily armed professional killers, led by an ex-Army officer?

Scott brought his jeep to a squealing halt outside his office hut. He had been so sunk in thought that he almost rammed the rear of a red-painted lorry parked in front. It was the "dynamite bus" that had brought in their supply of explosives. And suddenly it struck Scott—the solution! It was there—right in front of him. Okay, his miners couldn't handle firearms, because they weren't trained for it. But, boy, could they handle dynamite! Better than any bandit alive or dead.

For the next couple of hours Toro seriously doubted the boss's sanity when Scott had him round up every available man to collect cans—tomato cans, sardine cans, jam cans, meat cans—and bring them to his office. But when Scott explained their purpose, the little Indian's eyes lit up. "Now we put pepper under Chispas' tail, you bet," he mumbled gleefully. And only then did it occur to the American that there probably wasn't a miner in the compound who hadn't suffered some insult, loss, or brutality at the hands of those bandits.

WITHIN four hours every tin can in the place had been transformed into a crude but effective hand grenade—effective, that is, in the hands of someone accustomed to explosives. Instead of pins they had waxed string fuses that could be lit from glowing cigarettes. The gadgets looked like nothing on earth, but no man would survive within ten yards of one of those toys going off.

Scott then had the grenades distributed to the likeliest targets of any bandit attack—the five outlying processing mills that usually contained small quantities of processed gold dust. Before darkness fell that night, Scott had a telephone wire laid from each of the mills to his office and sleeping shack. His orders were explicit: "Ring me the moment anything happens. I'll bring reinforcements. Meanwhile let 'em have it with the cans."

For two nights the wire stayed silent. Then, at dawn on January 5, the bell at Scott's bedside jangled shrilly. He disentangled himself from Irene's sleeping embrace and lifted the receiver. The voice at the other end was husky with excitement: "Come quick—senior—they are shooting!"

The mountain air was freezing cold as Scott raced outside his hut, snapping back the safety of his Winchester as he ran. In the gray haze of early morning fog he blew the arranged signal on his whistle. Dark shapes silently stole from nearby huts, fell in line behind him. Without stopping he waved in the direction of mill number three and the Indians sprinted faster. Now, through the fog, they heard the unmistakable choppy bark of gunfire. Then three—four—five crashing explosions. Scott grinned grimly to himself. Those cans were working all right, just as he figured.

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by E. Joseph Cossman

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Mill number three lay on slightly sloping ground, built flush against the rockface. The bandits could only attack from three sides and only uphill. But about 50 yards down the slope there was a thicket of trees and bushes. Even before he reached the scene Scott had picked that spot as the danger zone. From there the outlaws could riddle the mill with slugs while keeping out of range of the grenades.

He raised his arm and the Indians behind him halted. He turned to Toro. "Take half the guys to the mill and keep tossing those bombs," he whispered urgently. "Make as much noise as you can—meanwhile the rest of us'll sneak up on the bastards from the flank. Give 'em a little surprise."

One look at the battlefield showed Scott that his hunch had been right. The bandits had cleared out of the dangerous open area around the mill—leaving a couple of mangled bodies behind—and now the scrub was twinkling with the muzzle flames of sub-machine guns. He glanced at the half dozen Indians around him. All of them were shielding their glowing cigarettes in their palms, fondling their lethal cans with the other. The bandits' gunfire was concentrated solely on the mill, they hadn't noticed Scott's group approaching from the side. The American drew a deep breath as his finger curled around the trigger of the Winchester. If their first surprise charge failed to dislodge the bandits it meant curtains. They couldn't last two minutes in the open against the fire of automatic weapons.

They had crept to within a dozen yards of the thicket when Scott yelled: "Now!" Six cans curved through the air simultaneously, trailing little tails of sparks.

Scott could hear them rattling down among the bushes, followed by the startled shouts of the bandits. Then—with one mighty roar—the whole thicket seemed to take off. The ground ahead belched flame, smoke, branches, rocks and human limbs. Even before the rain of debris had stopped, Scott was pumping rifle slugs into the scrub so fast that the shots sounded like a single explosion. And then—suddenly—everything was silent. As silent as a grave.

CAUTIOUSLY, step by step, the men from the hill and Scott's group closed in on the thicket. It was like advancing into a slaughterhouse. The ground was soggy with blood, steaming chunks of human flesh and littered with horribly torn bodies. Scott choked down an urge to throw up, but the Indians were giggling like delighted children whenever they stumbled over another bandit corpse. There didn't seem to be any living survivors until Scott heard a groan from behind a splintered tree stump. Lying on his back, his hip a torn mess of rags, blood and bone, was the little bowlegged mestizo Scott knew. The American could hear him groaning softly: "Madre mio..."

Scott bent over him. "Tell me the truth and we'll get you to a doctor," he urged. "Was your leader Chispas with you?"

The messenger shook his head feebly. Scott waved to Toro and together they carried the wounded man into the mill. In the doorway Scott saw Irene. She'd followed him barefooted, a knife in her hand. At the sight of Scott her bosom heaved a sigh of relief, but the next second her face twisted into a mask of

fury. Without a word she pushed Toro aside, then drove her knife full force into the mestizo's belly. The victim gave a choked howl and the girl ripped the knife clear.

Scott grabbed her arm—but too late. Now she allowed him to take the knife and stood passively while Scott shook her. "What the hell did you do that for?" he demanded angrily.

The girl looked up at him, her black eyes blazing. "I did not tell you before," she breathed, "but this man—he was one of those with—my mother..."

Scott turned aside. He suddenly felt rather stupid.

ALL next day the American was the center of crazily cheering groups of Indian miners, drunk with the first victory over bandits any of them had witnessed. But Scott didn't feel like cheering. They had accounted for 11 outlaws and captured three sub-machine guns. But Chispas had all the arms he wanted and—from what Scott could learn—at least half a hundred men. And now he was warned about the grenades. He wouldn't try another open attack and the devil alone knew what he'd attempt next. Whatever it was, Scott didn't look forward to it.

He got an indication of things to come the following night. Two of his miners trudged into the camp, carrying the body of a teenaged mule boy named Gabriel. The boy had gone into the mountain scrub to pick berries and when he didn't return home his father and brother went searching for him. They found him hanging from a tree branch a short way from the camp entrance. He was dead, but his tongue, his nose and both his ears had been sliced off before the rope choked him. And hanging around his neck was a crudely lettered poster:

Ten-Thousand Pesos Reward
For The Skin Of The Gringo
Martin Scott

Will Be Paid By Chispas.

Scott called Toro to his office. He had noticed the joy of battle in the little Indian's eyes and felt sure that he was one local, anyway, who wouldn't mind coming to grips with the outlaws.

"Toro," Scott asked, "have you any idea where this Chispas hangs out? Does he have something like a headquarters?"

The Indian shook his head sadly. "The bandits—they come and go all the time," he explained. "They take over one little village, stay there for maybe five, six days—take food, take women, take horses and mules—then head back for the mountains. The police," he snorted bitterly, "they come a week later, find no trace, and go back to Tolima."

"But what about their hardware," Scott insisted. "They must keep their weapons and all their ammunition somewhere. From what I know those guys travel pretty light—so they must have a supply dump somewhere."

Toro slyly put his finger to his nose. "Ah, the señor is smart," he chuckled. "Yes, I hear talk about a bandit arsenal up in the Queta Valley. There are hundreds of caves in the rock there, big enough to hold ammunition for an army. People say that's where Chispas stores his guns and bullets and gasoline."

At that moment the office door flew open and a panting half-caste truck driver charged in. He was almost choking with excitement. "Señor Scott," he gasped, "the bandits—they have am-



"Yeah, I'd say she's over 18."

bushed the bus from Tolima. I saw them—"

"Where?" shouted Scott.

"About six miles down the road," said the driver. "I was parked in the shade, taking a nap, so they did not see me. There is a Yanki girl on that bus—a schoolteacher. She is a tourist—I saw her take the bus in Tolima."

Scott merely snapped "Come on!" He snatched the rifle from the wall and ran for his jeep. Toro and the truck driver followed at his heels. Together they piled in and Scott sent the vehicle lurching forward with a howl, then manhandled it over the crazy hairpin bends like a maniac. But even as they approached the spot Scott saw that they had come too late. There was nothing moving around the bus except a flock of carrion crows that screeched and fluttered and pecked away at huddled forms that had once been men, women and children.

The bus had crashed into a roadblock of rocks and slammed to a standstill with buckled fenders. The driver had been hurled from his seat and was lying beside the front wheel—but his head, neatly sliced off with a machete, was lying five feet further on.

THE inside of the bus was crammed with peasants and their families, returning from market to judge by their baskets. Now they sprawled over the wooden seats in a dozen frozen attitudes of death—men still trying to cover their wives with their bodies, mothers their babies. Some of them were so riddled with slugs that their faces were unrecognizable.

The American schoolteacher tourist was not among them. Scott found her in the roadside bushes where she had been dragged. She was naked except for a few torn scraps of clothing around her neck. He took one look at the bloody, fly-crawling wound that had been her lower body and quickly looked away.

For a few minutes Scott stood rigid in the glaring white Andean mountain sun, trying to grasp that all this had happened in broad daylight on a public highway. He didn't speak a word when he finally walked back to his jeep, but he looked ten years older and on his face there was an expression Toro had never seen on his boss before. The Colombians have a saying for that kind of look—they call it "the promise of the tiger."

Later that day Scott sat opposite Captain Parra in the small, dusty office

of Tolima police headquarters. The American's voice was soft and steady, but it held something like a jagged steel edge. "Captain," he asked, "would you risk your 76 precious cops if I guaranteed they'd find Chispas without fail, at a certain spot at a certain time?"

Parra raised his eyebrows. "How would you guarantee that?"

"By setting a trap for him," said Scott.

"A trap?" The captain looked up. "And what could you use as bait, Señor Scott?"

The American said quietly: "Me."

The morning of January 22, 1963, was bright and clear as Scott carefully maneuvered his jeep over the dirt track misnamed "road" that skirted past the Queta Valley. The American's face was like a thundercloud, for sitting placidly beside him was the last person he had wanted along on this job—Irene. He had begged and ordered the girl to stay behind at the mine, but he might just as well have saved his breath. The voluptuous young Indian had a mulish streak he'd never suspected. "Where you go, I go," she persisted, "and if you will not take me in the jeep I will follow you on foot." But what finally clinched her case was a different argument. "If Chispas sees you alone he might just shoot you down from ambush," she had reasoned, "but with me in the jeep—he'll come out to get me."

SCOFF could see the logic in this, though he didn't like it one bit. But this was the most elaborate bandit trap ever set in Columbia—and he couldn't afford it failing.

He peered at the potholed track ahead of him, saw a densely wooded slope rising on the left, a vast brown thicket stretching on the right and a sharp bend in front marked by a solitary white tea tree. He put a reassuring hand on Irene's knee and murmured: "This is it, baby." Then he sent the jeep lurching right, left and right again in a perfect imitation of a tire blowout. He skidded to a halt and climbed down, cursing on top of his lungs.

Fifteen minutes later, working at snail's pace, he was bolting home the spare wheel, fumbling, slipping, doing everything he could think to stretch out the work. Nothing stirred on the slope behind him. Scott could feel the sweat running down his back in spite of the early morning chill; every nerve in his body was quivering with tension like a violin string. If that bastard didn't turn up—if he...?

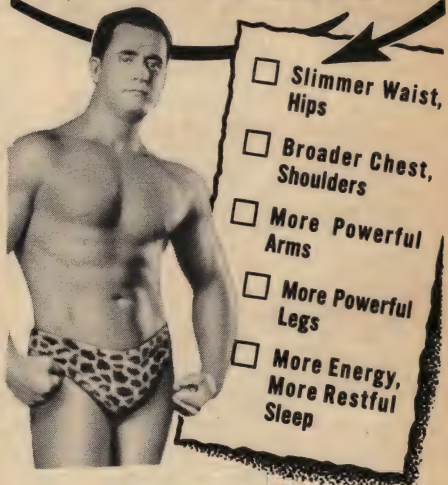
Scott felt the approach more than he heard it. One second the slope lay peaceful and deserted, the next instant it was alive with men. Ten—15—20 figures, drifting downward, silent as smoke, forming a rough semicircle around their quarry. Scott, his fingers stiff with excitement, kept on working his wrench until a sharp command rang out behind him: "Raise your hands, gringo!"

Scott jumped as if from shock. Then his hands shot up and he turned. Twenty muzzles were aimed at his belly, the closest belonging to a British Sten machinegun in the hands of a dapper, hairline-moustached man in an impeccable cavalry uniform.

"Allow me to introduce myself," he sneered with a mocking little bow. "My name is Chispas!"

Irene climbed down from her seat

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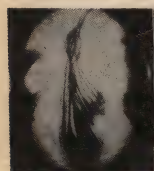
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and Scott put a protective arm around her. "You can do what you like with me, Chispas," he said quietly. "But let the girl go."

The bandit cackled. It was the most hideous laugh Scott had ever heard—part goat, part devil. "Let the lady go? I wouldn't dream of it. That would take all the pleasure out of our meeting. Now, for a start, we will—"

He broke off. Scott, with one mighty jerk, had dragged Irene down to the ground with him and in the same lightning movement both of them rolled underneath the jeep. For a fraction of a second Scott saw only the boots of the bandits before his eyes. Then—with a metallic thunder clap—70 police carbines crashed a rain of death out of the thicket on the other side of the road.

The upright boots in Scott's field of vision seemed to blow over. He stuck his head out from under the jeep and saw the ground littered with still or thrashing forms, while from the other side a cloud of cops came charging across, bellowing as they ran. He rose up and dusted himself off, casting a quick glance over the rows of fallen bodies around him. Then Scott let out an oath. Chispas was not among them!

He glanced up—just in time to see four figures scampering up the slope, screaming lead whipping into the trees and branches all around them. He saw Captain Parra and pointed to the fleeing men. "That's Chispas," he yelled. "You didn't get him with that salvo." Parra waved to his men and a long khaki line of pursuers swept up the slope after the fugitives.

Toro trotted up in the rear of the police. He greeted his boss with a huge grin and handed him the Winchester he had brought along. He himself clutched a canvas bag which he rattled proudly. "Our bombs," he chuckled. "Better than guns."

"Think we'll need 'em?" asked Scott. Toro nodded and pointed up the slope. "On the other side it goes straight down into the Queta Valley," he said. "The police—they will not catch the bandits before they get over the crest. And once they reach one of their caves—the rifles they will not do much good."

The police were out of sight by the time Scott and Toro started to climb the slope. They had reached the crest when a rattling burst of gunfire echoed through the mountains, sending hundreds of birds in panic flight from the treetops. The two men looked down at the valley below them and saw what was happening. A skirmish line of police was retreating rapidly, carrying two of their comrades who were either dead or wounded.

CAPTAIN Parra barked commands and the line reformed. Ducking and advancing at a crouching run they swept forward again. Then came another cracking rattle. Two—three khaki figures seemed to stumble on the run and dropped; the rest flooded back once more.

Parra turned to Scott, his face red with fury. "The buzzards are holed up in a cave over there," he spat, "and we can't get at them. But they can mow down my men like clay pigeons."

"While their ammunition lasts," said Scott.

"We cannot afford to make a siege out of this," said Parra. "Chispas may have a dozen more men in the area. If some other bandits occupy the crest behind us we'll be in a cross fire that

could wipe out all of us. We must take that cave—quickly."

Scott glanced at Toro and the Indian nodded. "Listen, captain," he said, "if you'll keep Chispas busy from the front, we might be able to smoke him out from above. Just keep on shooting."

Toro looked closely at the position of the cave mouth, imprinting its location in his memory. Then the two men climbed back on the crest. They trotted along as fast as the dense undergrowth allowed until they reached the point they estimated to be above the cave. The valley fell away pretty steeply at this spot, but there were plenty of trees and bushes to offer a handhold.

They started the climb downward. Below them a hail of police bullets was splattering against the rocks, keeping the bandits from looking around. But Scott knew that the really risky moment would come when they were so close to the cave mouth that the cops would have to stop firing in fear of hitting them. Then—if one of the outlaws chanced to glance upward—Good-bye Irene!

Slowly, step by step, they lowered themselves down, Toro gripping his precious canvas bag between his strong teeth. Scott couldn't see how close they were to their target, but suddenly he realized they were almost there—the shooting from the police positions had ceased abruptly.

The American felt his heart hammering, and it wasn't entirely from his climbing efforts. They had only a few seconds before the bandits would notice the cease fire and start investigating. Just above him Scott heard the dry striking sound of a match, saw the fuse in Toro's hand begin to splutter and reached out. He felt the tin can Toro slipped to him, then—holding on to a branch—he leaned down as far as he could. Three feet below he saw the mouth of the cave, half hidden by creepers. He counted — seven — eight — nine — ten — then hurled the can as hard as he could with an underarm throw. A second was slipped to him and immediately followed the first. Then — with both hands — Scott clung to his branch and opened his mouth to save his eardrums.

There was a muffled roar and the ground under Scott jerked like an animal. A cloud of black smoke belched from the cave mouth. Before it had cleared the American lowered himself down, dragging the Colt from his pocket as he peered into the cavern. The smoke and an acrid stench of burned flesh made him flinch. Then he pushed the gun in his belt. He wouldn't be needing it. On the rocky floor of the cave sprawled four torn and bloodied bundles of rags that had once been Colombia's most dreaded bandit and three of his henchmen.

THE final chapter of this story was enacted in April, 1963, when Colombian newspapers announced that mining engineer Martin James Scott had been awarded the Civil Gallantry Medal—the first Yankee ever to receive this decoration. By then Scott was too busy figuring out the accounts of his mine to worry much about medals.

Colombia is still in the grip of her bandit plague and Tolima province is still one of the most lawless patches of territory anywhere in the world. But the country's worst scourge—the man who called himself Chispas—is gone—thanks to the man from Boston who volunteered to act as bandit bait. ●●●

34 DAYS

continued from page 33

packs. Two hours passed without incident. The sea was unruffled by a periscope or even a suspicious swirl of white water. Shortly after two o'clock Dixon told his companions: "Let's go home. Nothing for us to do today, I guess."

The words were scarcely out of his mouth when one of the treacherous little squalls that erupt like a genie out of a bottle in this fickle sector of the Pacific Ocean swept upon the plane and flipped it over and over like a leaf in a thunderstorm. For the next 60 minutes pilot Dixon, who had ridden his share of skittish bronses as a youth on a California ranch, acquitted himself well as an aerial rodeo rider. When, at last, the three-man bomber got out of the turbulence, Pastula and Aldrich were slightly green around the gills.

Pastula managed a sickly grin. "Nice work Chief," he said into the intercom radio. The two young men were in high spirits after their brush with danger. But pilot Dixon did not share their cocky jubilation. The overcast had thickened and the sea below was only visible through holes in the "ceiling" that were rapidly closing in as afternoon rushed toward evening. The gas gauge was creeping relentlessly toward the "Empty" mark. Fighting his anxiety, Dixon employed the conventional "checkerboard" pattern above the area where he estimated they should pick up the fleet again. But his hope and his gas soon dwindled to nothing. With darkness drawing up from the eastern horizon like a shade over the great turret of the sky, Dixon made the fateful decision.

"Get ready to abandon ship," he told his crew in as steady a voice as he could muster. "Our gas is gone, and I'm going to pancake her in the drink."

The three men calmly went about their assigned emergency procedures: Collecting life raft, rations, water bottle, signal flares, flashlights, pistol, charts, compass, and a variety of other gear designed to give castaways every possible chance of survival in this desolate waste of water. Dixon made one last effort to radio the carrier, but the airwaves were silent. Hurriedly he made a reckoning on the chart off the top of his head, then nosed the plane into the wind to brake her speed as they descended.

The water was smooth and Dixon set her down as neatly as if they were landing on a carrier deck. The big ship planed to a stop across the light swell, then sank like a stone! Panic seized the three airmen. As the now-black ocean closed over their heads they struggled out of safety belts, inflated life preservers, threw off their weighty parachutes, stripped themselves of all heavy gear. One by one, they popped out of their cockpits like corks out of bottles and bobbed to the surface, swallowing considerable water in the process. Luckily, Pastula had managed to inflate the life raft, and its dark shape stood out reassuringly just feet away. This was fortunate, inasmuch as neither Pastula nor Aldrich could swim a stroke.

Gripping the heavy manila life line

that encircled the gunwales of the rubber boat, Dixon hauled himself aboard and helped Pastula and Aldrich climb in. "Jesus Christ!" somebody said in a weak voice. "I thought we were goners for sure."

All three men lay exhausted, physically and emotionally, in the bottom of the boat for a good hour, each one keeping his own thoughts to himself.

At last Pastula sat up gingerly. "Anybody got a cigarette?" he inquired prosaically.

Dixon and Aldrich began to laugh. "The answer is 'no' if you didn't already know it, boy," Dixon said. "But let's find out just what we do have."

The inventory was disappointing. The rubberized raft, about 8-feet-by-four-feet with only an unprepossessing layer of waterproof fabric on the bottom between them and the cruel sea. The life line, about 20 feet long, which could be detached for other purposes. A canvas water bottle—empty! One .45 Colt automatic which Pastula had held on to. A pocketknife. A pair of pliers. A mirror. A rectangle of rubberized canvas and rubber cement for the purpose of patching holes in the craft. Two life jackets. And a bosun's whistle!

"What are our chances, Chief?" Aldrich asked nervously.

Not really believing what he was saying, Dixon told him, "Great, Gene. Don't you worry. Uncle Sam takes care of his own. Come morning, every plane in the fleet will be up looking for us, you'll see."

SLEEP was impossible that night, as it would be virtually every night thereafter. The tiny boat was tossed this way and that by the rising seas, buoyant as a cork on every crest, then dropping sickeningly into every trough like a run-away elevator.

They huddled together, soaking wet, shivering with cold and fear, praying silently for dawn to hurry up.

When the sun did rise at last, the morale of the men rose with it. "Hot dawg!" said Pastula. "Just look at that clear sky. With this kind of visibility, they'll spot us for sure."

With the stub of a pencil he had discovered in his shirt pocket, Dixon began to trace a map on one of the life jackets. The younger men scoffed at him.

"What are you wasting your time for, Chief? We're gonna be picked up any time now."

"Sure," said Dixon and kept on sketching. Minutes after they heard the drone of an airplane engine in the distance. There was a speck in the air just above the horizon and it kept growing bigger.

Aldrich and Pastula began to hoot. "Here they come. We're saved."

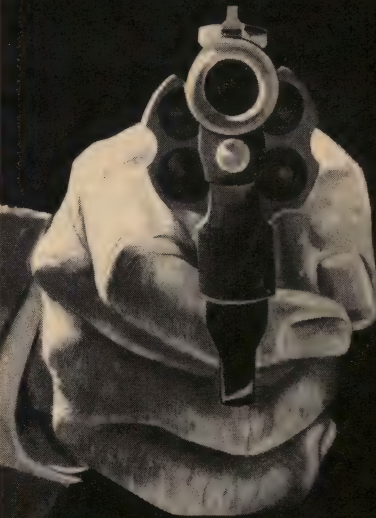
"Let's hope it's not a Jap," Dixon said evenly.

That sobered the boys momentarily, but as the plane approached the insignia of the Navy Air Corps was clearly visible on the wings. Aldrich and Pastula were crying for joy now. Even Dixon allowed himself the luxury of hope.

"Take off your shirts, men," he ordered, "and wave them high and hard."

They did and shook them in the breeze with as much gusto as the unsteady nature of their craft would permit. At first the plane seemed to be heading directly for them, but as it drew closer it became apparent that this was an illusion. In reality it would pass to the east, a mile or more away.

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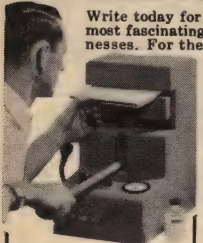
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And pass them it did without any indication that the pilot had spotted them. Pastula and Aldrich were stunned.

"It's impossible. How could they miss us?" Aldrich demanded.

Dixon sighed. "They could have passed directly over us and still missed us," he said. "At that altitude and speed, this raft looks just like one more whitecap." He returned his attention to the makeshift chart on the life jacket. "Now gather around men. Here's the poop. We want to go in this direction, almost due west. Make for this island here."

Pastula frowned and placed a finger on another island indicated on the chart. "Why not here? It's closer."

"It's also swarming with Japs. I don't know about you guys, but I'd just as soon tangle with sharks as fall into their hands."

IN a sense the first three days were the worst, when the pangs of fear, hunger and uncertainty rubbed raw every nerve ending in their bodies. From sunrise to sunset the searing tropic rays broiled them relentlessly, intensified by the mirrors of sea and sky. Exposed skin—hands, face and feet in the case of Aldrich and Pastula—blistered, peeled, then blistered again. There was no defense against this monster sun. Even Dixon, swarthy of complexion and seasoned by years of sea duty, was not immune.

By the fourth day bowel and belly pains ceased and they were no longer tormented by hunger pangs. Thirst was another matter. The terrible tropic sun dehydrated their bodies rapidly; their skin soon was as dry and wrinkled as the skin of old men.

"God! I'm getting to look like a dried-out prune," Pastula said.

Even though they no longer felt the torment of hunger, Dixon realized their predicament was critical. He was aware of the insidious lethargy that was overtaking them, a kind of complacent fatigue like that which seizes men lost in the Arctic just before they freeze to death. He knew that unless they soon got fresh water and food, the rubber boat would become their tomb.

Ironically, the air and water above and around them teemed with life—food. Curious fish of all colors and sizes and shapes circled the boat constantly, some of them bold enough to nudge it with their snouts. Birds drifted in lazy circles overhead, beady eyes fixed intently on the men.

"Like buzzards!" Pastula shouted. "Waiting for us to die so they can pick out our eyes. I'd like to get my hands on their necks." But the wary birds never came close enough for that.

Dixon called a strategy meeting. Pastula was the best pistol shot among them. The Colt .45 was his responsibility. Hour after hour, he worked over the gun, breaking it down and chipping the rust and salt scum off its moving parts to keep it operational.

Aldrich was appointed the fisherman. Hour after hour he would sprawl across the rubber gunwale with the pocket-knife poised and his sharp eyes following the movement of every fish that swam near the boat. When one got within arm's distance, the knife would flash down desperately. It was a long shot and time after time the blade would cleave empty water.

"It can be done," said Dixon grimly. "Just keep trying."

"I don't know, Chief," the bomber said morosely. "My eyes are going all

whacky on me. My arm shakes." He choked. "If I don't get a drink of water pretty quick, I'm not going to make it."

Not long after a long jagged spear of fire streaked down from the heavens, and big drops of fresh, sweet rainwater pelted their bare heads. According to pre-arranged plans, they removed their underclothing and sponged up the water as it accumulated in the bottom of the boat. The rags were wrung out into the oar pocket. Later it could be transferred into the canvas water bottle. When the oar pocket was full, it was every man for himself, cupping the water up with his hands and drinking as much as he could get. Before the rain stopped, their bellies were distended from the sweet liquid and they lay back with faces turned to the sky in sheer ecstasy and finally slept.

It was blue dawn when Dixon felt the touch on his arm. Pastula was whispering in his ear. "Look, on the bow. What the heck is it Chief?"

Dixon thought he was still dreaming. There perched on the bow of the boat was a fat albatross preening its wings. Pastula brought up the pistol and flicked off the safety. "Easy shot, Chief." He fired.

The big bird toppled over backwards and drifted away from the boat.

"Bullseye!" shouted Pastula.

Aldrich was awake now. "Don't let 'em get away, Chief!"

Dixon recalled then that he was the only member aboard who could swim. Slipping off his shoes, he dove over the side and reached the dead bird within a few strokes. He swam back to the boat and was hauled aboard again.

"Thanksgiving!" the younger men crowed. "Bring on the cranberry sauce!"

THEY skinned the big carcass and tore at the raw meat like hungry lion cubs. Dixon cut the meal short when he decided they had consumed a reasonable amount of the flesh.

"Got to take it easy men," he told them. "Our bellies have to get used to eating again. Besides, this may be the last food we'll see for a long time."

The remainder of the albatross was stuffed up in the prow where it was protected from the direct rays of the sun. They sailed on before a steady southwest wind with renewed energy and confidence.

The following day, a number of sharks were circling the rubber boat, their wicked fins cleaving ominously through the water.

"They're after the smaller fish that are following us," Dixon said.

Pastula shifted uncomfortably as one big fellow made a pass at a large orange fish that ducked beneath the boat. He touched the fabric that composed the bottom of the raft. "Not much separating them from us is there? One swipe of those teeth—and that's all, buddies."

"They won't bother us," Dixon said without confidence.

And as the day wore on the sharks did become bolder, a few of them gliding right up to the boat with their snouts held high out of the water, displaying rows of murderous teeth in a blood-chilling manner.

"Get your gun ready, Tony," Dixon said tersely. If one of 'em gets any closer, shoot it. If you draw blood the others will finish him off and forget about us."

But before Pastula could get the pistol cocked, Aldrich, who was kneel-

ing in the bow addressing the predatory sharks with a varied assortment of salty obscenities, suddenly lunged at one of the big fish with his knife. The blade sank up to the hilt right in one of the shark's gills. Surprised, Aldrich tried to withdraw it, without success. There were only two choices left to him: Let go of the precious knife or hold on to the shark! Aldrich reached down with his other hand, gripped the gill firmly and hauled the four-foot killer into the already crowded boat.

The next few minutes were like a sequence in a Marx Brothers movie played on the edge of very real disaster. With the big fish thrashing wildly and chomping with its jaws, Tony Pastula pinned it down with a wrestler's body lock.

"Get the tail somebody!" he yelled.

Aldrich grabbed the elusive member and almost was knocked out of the boat in the process. Dixon prayed and kept shifting his weight frantically like a high-wire walker, attempting to compensate for the mad contortions of the combatants. Several times the little rubber raft almost capsized. The other sharks milled about, obviously sensing a lavish feast. Miraculously the boat remained upright and was not punctured by the wild battle. Gradually, the struggles of the shark became weaker until it shuddered and lay still.

"That was really something, Tony," Dixon congratulated Pastula. "It takes guts to wrestle one of those babies."

Pastula was pale. "Like hell. That s.o.b. Aldrich threw him right in my lap. I had no choice."

Once they were able to steady their nerves, they began to regard the episode as a stroke of enormous luck. The shark was food, and lots of it. They skinned off the tough hide with knife and pliers, then slit the carcass from throat to tail along the belly. Inside the sharks stomach were two partially digested sardines. Without a qualm, the men divided them and ate them.

"Positively delicious!" Dixon raved. "Like those fancy delicacies you get at a Smorgasbord." It was true; the shark's powerful digestive juices had imparted a rare smoked, spiced flavor to the little fish.

That same afternoon, their fortunes took a dramatic turn for the worse. Gene Aldrich was in his customary post in the bow, spear fishing. Dixon and Pastula were poring over the life-jacket chart trying to reckon their position. A lazy, varicolored fish glided out from under the boat just below Aldrich's nose.

"Ha!" he gloated and stabbed at the fish. At that instant a larger shape glided out from under the boat just as his hand splashed in the water. He was aware of a flash of pointed teeth, and pain seared his hand and shot up his arm like an electric shock. Screaming, he tumbled backwards into the bottom of the boat. Dixon and Pastula regarded his mangled bleeding fingers in stunned silence.

"Shark," Aldrich muttered through bloodless lips.

Dixon tore makeshift bandages off his shirt and soaked them in salt water. It was the best they could do. The bleeding soon stopped, but it would be days before the hand healed.

That night the wind and sea kicked up more than usual and thick clouds obscured the brilliant stars. "I think we're in for a storm," Dixon said. "A bad one." Watching the waves crest higher ever higher on all sides, they

felt small and alone and very vulnerable in their little rubber "donut."

It was the beginning of a three-day nightmare. Wind, rain and high seas buffeted the little boat almost continuously. The three men, with one hand-hold on the gunwales, bailed feverishly with their free hands as the light craft zoomed up and down the steep incline of the waves like a car on a roller coaster. When one of them would doze out of sheer exhaustion, the others would kick him to wakefulness, screaming: "Bail! Bail! Bail!"

On the morning of their 13th day adrift, the squalls ceased as abruptly as they had begun and the sun broke through a thin cloud layer.

"Praise the Lord!" Dixon murmured. And he meant it.

With serenity restored, their "traveling companions" of the past week rejoined them. The fish, the birds — and the sharks.

The sharks were becoming increasingly bolder. At first they had only been after the coterie of smaller fish which nosed about the raft. But now it seemed as if they were determined to dine on the three frightened men in the flimsy rubber boat. Every now and then one of the larger sharks would rush directly at them and make a pass, the way a bull feints a matador. It was disquieting, then terrifying as the number and the ferocity of the charges increased. Dixon took the loaded pistol from Pastula.

"See that big baby," he said, pointing to a huge leopard shark. "Next time he comes at us, I'm going to plug him between the eyes."

The shark came, fast and deadly, with his fin carried high like a sail. Just before he reached the boat, he dove intending to swim underneath it and come up on the far side in the harrassing fashion that had the castaways gasping, for fear the hard fin would slice through the thin fabric bottom. Holding the gun with both hands, Dixon drew his bead and fired. The muzzle blast hit the water with pile-driver force sending a geyser of spray and hurling Dixon flat on his back. Stunned he lay there listening to the other men shout exultantly.

"You got him Chief! You did it!"

DIXON pulled himself to the gunwale and peered over the side. Far below in the crystal clear water, he could make out the stricken shark, swirling down, down, down like an airplane in a tail-spin. Diving after him were a half dozen other sharks. True to their cannibal tradition, they were eager to make a meal of their wounded cousin. For a few days after that the sharks, with their bellies full, left them alone.

Even after this victory, Dixon observed signs in the others, as well as himself, that worried him. Aldrich was becoming more and more withdrawn. He would sit in the bow of the boat staring glassy-eyed across the sea with his injured hand cradled in his lap. At times, his state was catatonic. Dixon and Pastula could talk to him and he would not answer. Even when Dixon shouted orders at him he would not be shaken from his sphinx-like silence.

As for himself, Chief Dixon noticed that he was shouting more and louder with every passing day. There were moments when he could cheerfully have strangled his companions.

Pastula would lie on his back jabbering away monotonously about home and those big Georgia peaches. He was

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obsessed with the idea of food. Dixon recognized they were all on the verge of breaking up mentally.

About mid-morning of the 16th day, the wind died and the sea became as smooth as a mirror. Without any air or current to motivate it, the rubber boat drifted aimlessly like a child's toy in a bathtub. Then an inspiration struck Dixon. He cut up the last pair of shoes, his own, slicing away the sides and upper heel from the soles. What remained was the instep and toe, just enough for a man to fit his hands into snugly. He demonstrated to Aldrich and Pastula. The shoes looked like the flippers worn by skin divers.

Dixon grinned. "Lucky thing I got big dogs, boys. They make swell paddles."

He explained his scheme. "Each man will work for approximately a quarter of an hour, with a half hour of rest in between. I'll take the first shift." He prostrated himself on the floor with his chin braced on the prow and his arms dangling over the gunwales and his hands, with their improvised paddles, submerged. "Now away we go!" He went through the motions of a man swimming the crawl, his long arms flailing the water like paddlewheels. After ten minutes of energetic paddling, he stopped and looked behind them. It was a comforting sight. In this still expanse of ocean, their wake stretched out clearly behind them for at least a mile.

The steady, measured activity served a two-fold purpose. The boat was making headway west and it gave the men something to do to break the monotony.

ON the sixth day of the calm, Dixon woke up feeling a distinct breeze on his face. His heart leaped. They were out of the doldrums!

Early in the afternoon, their flagging spirits received a shot of adrenalin when a coconut drifted past the boat. Pastula just reached out and picked it up.

"Chief, we must be near land for sure!" he said excitedly.

Bad weather closed in fast upon them late in the afternoon. The wind sent foamy scud flying from the tips of the angry whitecaps into their faces. The little boat skidded up and down the rising slopes of water like a bobsled. There was nothing to do but hold on for dear life and bail. Then the rain commenced and before they realized it they were up to their waists in water with the sea almost level with the top of the gunwales. A monster breaker crashed down on them, and the boat flipped over, scattering the men into the boiling sea. Providence was with them. Aldrich and Pastula, the non-swimmers, came up almost beneath the rubber boat. Dixon reached it in a few strokes. They held on grimly as the waves pounded them with a fury that suggested conscious malevolence. Then during a brief lull, Dixon shouted, "Lift her side into the wind! The wind will turn her over for us!"

It worked. Sea and wind caught the raised side and flipped it right side up again. Painfully the men dragged themselves aboard. For a long time they lay intertwined in the bottom of the boat gasping and gagging on swallowed salt water.

Death was not far away, they all knew that now. Prolonged immersion had caused most of their clothing to rot away. Every tender part of their bodies was now at the mercy of the terrible

tropic sun. Within hours their thighs, buttocks and bellies were lobster red, the burn inflamed by the sharp salt water that washed over them. Night brought some respite from the torture and they dozed in feverish coma.

The sight of that fiendish red ball rising the next day was agonizing. They lay about listlessly, sinking deepened and deeper into the black pits of their own minds. Soon it would be over, Dixon knew, and he was grateful.

Beside him Pastula mumbled dreamily. "Gee, Chief, I see a lovely corn field over there." He pointed to the west.

"Sure, Tony," Dixon soothed him. "And right behind it is a peach orchard, right?"

Pastula shook his head. "No, just corn waving in the breeze."

Aldrich's voice cut in excitedly. "That's not corn. It's palm trees!"

Adrenalin surged through Dixon's thin blood, rallying the last dregs of his energy. He sprang up and peered into the distance. It was true! Palm trees, a white sandy beach!

"We made it!" Pastula cried out. "Land. We're saved!"

"Not yet, we aren't!" Dixon said, his voice clear and authoritative once more. "We just might drift past it. Okay, you gobs, we're going to sailor like we've never sailed before in our lives. Everybody row!"

Dixon lay across the prow with his shoe-paddles. Pastula and Aldrich each leaned over a side of the boat. And their hands worked wildly in the water. The boat veered out of the current and headed in toward the island. It was a long tedious maneuver. Hour after hour, they battled current and undertow. Miraculously, in their emaciated starved condition, their strength never gave out. Slowly but certainly they closed the gap. Then, finally, they went crashing over a coral reef on a high breaker and settled into a warm, peaceful lagoon.

Mother fortune was with us this trip at that," Dixon breathed with sincere reverence and humility. It was an understatement. Without food, water or navigation instruments, they had traveled over 1000 miles in a donut rubber raft. On top of that, they had sailed straight and true to the destination Dixon had picked on his makeshift chart—the one island in the sector still under Allied control.

THE day after they landed on the beach, the three castaways were discovered by friendly natives and taken to the mansion of the colonial commissioner. They spent a week recuperating, then were picked up by a Navy plane and flown to an American carrier. For the next few weeks, Dixon, Pastula and Aldrich were celebrities. Sitting in the cozy wardroom in the evenings, wolfing down pastries and sipping strong, aromatic coffee, they were compelled to relate the details of their adventure over and over again for admiring shipmates.

It got to a point where the two younger men began to believe that the whole thing had been one big ball.

"Oh those native girls," Aldrich said, patting a rapidly swelling paunch. "Now there is the life. They waited on us hand and foot."

"Wouldn't be surprised if I went back there someday," said Pastula. "How about it, Chief?"

Harold Dixon, Chief Machinist Mate, stretched his long legs, took a long, delicious drag of his cigarette and merely smiled. ●●●

BERLIN

continued from page 21

years old. "Goodbye Mother," he said, "Heil Hitler."

Cpl. Alex Wagner had escaped the Reichstag building just in time. The Russian Third Shock Army had fought its way into the heart of Berlin and on the 29th of April 1945, Captain Boris Siniov led his company of Cossacks up the massive stone steps in a desperate charge to overrun the building. Machineguns from the doors and windows cut them down. Other companies followed. The front of the Reichstag was piled deep with bodies, Mongols, Ukrainian peasants, Cossacks, slant-eyed Asians with the red star of Russia on their hats. A platoon of men fought their way through the central doors and ran down the long corridors throwing grenades into the rooms on each side.

With these guns silenced, more Russian soldiers rushed through the entrance. They ran up the stairs. Some tried to use the rope elevators but the defenders dropped grenades down these shafts. Floor by floor the troops of the Third Shock Army fought their way to the roof. There a group of 20 officers in their black SS uniforms stood with their hands raised high. A Russian officer gave a sharp command. A burst of gunfire swept the SS men off the roof into the rubble six stories below. Then Infantry General Kalinov himself raised the red battle flag of the Soviet Army over the Reichstag.

With the Reichstag taken there remained only the Zoo Bunker, the Fuehrerbunker and the Brandenburg Gate to be destroyed and the Third Reich would no longer exist. At this moment a crack company of Cossack troops refused to attack the Fuehrerbunker in the Chancellery. They knew Hitler was in that bunker and they believed he was literally the devil and though they were brave enough to fight soldiers of the devil, they were not brave enough to fight the devil himself. Another assault company was put in their place.

Marshal Zhukov, Russia's greatest general, himself came to mount this final assault. Turning to an aide he said, "Now the man who is responsible for the death of 30,000,000 people will be brought to justice." He paused and said, "So dies fascism and Berlin."

The final battle for Berlin was the last criminal act of Adolf Hitler. With the war already lost he sacrificed the great city on his own funeral pyre. Just ten days before, with the might of the Allied armies on the west, the countless hordes of Russia to the east, the sky defenseless, he must have known there was no hope. Yet on April 20th, 1945 he called all the leaders of the Third Reich to his headquarters in Berlin for a birthday party (he was 56) and then gave orders that Berlin was to be defended to the death and that he would remain in Berlin personally, to direct that defense.

Field Marshal Hermann Goering flew up from his plunder-filled castles in the south, from the north came Grand Admiral Doenitz, and the tried and true mass murderers, Goebbels, Himmler and Bormann. Albert Speer and Foreign

Minister Ribbentrop also came. Finally and, surprisingly, Eva Braun, Hitler's mistress, flew into Berlin to share his fate, and bring him a natal day gift.

Safely buried 50 feet deep in the Chancellery air raid shelter, Hitler gave an impassioned speech to his chiefs as they toasted him in champagne. As Russian shells fell in the Chancellery garden, he strode up and down the Fuehrerbunker showing on war maps how he would slaughter the Slavic hordes before Berlin.

The Nazi chiefs had been stunned by Hitler's physical deterioration. His mouth was twisted up on one side in a permanent grimace, his head wobbled around as if it were on a loose jack-in-the-box spring, his left arm seemed to jerk uncontrollably. Now they were even more dismayed by his wild ranting speech. "I will destroy the Russian armies before our gates," he boasted. "In a month the Americans will be on our side fighting against the degenerate Slavs." He gave them orders impossible to execute. He showed them on the map how SS General Felix Steiner and his Schutzstaefel Army would swoop down from the north and stab the Russian colossus in the back. He ordered all troops in the north to join Steiner's command.

The Nazi chiefs looked at each other in amazement. Didn't their Fuehrer know that eight million Russian soldiers had stormed across the Oder and Steiner would have to fight his way through them to reach Berlin? Did not the Fuehrer know that the Americans with five million Allied troops were advancing on Berlin from the West. They tried to catch each other's eyes so that one of them would speak but no one dared rouse Hitler's fury. All agreed with his estimates and plans.

WITH Hitler's permission, some Nazi chiefs fled Berlin. Himmler escaped to the north where he immediately got in touch with Count Bernadotte of the Red Cross and started negotiating for a surrender that would save his own personal hide.

Goering, flew to the still strongly held south of Germany where he lived in baronial, orgiastic splendor.

As these and other leaders fled, thousands of German soldiers were stripping off their uniforms and changing to civilian clothes in the hope of escaping the battle. But Hitler in his map room, surrounded by generals, confidently made plans for final victory.

He and Berlin had nine more days to live.

Hitler and the German High Command formed three great defense rings around the city of Berlin. The Outer Ring was the heaviest. General Man-teuffel defended the northern approach with 200,000 men, 1500 heavy cannon, 3000 rocket launchers and 600 tanks. Facing the East, General Busse and his Ninth Army of 300,000 men, 4000 cannon and rocket launchers and over a thousand tanks prepared to receive the main assault. In the South Army Group Schoerner, with only a hundred thousand men and weak in cannon and armor, dug into very heavily fortified defensive positions.

The shattered stone city itself was the second ring. SS Army Divisions occupied buildings and commanded main avenues with their machine guns. The Alexanderplatz, the Tiergarten (the famous Berlin Zoo and park), the Reichstag—all with deep massive bunkers and heavily gunned—were manned

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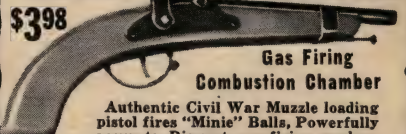
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by the personal elite SS bodyguard troops of Hitler trapped in the Chancellery Building at the heart of the city.

In all there were over a million of Germany's finest soldiers ready to die for their capital and the Fuehrer. Thousands of stone buildings had been turned into heavily gunned fortresses. Civilian men and women, children as young as thirteen were given bazookas, rifles and grenades. It was to be a battle to the death. Yet they knew their only hope was Steiner's great Army in the north, marching to break the back of the Russian colossus from the rear and relieve Berlin from siege. Every day people and soldiers asked each other how close was Steiner's Army. Hitler himself strode up and down the corridor of the bunker in an almost apoplectic rage, demanding of his still faithful generals, "Where is Steiner? When will he come." It was rumored that the famous SS general had amassed a force of two million men and would destroy the Russian armies pounding at the gates.

By April 20, 1945 General Eisenhower had smashed Germany's Western Front. His five million men stood on the River Elbe, the city of Berlin almost defenseless before him. He gave the order to cease all operations.

Prime Minister Winston Churchill protested this decision to Washington and to Eisenhower personally. Eisenhower explained that since the Yalta Conference had marked out all of Russia past the river Elbe as a Russian Occupied Zone, and since the Russians were sure to capture Berlin in a matter of days, there was no point in spending thousands of American and British lives to fight over ground that would not be theirs.

Eisenhower came under pressure from another direction. Through neutral countries Himmler was offering to surrender Germany to the West only. Eisenhower refused.

"You have played for very high stakes" he told German emissaries. "The war was lost when we crossed the Rhine. You knew that. Why did you not have the courage to stop fighting then? You would have saved a hundred thousand lives on both sides. But you hoped for discord among the Allies, that we would fight Russia. That has not come to pass. Your Eastern armies and Berlin must surrender to Russia."

Berlin was doomed.

Stalin, now a self-made Field Marshal, flew to a secret Russian headquarters near the front to oversee operations. General Zhukov's First Byelorussian Army Group would carry the main assault on the center. A million men strong, powered with 30,000 cannon and rocket launchers and 6000 tanks, it was possibly the strongest army the world has ever seen. To the south, Marshal Konev's First Ukrainian Army Group would act almost as cavalry outriders, strong in mobile armor and motorized infantry. It also had an army of Mongolian horsemen mounted on small Siberian ponies that had proved invaluable over rough terrain. This Army numbered 200,000 men.

To the north Rokossovski's Second Byelorussian Army Group with 8000 cannon and rocket launchers, 300,000 strong, was given the task of bypassing Berlin and encircling it in the west.

Behind the million men of these three Russian Armies were two reserve armies of another two million men, with transport of carts and horse, slave laborers turned into human mules. A

whole tank army stood ready to pass through and enter Berlin like a knife. In the sky were 8000 Russian planes.

Hundreds of huge searchlights were mounted around Berlin by the Russians so that the battle could go on by night.

Lit by these millions of candlewatts the great city that had been the dynamo of all Europe looked like a mirror image of the moon, a vast cratered wasteland. It seemed incredible that a million soldiers and three million civilians were hidden in that rubble, prepared to fight to the death.

ON April 22 Stalin launched his three Army Groups led by Marshals Rokossovski, Zhukov and Konev against the fortress of Berlin. Three million men stormed over the Oder river from Greifhagen in the north to Gubin in the south; 41,000 heavy cannon and rocket launchers smothered the defending German armies with a veritable falling sky of steel. Eight thousand planes and three separate tank armies cruelly ripped General Busse's German Ninth Army at the center to shreds. The 46th Panzer Corps was overwhelmed by the onrushing tide and was almost completely annihilated in one day of battle. In the north, Rokossovski's Second Russian Army Group bypassed Berlin and locked in a terrible battle with General Von Manteuffel's Third German Panzer Army. The battle raged for three days and then Rokossovski sent his spearheads cutting into Berlin and, with a daring, brilliant maneuver, slammed shut the back door of Berlin while cutting off the Panzers Army from the city, isolating it to the north. Hitler immediately radioed from his *Fuehrerbunkers* that Van Manteuffel was to go east and link up with Steiner's great Army marching to relieve Berlin.

On the southern front, Marshal Konev and his First Ukrainian Army Group assaulted the strongly entrenched German Army Group Schoerner. For two days the Germans held out and inflicted terrible casualties on the Russians. Stalin committed his southern reserve, thirty fresh divisions totalling almost a half million men. Army Group Schoerner was overwhelmed and fell back slowly to the suburbs of Berlin, the Eichwalde and Potsdam. Konev's spearheads knifed through and encircled Berlin. On the 28th of April they met Rokossovski's forward elements from the north.

The Russians had surrounded Berlin by the 25th of April. They had smashed the first of Berlin's three defense rings. What remained of Busse's and Schoerner's army groups fell back behind the second ring of fortified buildings to continue the battle. In three days fighting casualties for both sides totalled over a million men. It was now clear to the American military observers with the Russian armies that Berlin was to die the most terrible death of any great city in the history of war.

Meanwhile Goebbels' Berlin radios blared victory propaganda. "Steiner's army was one million strong, cutting through the Russians like butter. A German army was preparing to march out of Berlin to meet him at the gates." Then reports that the American and Russian armies were fighting against each other in the south and Eisenhower was marching from the River Elbe to rescue Berlin from the Slavs.

All lies. Hitler in his *Fuehrerbunker* raved like a madman and accused Jodl of treason. "Where is Steiner?" he de-



manded. No one could answer him. All communications from Steiner's great army had ceased by April 24. Nothing now could stop the beginning of the Russian attack on Defense Ring 2.

Inside Defense Ring 2 every building was being turned into a fortress. Machine guns were mounted on the rooftops of buildings still standing. Tanks and 88 guns were stationed at street corner ambushes and in shop front windows. Old men up to 65 and boys as young as 12 were mobilized and given bazookas and grenades.

Berlin already seemed like some terrible nightmare of hell. Bodies were piled two stories high at corner collection points. SS men roamed the streets shooting suspected deserters then hanging them from buildings and trees with printed placards which read, "Unfaithful to the Fatherland."

Over the city descended a heavy veil of dust distilled from countless millions of tons of pulverized stone. The air was thick with cordite and gunsmoke. Berlin lived now in a twilight of death, you could not see the sky or sun. And it bled. From the west thousands of American bombers flying their last raid, dropped their bombs in its very heart. From north, south, east and west Russian heavy cannon and rockets rained down steel without ceasing. Women and children ran screaming through the streets, driven mad by continuous thunder and shock. Yet still some went to work in the subways, manned the telephone switchboards, secretaries reported to their offices and typed letters in four copies. The Gestapo still monitored communications and sneaked around the city, looking for traitors to the Third Reich.

The squadrons of Hitler Youth, boys ranging from 12 to 16, sang songs on the rooftops between lectures from bazooka instructors. Their uniforms were brown shirts with black SS armbands. To some of them it was all an exciting game and, curiously enough, they were to inflict greater damage on the invaders than regular army troops.

But no one could have dreamed of the fury, the ferocity, with which the Russians launched their attack against Defense Ring 2 on the 25th of April. Like a great steel band, no less than 60 infantry armies and five tank armies hurled themselves against the fortress. Tank columns dashed madly through the streets, Mongol divisions mounted on small Siberian ponies scrambled over rubble to outflank heavily fortified street intersections. Infantry divisions, peasants from the Ukraine, Asiatics from beyond the Ural mountains

all raced desperately to enter the fabulous western city and share its golden spoils. Berlin seemed to be on fire with the flash of guns. Then like some terrible heat melting away flesh the defenses began to crumble and the Russians overran the city, massacring SS troops, until they hit the hard inner core of the city and Defense Ring 3. Then, as they regrouped for the final attack, the conquerors mopped up the isolated strong points in the rest of the city.

Troop Leader Ladislo Myranov lead his spread out platoon through the ruined buildings of the Wannsee sector of Berlin. Attack tanks had cleared the way an hour before but it still paid to be careful. Suddenly he saw three small boys standing on a two story building's sagging roof. He motioned them to get down. His own wife and children had been killed in Stalingrad and he did not want these lads to come to harm.

But the boys remained motionless. Leader Myranov swung left to get closer and shouted up "Raus," smiling to show he meant good to them, not to frighten them. His patrol closed up behind him. Suddenly the small boys moved. What seemed like balls came flying through the air. The boys ducked down and disappeared. Too late Leader Myranov realized what the black armbands signified. The next moment the grenades had exploded and he and six men of his platoon were dead. The boys escaped.

ON the *Kurfurstendam*, Berlin's most fashionable avenue, most of the palace-like mansions had been flattened by bombing. But in one mansion, the Baroness Celestina Von Drozan waited for the Russian invaders in the great central ballroom. She was not afraid of these Red scum as she had never been afraid of the liberals or the Jewish intellectuals. She came of an old Prussian family and knew how to cow her inferiors.

Her staff was hiding in the cellar terrified but the Baroness Celestina stood beneath the enormous 18th century cut glass and calmly smoked a cigarette in a long holder. When the great door slowly swung inward she lifted her head high. Five small Mongolian-looking soldiers stepped cautiously onto the polished floor. On their clownish faces was a look of awed astonishment the Baroness accepted as her due. They walked around her staring at her low cut frock and scarfed neck. Three of the men searched the house and brought up her butler and three maids and stood them against the wall.

The Baroness had a silken pouch in her hand. Now she handed it to the man who seemed to be a leader. He turned it upside down. A fountain of precious stones spilled over his hand onto the floor. The five Mongol soldiers scrambled for them eagerly. Then the Baroness waved imperiously toward the door ordering them to leave her in peace. The five soldiers grinned and went out the door. But as the Baroness gave her staff a triumphant smile, the doors were smashed to the floor and the five soldiers reappeared, clownish faces beaming, behind them a brown-clad horde that streamed in and filled the ball room. The Baroness was thrown to the polished floor and her silken clothing torn from her body. She was raped for four hours until a staff officer restored order. The three maids received the same treatment. The

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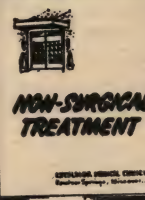
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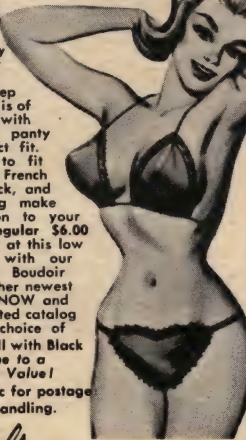
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butler was shot down against the wall, as the soldiers sprayed the ballroom with bullets, shattering the magnificent chandeliers and mirrored walls until the floor shone like a sea of glass.

The rubble of Berlin was being covered by the tents of the Mongol divisions in the Russian army. A troop of these found a huge bunker filled with women and children. Riding their ponies right through the doors they herded the children out like calves, then jumped down from their ponies to start a mass rape of all the women.

It was like a scene out of some terrible book of medieval horrors, as in that huge dark concrete bunker wildly plunging ponies trampled the lust-mad soldiers and screaming, ravaged women rolling over the stone floor in a demonic parody of human love. This was the scene that met the eyes of Red Infantry General Walthur Kalinov when he dismounted from his armoured car and entered the bunker.

RED Infantry General Kalinov was perhaps the most widely known and loved combat leader in the Soviet Army. A short, tremendously broad man of enormous strength, he would personally punish any act of cowardice with his bare hands instead of court martial or shooting. His bravery had been proven in four years of fighting against the Fascists. He had fought in the retreats and he had fought in the victories and had wounds for every battle. He had been reported dead in combat four times but had always risen from the battlefield like some giant ghost. Fifty thousand soldiers had been killed under his command in the four years of warfare but there was not a Red soldier who would not volunteer to fight under his banner.

Now, as honorable as he was brave, he had decided to put an end to the excesses being committed by irrespon-

sible portions of the Red Army. As usual he took personal action.

He barked out an order to his bodyguard. A hail of bullets swept the nearest corner of the bunker, killing soldiers, women and ponies together. General Kalinov mounted the pile of bodies so that his soldiers could see his completely bald head, heavy and huge and dark as bronze. He shouted out orders. The Mongol soldiers filed out of the bunker and formed in ranks outside. Their ponies followed them. The women ran into a far corner of the bunker and huddled there.

On that plain of rubble that was part of Berlin General Kalinov lined up the officers of the Mongol Company against a still standing wall. There he had them shot by their own soldiers. But the humble troops he spared, only having their ponies shot as punishment.

As Russian soldiers rode through the already conquered streets, the Russian Third Shock Army prepared its final assault on Defense Ring 3. This was a six mile corridor in the heart of Berlin. In it were the main government buildings, constructed of massive stone blocks. In a small triangle on the *Unter den Linden* were the *Reichstag* building, the Imperial Brandenburg Gate and the Chancellery which held the *Fuehrerbunker*. A little to the east was the Zoo Bunker, sunk seven stories into the ground, loaded with heavy guns and fanatical defenders of the SS. It was like a heavy concrete battleship which could not be sunk. Around it was what had been the lovely trees and flowers of the *Tiergarten*, Berlin's world famous animal zoo.

Inside this last defense ring packed with heavy guns and the most fanatical SS troops, everyone was prepared to die, everyone expected Steiner's Army to break through. Gobbels' radio still broadcast shouted propaganda news items, "Steiner approaches Berlin!"

END-OF-THE-WAR ANNIVERSARY SPECIAL

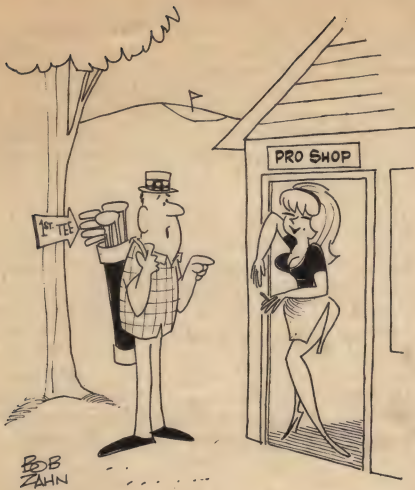
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"You're the club pro?"

Inside this last defense ring was Adolf Hitler, the most terrible destroyer of mankind the world has ever known. He too strode up and down his bunker demanding furiously of his generals, "Where is Steiner?"

But even now, in the north, Army Group Steiner, the last hope of the Berlin people and the Third Reich, was in its death agony. Steiner had only been able to amass 100,000 men yet he had struck out boldly for Berlin. But as he kept moving, slowly and more slowly, he found himself in a swamp of Russian armies that engulfed him on every side. It was like a great wave that inundated his riddled divisions. On April 28, Steiner's Army was no more. Berlin would never be relieved.

Infantry General Walter Kalinov was given the honor of mounting the last assault that was to break Defense Ring 3 and capture Hitler.

His head shining like a great ball of bronze, General Kalinov himself led the attack. He sent the Premier Red Star Division against the Zoo Bunker, the 756th Infantry against the Reichstag Building, and he himself led a special assault team against the Chancellery, with the *Fuehrerbunker* beneath it. The attack jumped off on April 28th.

For hours the battle raged, Red assault troops died on the marble steps of Germany's greatest buildings, but the third and last defense ring could not be broken. It was too heavily manned and gunned. General Kalinov sent messages for reinforcements for the Third Shock Army and heavy guns to be brought up closer to the bunkers.

In the *Fuehrerbunker* General Burdorf entered Hitler's suite to give him the terrible news. Steiner's army had been destroyed. Red Assault divisions had broken through the second defense ring and now were in the heart of the city. The SS bodyguard divisions were at this moment fighting off massive attacks on the Zoo Bunker, the Reichstag, Brandenburg Gate and Tempelhof. Only two blocks away a great battle was raging on the Alexanderplatz. There could be no more hope.

Hitler took the news calmly. For five days he had raged like a madman but now he made a tremendous effort of will to control his emotions. This proved to be only a desire to discharge his last bit of venom.

He had already been informed that Himmler and Goering were carrying on

peace negotiations behind his back. He signed death warrants ordering all German generals to execute them out of hand. The warrants were sneaked through Russian lines by special couriers.

On April 29, after making out his will, Hitler assembled his staff in the long corridor of the *Fuehrerbunker* to say goodbye. Then he gave his final ranting speech. On the last day of his life he cursed the German people who had followed him so faithfully and died in such millions at his command. "They are not worthy of me," he raved. "They were not steadfast enough, they were not true, they were not brave." Meanwhile, all around the 500 foot deep bunker, German soldiers were fighting valiantly against hopeless odds, meeting sure death to shield the *Fuehrerbunker*. The great city around him was meeting death and destruction for his whim.

After this farewell Hitler shook hands with all of them and closed the door of his suite behind him. A few minutes later a shot was heard. Goebbels and Bormann entered the room. They found Hitler dead on the sofa. He had shot himself through the mouth. Eva Braun was beside him, dead from poison. Even now, with the utmost loyalty, his followers took Hitler's body into the Chancellery garden and, with 50 litres of gasoline, consumed it with fire.

IN German fairy tales there is a monster dragon that could never be killed because it hid its mortal heart in a far off secret place. The great German Army was like that monster. It had suffered hideous wounds in Africa, Stalingrad, and the bloody fields of France. Yet it always reared its armored head, murderous as ever.

But now in the *Fuehrerbunker* of the Chancellery, Adolf Hitler was dead. And it seemed as if the heart of the dragon had been searched out and killed. Defense Ring 3 crumbled under General Kalinov's attack of April 30. Special Ukrainian Guard units armed with flame throwers overran the out-post buildings, running through hallways and hotel rooms, burning out SS defenders. Women and children trapped inside the ring ran in flames through the streets. The impregnable Zoo Bunker ran up a white flag and surrendered. General Kalinov led the final assault on the *Fuehrerbunker*. There was no fire. Inside it he found the servants who led him to the charred remains of Hitler and the dead bodies of Goebbels, his wife and their six children and Eva Braun, all suicides.

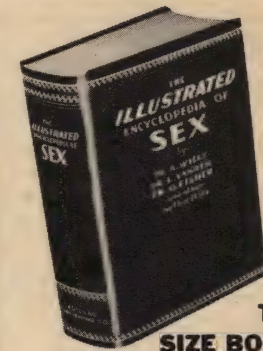
The last battle, the Battle of Berlin, was over.

Three veteran soldiers of the Premier Red Assault Division stood on the ruined Chancellery steps, gazing around curiously. They had fought for five years and now they knew the war had ended, and they would go back to their farms in the Ukraine. But they would never forget the horrible sight and smell of these fantastic ruins.

For the great city of Berlin was a corpse. It reeked of a million deaths by steel and fire, it reeked of the 30 million people killed in this second of world wars and it reeked of the terrible charred bones of Adolf Hitler, wrapped by a blanket in the Chancellery garden, a small insignificant looking man who, of any human being that has ever lived, came closest to destroying humanity. It seemed fitting that this stone corpse should be his tomb.

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I can't tell you not to smoke. You will if you want to. But before you take that first drag, do me a favor. Take one long, deep breath of fresh clean air. Then decide.

Bob Mathias

AMERICAN CANCER SOCIETY

continued from page 69

Three of the new girls who had arrived with Greta slipped away from their guard the next day and headed for a police station. When they told their story to a captain he assigned two investigators to return with them to the brothel to find out what sort of crimes were being committed.

At the dive the investigators demanded to see the contracts the girls had signed. They looked the sheets of paper over quickly, shrugged their apologies to the girls, and turned to leave. The girls protested, angrily.

"Shut up!" one of the cops said. "This is a legal contract we can do nothing about. You must work here for the next two years. You have no choice."

"Furthermore," the second cop added, "if we ever see you at the police station again we will arrest you for being streetwalkers. We do not tolerate such activities in Tangier."

The cops left, laughing hysterically, and the girls were locked up in their rooms again.

EUROPEAN girls aren't the only women lured into white slavery. There is a great demand throughout the near east for women of all colors and nationalities. A couple of years ago the scope of the white slave traffic was made clear when police in Beirut, Lebanon, smashed a ring that had enslaved about 300 girls in less than a year.

"And that ring was only one of about a dozen that are still operating," a high Lebanese official reported to the UN.

Using promises of rich rewards, white slavers easily lured young Lebanese and Armenian girls into the harems of Arabian sheiks and into the brothels of wide open Mediterranean port towns. Of course, money made off the bodies of these girls went into the pockets of the racketeers.

In many cases the inmates of brothels in Africa and the near east are professional prostitutes who knew exactly what they were letting themselves in for when they signed "artists' contracts" and who have worked out better deals for their bodies than they were able to get back home. But a large number of the women in these whore houses are actually slaves, lured into signing contracts by a procurer who then sold the contracts to the operators of the bordellos. Yet even these girls are free to go home—if they can face friends and family after a couple of years of enforced prostitution and sadism—once their contracts have run out.

Some "slaves," however, are actually slaves, sold like cattle at auction markets. For true slavery does still exist in a few Arab and Asian nations. In China, for example, with 700,000,000 people and a custom of concubinage going back many centuries, girls of 12 or 13 are sold outright by their parents to slave traders so that there will be enough money to feed other members of the family. The slave traders pay miniscule sums, possibly equal to a few months' wages, but when they in turn smuggle the girls out of the country, to Hong Kong and from there to the sin centers of the Far East like Rangoon, Bangkok or Macao, the girls are sold to brothel keepers for about \$1000.

In Saudi Arabia, Yemen and other oil-wealthy kingdoms open slave markets still operate, where roaming tribes sell off captives they've taken in bat-

ties with rival tribes. But most of the bargains are hammered out in cafes and private homes on the Arabian peninsula, where slavery is legal although the trading in slaves itself may be outlawed.

It is the white slavery, the forcing of women into prostitution against their will, that is a much different problem. And it is a problem that is not restricted to Europe, Africa and Asia. Not at all, for the Western Hemisphere has its share of traffickers in women's bodies.

Many South American and Caribbean tourist centers feature bordellos that are stocked with fresh and pretty European girls—especially blondes—who are supplied by the white slave rings that are active in the African market, also. Brothels operate openly and are numerous in Latin American nations. There are houses for every taste and bankbook, and procurers lurk everywhere to offer the delights of feminine companionship to every man they run across.

BUT it is just below our borders, in Mexico, that the white slavers of the Western Hemisphere really flourish. Prostitution in Mexico operates openly, and every town, no matter how small, has at least a one-woman whore house. Because Mexico is a land composed of a few rich men and millions of poor, and because Mexico has the old world tradition that prostitution is a necessity that only neurotic Puritans are against, many Mexican girls sell their bodies as readily as they would sell anything to ward off poverty.

The result is that there is a surplus of prostitutes, and the competition for customers is keen. And, of course, the further result is that a brothel keeper who did not have to share the take with his harlots, whose prostitutes were in fact slaves and who could be disposed of if they became ill or were no longer productive, could grow rich while other bordello operators were just barely getting along. The Mexicans use brutal methods in abducting women, and are just as callous as their North African counterparts.

Take for example, the operation some years ago of the sisters Gonzales now in jail for long terms.

The eldest sister, Delfina, now 55, opened her first brothel about 30 years ago. As they came of age her younger sisters, Maria, now 40, and Eva, 38, joined her operation. By the middle

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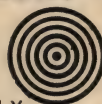
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1940s Delfina, a vicious and perverted degenerate noted for her brutal orgies, had built the business into a large chain of bagnios in more than a dozen Mexican cities and had joined forces with a narcotics distributor who had widespread political connections. And somewhere along the line the sisters changed their relationship with their girls from employer to slave-owner, for Delfina had discovered the economic beauty of white slavery and she was quick to improve upon the old concept.

The sisters ran a "training school" at their biggest bordello, their headquarters, in the old mining town of San Francisco del Rincon in the central Mexican state of Guanajuato. A dozen procurers fanned out through Mexico, luring girls into prostitution in the guise of jobs as domestics, and the victims were sent to the training school to be broken in. Then they were shipped out. They went on a regular circuit of the Gonzales houses, which ran as far north as wide-open towns on the U. S. border like Tijuana and Juarez. The girls were moved by night in a surplus Army truck operated by former soldiers working for the Gonzales sisters, who at all times had between 100 and 125 slaves working for them. Many of the girls were enslaved in another way—the sisters would turn them into addicts, dependent on heroin fixes and too frightened to attempt to escape lest they cut off their supply of narcotics.

AFTER the girls had put in a couple of years and became less in demand because their youthful freshness had worn off under the ravages of compulsory prostitution, sadistic treatment by the Gonzales sisters, and narcotics, they were either sold outright to operators in border towns in strips or farmed out to small independent houses for a percentage of the take.

Some of the slaves were too far dissipated and could never be sold. For these unfortunates the Gonzales sisters maintained "The Angels"—Rancho El Angel—a fortress-like farmhouse in the mountains 200 miles from Mexico City that had been a bordello on the circuit but in recent years was used as an extermination camp for unwanted prostitutes. The camp was guarded by a machine gun emplacement and a half-dozen gunmen under the command of a former Mexican Army captain.

Those girls who tried to escape, who became diseased or pregnant or worn out, were sent south to the Angels for "treatment"—brutalization by Delfina and Eva, who lived for the chance to inflict physical pain. A pregnant girl, for example, was hung by the hands in a basement torture chamber and beaten by the sisters to induce an abortion. Not in a million years would the Gonzales sisters have called in a doctor to abort the prostitute.

If the abortion attempt failed in spite of the massive beating and the baby was born, it was promptly killed and buried somewhere on the grounds. And, if the women did not survive the "cure of The Angels"—whether for abortion, venereal diseases, illnesses of any kind—then they were destroyed in barbaric executions.

White slavery exists even in the United States, but in a much more subtle form. Usually, it involves entertainers—exotic dancers, strippers, all those half-clad women who work in dives across the country and are forced to peddle their bodies after they get off the stage. Like their European sisters,

they are kept in bondage by iron-clad contracts. In the U. S., though, the girls find it impossible to escape not because they are far from home in a strange land, but because they are kept in fear of the hoods who own the dives they work in—hoods who belong to the national crime syndicate known as Cosa Nostra.

As the McClellan, Senate Rackets Committee showed in hearings some time back, the syndicate operates the white slave racket in the U. S. through "talent agents" who lure unsuspecting girls into signing contracts as "entertainers" and then force the girls into back room vice by fear.

The story of Vera Mortimer, told by one investigator for the Rackets Committee, dramatically illustrates how the mob works.

Vera is a dancer, according to her union card, but actually she has for the last two years worked in Cicero, the wide-open Chicago suburb, doing more back room flesh peddling than dancing. Her career started in the spring of 1961 when she graduated from high school in her small Indiana home town and, deciding the small town life wasn't good enough for her looks and her tall,

she intended to wear. The manager smiled, ripped off the costume, leaving her dressed only in a black half-bra and panties, then shoved her onstage.

ON the second night Vera was told she was going on in place of the stripper, who had been given the night off to entertain some very wealthy suckers. Vera refused. When the stripper's cue was given she went on stage in a very brief costume she had borrowed from another girl, but the crowd out front wanted a strip. Vera ran backstage again.

"I quit," she cried.

The manager signaled to the bouncer who came over and pinned Vera's arms back. The manager stripped her nude, then shoved her onstage.

Vera's initiation into the harlot's sorority came that night. After her strip act the manager approached her again, his face an oily smile. "See that guy at the bar?" he asked, pointing to a well-dressed, sandy-haired man. Vera nodded. "He's a big engineer, in town for the convention," the manager said. "He wants to meet you."

"I'm too tired," Vera said.

The manager's smile vanished. "Get over there and drink with him. Get him to buy you a bottle of champagne. And if he wants to go to bed with you, you tell him your price is a hundred bucks and you take him over to the—Hotel across the street."

"What makes you think I'm a prostitute?" Vera cried. "I quit."

The manager grabbed her arm, twisted it up behind her, and forced Vera into a back room. It had a bare lamp hanging from the ceiling, a sink in the corner, and a bed. He tossed Vera on the bed and raped her.

"Now get out there and be nice to the engineer," he ordered.

Vera did as she was told. She got a cut of the price of the drinks he bought her, plus \$20 of the \$100 he paid for a half hour in the hotel room, and she was now a full-fledged joygirl, a victim of a modern white slave ring.

She couldn't escape. Wherever she went she was followed by a mob flunkie. If she talked of quitting she was shown the airtight contract she signed, she was warned her family back home would hear of her whore's life, and she was threatened with death. Once, she escaped and ran up to a local cop. He took her back and ordered her to stay off the streets if she didn't want to be picked up as a common streetwalker—with her picture plastered over her hometown paper.

Today Vera is an experienced prostitute and has worked some of the fanciest clubs from Cicero to Miami Beach. She's still trapped in the life, and she probably will be until some guy makes her his wife or mistress.

No matter what part of the world you deal with, white slavery is still a major problem—even in the supposedly more "civilized" nations of Europe and America. The UN is powerless, for it can only study the situation and make recommendations to its member countries.

Actually, the attempts to eradicate white slavery are doomed to failure unless prostitution itself is wiped out—something that doesn't seem likely to happen in the next thousand years or so. In the meantime the international white slavers continue to ply their trade and countless thousands of women are being sold into sex-slavery every year. ●●●

Coming in September MEN:

GET TEN FOR BUTCH

Burning to pay the enemy back for the death of his famous wingman, Butch O'Hare, a young Navy pilot named Alex Vraciu gunned his plane through the war-torn Pacific sky in an incredible "Revenge Run" that sent 20 Jap Zeros down in flames and made him our 4th ranking air ace. Then, still not satisfied, Vraciu parachuted into the heart of enemy-held Manila to lead a guerrilla band that split open Japan's Philippine defense ring and opened wide the beaches to our invasion army —

EXCITING WWII PACIFIC COMBAT

voluptuous figure, she answered an ad in the local paper.

"Dancers wanted," the ad read. "No experience necessary. Earn while you learn a fabulous profession."

A couple of days after she dropped a note to the "theatrical agent" who had placed the ad—as hundreds of other girls answered it—Vera got a call from the agent's "associate" in a nearby city and was asked to come in for an interview. She was there the next day. The agent showed her his state license and a framed document which said he was a bona fide agent with a franchise from a nationwide entertainer's union, and Vera was hooked.

She promptly signed a one-year contract as a featured dancer in a Cicero club. The agent called it a club, anyway. And when Vera arrived, fresh from the sticks, she didn't recognize the place as one of the most notorious hoodlum-operated joints in the country.

It only took her a couple of days to realize she was trapped in a hell-hole. On the first night, as she was standing backstage in a skimpy costume she had bought in a local theatrical supply shop, the manager came by and told her to stop playing the girl scout and strip it off. Vera refused, arguing she was wearing as revealing a costume as

LONE YANK in RED CHINA'S BRAINWASH CITY

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"What I'm thinking," said Ruxton, "is that I come from the most advanced civilization on earth, and these poor ignorant people want me, a product of that great civilization, to start thinking in their simple fashion. I think it can never happen."

Mrs. Mai turned to Ruxton. "You have three months," she said earnestly, "to show your first evidence of intent. We must report then, have you, have you not, shown any willingness to change. Please do not put us in the position of having to report that you have not."

Ruxton said, startled, "I thought my death sentence was automatically suspended for two years to give me time to make the change."

She murmured hastily, "There's a review at three months, six months, one year, two years. It's awfully simple. You must show some sincere sign that—" She broke off. "But here—we are at the end of our journey."

Ruxton looked around with intense interest. There was a village outside of the prison with its high concrete wall. Mostly, the buildings were shacks, or small stores. But there was a long, low hut with many windows that looked like a soldiers' barracks. And a three-story wooden building that could have been a grimy unpainted skid row hotel in an American city. Several other larger buildings seemed to be for warehouse or storage purposes.

Soldiers were on guard everywhere.

The chauffeur evidently knew his duty, for he made a U-turn and came back so that Mai Lin Yin could step directly onto the wooden sidewalk in front of the hotel-like structure. He opened Mrs. Mai's door, and she got out. The driver began to climb out also.

It was the moment Ruxton had been waiting for. He parted his lips to speak. Before he could utter a word, Tosti said in English, "You be—" she touched her bosom—"lover me?"

Ruxton was so taken aback by her saying what he had intended to say that he sat momentarily speechless. Then he said hurriedly in Japanese, "I shall find a place where we can meet. Go now."

Her answer was in Japanese, breathless, "Such a situation as this—no time for feminine wiles. You are very attractive man. I shall love you with my whole heart."

As she got out onto the sidewalk, Ruxton opened the door on his side of the car, stepped down to the dirt road, and walked around the car.

ALL the tension seemed gone out of him. The threat of death was somehow far away. The feeling he had had about the impossibility of training himself to be a communist was temporarily unimportant.

Ruxton faced Mrs. Mai.

"Wouldn't you like to see your room?" she asked.

"Sooner or later, why not now?"

She led the way into the hotel, for that was exactly what it was. Entering the hotel, he noticed that several white men sat in wooden chairs near the windows to the left of the door. He saw that one was a Catholic priest, and one was an officer of the United States Air Force.

Ruxton stared at the officer in amazement and then, unmindful of Mrs. Mai, walked over to the man. "My God," he said, "what are you doing here?"

The intensity of his words was so great that the man evidently misunderstood.

"Do we know each other?" he asked.

"No. I meant—your uniform. U.S. Air Force."

"Oh!" the officer acknowledged. "I'll tell you later when there are none of these Chinese s.o.b.'s around."

Ruxton said, "My name is Seal Ruxton."

"Mine is Captain Edward Gregory."

Ruxton turned, and walked on to rejoin Mrs. Mai.

She turned back to Ruxton. "The soldier will take you to your room. When you get there, read these further instructions."

She handed him the slip of paper on which she had been writing, and walked past him out of the hotel.

Ruxton's room, on the 3rd floor, was not large, but it had a bed with an ancient wooden headboard in faded ivory. Ruxton sank down on the bed and unfolded the note Mrs. Mai had given him:

Success of Plan "Future Victory" is very important to my husband, and I feel sure that if he thinks you might not change, he will see to it that you suffer an

accident, and are replaced by someone in whose conversion he has more confidence. Since he already has one incorrigible American in the Air Force man, I feel he will scarcely desire to have another. So be on your guard, for he has tens of thousands of executions to his credit. Destroy this letter.

The note was signed "Phenix."

The fact it had been written suggested that Mrs. Mai was not the 100 percent communist that her verbal enthusiasms had implied, and also that it had been wise of him to speak to her as a woman...

HIS thought was interrupted. Footsteps sounded outside his door. The thin panel reverberated with a knock.

Ruxton became aware of Mrs. Mai's note clutched in his palm. Since he did not intend to destroy it, he hastily slipped it into his pocket, then opened the door.

Captain Gregory closed the door. It was he who spoke in a low, firm voice. "This is Father de Melanier," he introduced the priest. He explained, "The good father can just barely make himself understood in English, so he has brought along his compatriot, Jean Lemoine, who speaks a much more recognizable English."

"I speak better," said Lemoine. He added cheerfully, "We are all in the box, eh?"

Ruxton had decided to be sociable. "It's a trap all right," he said.

Father de Melanier said in French, "Ask him if he is going to become a communist."

He was an intellectual-looking man in his middle forties, soft of face, manner and voice. Ruxton answered him in French: "How does one become a communist?"

"You speak French?" The priest was delighted. "Then we can converse."

Ruxton had come suddenly to the decision to reveal that he understood the language. It was not a well-thought-out decision. But it seemed to him that concealing his knowledge of Japanese, Russian, and two Chinese languages would be difficult enough.

Father de Melanier said, "I have decided as a preliminary step to read their literature. I have advised Captain Gregory to do the same."

Ruxton said slowly, "Maybe reading the stuff will do for the first three months. But after that there is the next quarter. Can you make another, further compromise?"

Father de Melanier shook his head sadly. "As a missionary," he said, "I shall never abandon my faith, never miss a prayer, never lose a chance of winning another soul for Christ. I am prepared to live and let live under any government, provided I can continue the work of the church. If this is not sufficient, then the commandant will have to report that I am incorrigible."

"It won't work," Ruxton thought. He had as devious a mind as any Chinese, and he sensed that this experiment was different.

He looked directly at the officer. "You refuse?" he asked.

The other nodded. "After the Korean war, the President issued a directive on Communist indoctrination. I intend to carry that directive out to the letter."

"Does the American government know you are a prisoner?" Ruxton asked.

"No."

"How come?"

"My plane was forced down over the Pacific in a storm. We put our rafts out. I never saw my crew again, but I was rescued by a Red China fishing boat. I have since been told none of the other bodies was recovered, and that it is presumed we were all lost."

"I see." Ruxton nodded. It was a typical violation of international law by the Chinese Reds.

Captain Gregory interrupted his thought: "I expect you as an American to make the same stand that I'm making. Refuse even to read their literature!"

Ruxton laughed; he couldn't help himself. "Captain," he said when he recovered control, "remind me to consult you about all my other activities. I never was able to make up my mind about anything and it's good to know there's someone around who can make it up for me."

The Captain flushed. "I beg your pardon," he said. "But surely you see the value of a united front and of not giving in to these s.o.b.'s."

Ruxton remembered Mrs. Mai's grim reference in her

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note to Captain Gregory. He said roughly, "What I see is that you're going to get yourself shot in short order. Personally, I plan to read their junk."

Captain Gregory walked rigidly to the door. He opened it, and turned. "I'll thank you," he said coldly, "never to speak to me for any reason while we are together in this prison."

"Goodbye," said Ruxton impatiently.

The American officer went out, and closed the door.

The priest said to Lemoine, "We had better go."

Father de Melanier paused at the door, and said with a friendly smile, "I sense that you and Captain Gregory are closer together than he realizes."

Ruxton said quietly, "I differ, sir. Being in the military, he cannot really grasp that there is a civilian point of view. In essence all I said was that I'm finally going to find out what these Communists are up to."

"I feel that you will be friends," said the priest.

Ruxton was not prepared to argue the matter. He said, "You have my good wishes, Father. I have no idea whether or not I have a soul, but I give you permission to pray for it if it exists."

"I shall most certainly do so," said the priest. . .

LUNCH was cooked green vegetables, rice in abundance, pork and chicken in various forms, and hot tea.

Ruxton enjoyed every bite. Finally content, he thought: "Evidently they don't intend to starve us the first day."

From where he sat, he counted 22 whites (besides himself) and 15 Chinese, all men. Mai Lin Yin was not among them but, except for him and the women, the Chinese were those he had seen in the chauffeur-driven cars. The whites sat at the tables that extended down either side of the room, and the Chinese in a long row at the head table.

A plump Chinese officer stood up.

"Please remain at your seat," he said. "We wish to issue general instructions to newcomers."

There was a stir at the portieres. Mai Lin Yin entered the room. He paused and said, "Please turn your chairs, and face this way."

The command was repeated by his aides in various languages. There was a creaking and scraping, but soon silence. Mai Lin Yin glanced at his watch, and spoke again. "By July 12, 1957, midnight, by the power and authority vested in me by the Chinese Communist Party, I shall be in a position to inform all of those here present who have survived interrogations and intermediate trials by people's courts, whether or not they have successfully achieved the goals set. You will find an adequate library of Communist literature in all languages needed for this group in the front room of my home. Reading must be done in that room between ten in the morning and ten at night. It is forbidden to remove any books. Call on me or my staff for whatever assistance you may desire."

He turned abruptly and walked out of the room. . .

BREAKFAST was over. It was the second day, and Ruxton walked along the street toward the Mai residence. He saw that a guard stood outside the gate of the bamboo stockade, a small, sturdy Chinese with a huge shock of black hair.

He made no move as Ruxton opened the gate, stepped through, and closed it behind him. Inside, Ruxton found himself on a curving walk that led toward the house.

He came to a door, which had lettered on it the words "READING ROOM" in several languages. Ruxton entered the reading room, saw that another guard stood inside the entrance. The soldier glanced indifferently at him, then looked away.

Ruxton picked up a propaganda pamphlet in English, and found himself a chair.

The pamphlet was as foolish and deadly an item as he had ever seen—foolish in that it was aimed at simple minds, and deadly in that it combined anti-Americanism with a larger than life view of a communist, depicting him as a father figure—superior, commanding, privileged.

As he continued to glance through the pamphlet, Ruxton was remembering that he had last seen Major and Madame Mai sitting at separate desks on the second floor of the hotel, processing piles of documents. He must assume that they were still there.

He climbed to his feet, walked past a closed door which evidently connected with the rest of the house—locked, he

presumed, although that wasn't certain. He went outside and walked toward the rear of the house along a stone walk. He had a strong impulse to look back, to see if the guard on the wall was observing him. But he restrained himself. He breathed easier as he rounded a huge shrub and was no longer in view of either the wall or of the door from which he had emerged.

Still in a hurry, still conscious that he must risk whatever lay in store, he reached the rear of the house. He came to an entrance, a teakwood door. He opened it without a moment's hesitation and stepped inside. He found himself in a room with carved, coal-black furniture, paneled walls, and a deep-piled rug.

Several doors led from the room. He walked to one and glanced through it, and there was Tosti. He saw instantly that she was not as tall as Mrs. Mai by several inches, but there was a dainty beauty to her that had its own quality. She must have heard a sound, for she turned and looked straight at him.

Her brown eyes grew very wide as she recognized Ruxton. Then she put her hand over her mouth in a silencing gesture, and beckoned him to come with her. She took him back through the room with the black furniture, across the threshold of one of the other doors into a hallway, and so into a small bedroom at the far back of the house. Hastily, she lowered the bamboo strip curtains over the rice-paper window. She had a small, soft body that she offered him without a word being spoken.

Later, she said, in Japanese, "She is gone all morning, and besides she has never come to my room."

"How long have you been with her?" Ruxton asked.

"Ever since I came out of prison—long time now."

"You were in prison?"

"Three years—until I became a communist. No other way out. So I became one." Her delicate, oval face was very earnest.

"What about you and me?"

"That's different. We only make love."

She said now, "I have a private entrance." She led the way for him from her room and along the hallway to a door, which she opened. She pointed to the left. "Tomorrow again, maybe?" she asked.

"Yes," said Ruxton.

HE strode toward the hotel with a lighthearted feeling.

It was the feeling of victory. Incredibly, here in the heart of a Chinese prison system, with sentinels pacing the streets, or posted a few yards from his rendezvous, he had found himself an eager young mistress.

After lunch, on impulse, he returned to the hotel, found Mai at his desk on the second floor, and asked him, "Would you have any objection if I followed the prison wall to the village on the far side?"

Mai looked up momentarily from his desk work and said, "Not at all, Mr. Ruxton. But be back before bed-time," he laughed.

He walked across this tiny portion of the vast land of China, following the north wall where there was shade.

He walked on into the village along a typical narrow street, noticing the fields beyond and certain large buildings. From his recent travelling in China, he recognized them for what they were. This was a collective farm, Chinese style. Probably a feeding farm for the prison. Somewhere in the near distance, behind some brush, he heard the grunting of pigs.

When he came to the end of the village, he walked over to a small rise to the right of the road. Where the farm ended was brush and open land and then a developing sparseness. Far downstream, almost lost in the distance, were the rooftops of another village.

Ruxton wasn't sure what he had expected. But he was disappointed. "Did I hope to find a way of escape?" he asked himself gloomily. If so, this was not it. . .

TWO months and 25 days went by.

Winter came to north-west China, and that was a phenomenon in itself. There was neither snow nor rain, but the icy winds brought great clouds of dust from the desert. The dust settled like a pall over man and his works. Each day, groups of prisoners were brought out of the big prison to sweep off the street.

Ruxton read 111 of the peculiar cartoon books that were among the principal mass propaganda weapons of the Reds. Each had its own anti-American bias and its pro-Communist moral.

The 90th day of his imprisonment was clear and bright and cold. Ruxton emerged from the hotel, and shuddered as the chill hit him. He wore the padded cotton clothes which were virtually the national Chinese dress in winter time, and which all the prisoners had been issued early in

the autumn. The padding did provide a little warmth.

As he started off along the street, he saw that Madame Mai was just emerging from the gate of the Mai residence.

He couldn't help but notice as they approached each other, and not for the first time, that even in her padded cotton winter clothing, she looked neat and attractive. Abruptly, she paused, and said, "Mr. Ruxton, wait!"

Ruxton stopped, and turned.

The woman went on in a distressed tone, "I feel I should tell you. We have been going over the files of all the prisoners, and only your fellow American is being reported as recalcitrant."

He said, "In that note which you wrote me, and which I have not yet destroyed, in case you may wonder—" He paused, and looked at her questioningly.

"I wondered," she said, and her voice was little more than a whisper.

Ruxton continued, "In that note you said that the American officer had been forced on your husband. Does that mean he will receive special consideration?"

She shook her head fiercely. "My husband has complete autonomy. His plan includes the possibility of execution under all circumstances. I'm sorry, I'm not at liberty to tell you his plan. She broke off. "Please, Mr. Ruxton, destroy the note I gave you. Surely you would rather have me as your friend than as your enemy."

He knelt on the hard road, rolled up his trouser leg, ripped open a carefully sewn pocket, took out her note, stood up, and handed it to her. "Are we even?" he asked.

"A woman and a man are never even," she said. She laughed lightheartedly, and flushed as she brushed past him. Ruxton whirled after her. She heard his footsteps, and turned. She was still breathless. Gazing into her face, Ruxton knew that it was time for him to make a stronger play for this woman. He said in a low voice, "Are you going to let me go on much longer without the companionship of a woman?"

Some of the color drained from her face. She said uneasily, "Mr. Ruxton, I am a married woman. You shouldn't expect this of me."

"How long have you been married to him?"

Mrs. Mai said without hesitation, "The party married me to him when I was 19."

"The Party—married—you—to—him?" echoed Ruxton.

"I was attending Peking University," she said, and sighed. "I was unhappy over my country, and full of ideals. So at the end of my senior year, I made my way to the North, and crossed the lines into Communist territory. There was a perennial shortage of lovers—they called all married women 'lovers'—and so I was told that one of my duties would be to marry a long-time communist. After crying about it for two weeks, I agreed. And really I was very lucky, for they produced Mai Lin Yin. Most of the girls in the same position as I—and there were many of us—were married to vulgar old peasants. My husband isn't young, but he at least has good manners and good breeding."

"No children?" asked Ruxton.

She shrugged. "I have managed to avoid it."

Ruxton looked at her with a steady gaze. He was being given a very candid account—the kind of statement a woman might give to her lover, but surely to no one else. She stood for a long moment, then she asked simply, "Do you love me?"

The question clearly came so directly from her heart that Ruxton felt sorry for her. "Not yet. But from the first moment that we met I had a feeling for you."

She nodded, half to herself. She said, "Give me . . . two days."

She turned and walked on again toward the hotel. Ruxton moved slowly toward the reading room. Dutifully, he wiped his feet on the mat inside the door, and silently procured for himself the latest of the military books he was studying.

Presently, he was able to settle down to reading. . .

THE next morning he let himself into the hall near Tosti's room. She came hurrying, and slipped quickly into his arms. She was more relaxed in their relationship, even though he was late. In many ways she showed that she felt secure. And the fact was, except for her increasing tendency to chatter—and that exercised his Japanese—he had no reason to find fault with her. She was wonderfully available to him.

Tosti had told him many things about herself in the course of their three months' intimacy. Caught in the maelstrom of the war's end, she had witnessed scenes of revenge against Japanese nationals in the Chinese city where she had been stationed as a clerk in a government storehouse. Her memories of the experience were on the

horrifying side. She seemed almost wholly unaware that the Japanese had been vicious almost beyond belief in their role of occupying power.

As usual, it took him a little longer to dress than it did her. When he was ready, she opened the door, started out into the hallway—and stopped.

From beyond her, and out of Ruxton's line of vision, came the voice of Madame Mai, speaking in Chinese: "I was coming to get you—"

What happened then could not be avoided. Even as she was speaking, she came into view. As she saw Ruxton, she stopped. She glanced quickly from Tosti to Ruxton again, and there was instant total understanding in her face.

Before he could say anything, Madame Mai said, "What was it you said earlier, Mr. Ruxton, about having been denied the companionship of a woman?"

It was a moment for reaction, not thought. And his reaction was strictly rage. "Don't be so damned quick to jump to conclusions," he said roughly.

"Then what are you doing in the girl's room?" Her voice was high-pitched, unnatural.

"None of your damned business!" Ruxton snapped. "If you want to have me killed, you can tell your husband I was here. Otherwise, I'll explain it to you some time. Goodbye."

What he implied was all lies. But it was the best he could do. As he passed Tosti at the door, he whispered, in Japanese, "Deny everything." And then he was outside, leaving the two women to confront each other.

He ate lunch, a black scowl twisting his face. He thought, "If she turns against me, I'll pay her back if it's the last thing I ever do."

As lunch ended, he walked over to the Turk named Janoz. A University professor, Janoz had come to China to do research in his specialty of Oriental history. He had at one point during the truck ride to the camp tried to become friendly with Ruxton and the American, in a black mood of rage and hopelessness, had ignored him. When the Turk persisted, Ruxton had actually thrown him off the back of the truck. Other prisoners had the driver stop and pick up Janoz. The incident seemingly had been forgotten, but Janoz and Ruxton had not spoken to each other since.

Now Ruxton held out his hand and said: "It is time we became friends."

The Turk looked surprised. Ruxton grabbed his hand and pumped away. He heard himself say cheerfully, "We have a problem confronting all of us, and I have finally come to believe it will be solved only by a joint effort and not by each person by himself."

He believed nothing of the kind, yet it was as if his tongue was seized by an inner compulsion.

Janoz said: "We have a problem for sure. What do we do with Captain Gregory?"

Gregory still refused to read the literature.

Ruxton said, "Introduce me to some of these people."

Through various members of the group, who together spoke German, French, Italian and Spanish, Ruxton met some of his fellow prisoners.

All of them, like Ruxton, had been arrested on one pretext or another, specifically, it seemed, to serve as "guinea pigs" in this experiment.

There were two Germans, Spie and Holsenamer. Spie, a former Major in the Wehrmacht, had journeyed to China

"HURRY," the Commissar's wife said. "In China, even love must be done efficiently"



BRAINWASH CITY

to use his military experience in the Communist cause and Holsenamer had come as a businessman. Two Italians, Titoni and Pescara, a Swede named Sigurd Lund, a Dane, Niels Madsen, a Greek, Dmitri Mapoulis. Somewhere in there he began to feel like a person at a party who is introduced to too many people. The faces here were familiar, but the information about each person was too much to digest. He excused himself and went up to his room.

He walked to the window, and looked out over the cold, snow-less plain. Sight of it brought him back to Gregory's dilemma.

He thought somberly, "It's too late for him to escape, and it's six months to warm weather."

For the Captain, any solution he achieved tonight or tomorrow must also include a solution for three months hence, since winter would not release its frigid grip on this remote land till April or May. It seemed impossible that anything could be done for Gregory, with little more than 24 hours left to do it in.

He was still feeling baffled when the time came to go down for the evening meal.

As they finished eating, Mai Lin Yin entered the room. There was something about the way he walked that alerted Ruxton instantly. Suddenly, he realized that this was the hour of judgment. Not tomorrow night, but right now.

Ruxton leaned back in his chair as Mai walked over to him.

"Mr. Ruxton," he said, "I have happy news for you. You are being recommended for continued training during the next three months. Congratulations."

Mai turned, walked a few steps to one side, and pulled out a sheet of paper. He said, "The following persons are also recommended." He thereupon read aloud from the paper every name except that of Captain Gregory, explaining when he had done so: "The persons I have named have complied with the minimum requirements for the first three month period of Project 'Future Victory'."

Involuntarily, Ruxton glanced at Gregory. The officer was sitting, staring straight ahead. His jaws were clamped, his face white, his eyes narrowed.

"As for Captain Gregory, who is not recommended," Mai Lin Yin continued, "I expect to receive instructions about him tomorrow from Peking."

Gregory stirred himself, and laughed shortly. He said, "They're even bigger bastards than you. So we won't have to guess what those gangsters will do."

Mai walked over to Gregory. Without warning, he slapped him across the face. "Respect for Chairman Mao, please!" he said harshly.

And then he grunted, as Gregory came up from his chair, and like a football player drove forward head first into Mai's belly. Mai was swept half across the room by that charge. There he managed to sidle to the left and get his hand into his pocket. When it came out, it held a gun. He struck a single, slashing blow at Gregory's head.

The American officer fell, twitched, and lay still.

Mai yelled in high falsetto to the prisoners, "Carry this imperialist dog to his room."

Lemoine, Jarnoz, the Swede and the two Germans came forward, gingerly lifted Gregory and silently bore him through the portieres and out of sight.

Instantly calm again, Mai faced about. "The rest of you are excused. . . ."

RUXTON was slipping off to sleep near midnight when the door behind him opened . . . And shut. He knew with an awful thrill that someone had come into the room. He flung off the thin blanket, and rolled to his feet on the far side of the bed. Twisting, he grabbed the bed and propelled it at the door.

He was not surprised when he felt it strike an object, and a man grunted. Whoever it was, gripped the bed and pushed back. Between the two of them shoving in opposition, it was held rigid. Suddenly, there was a grim laugh from the darkness and the voice of Captain Edward Gregory said, "All right, Ruxton, let's call a truce."

Nursing the fury that had leaped so instantly through his body, he said, "What do you want?"

"I'd like to have your guts but, failing that, an understanding. Somebody has got to stay alive, and eventually escape from this prison, to tell the world what's going on here. We owe it to our country."

"He's done it," Ruxton thought. "He's tied in national allegiance with staying alive." The pressure had reached

exactly the right potency. And loyalty to the United States equalled temporary collaboration with the Communists. And yet, what Gregory said was true. Someone should bide his time, and await an opportunity to escape.

"Captain," said Ruxton, "I'm happy you've made up your mind to live. But I can't trust you in this room at night. So let's talk about this after you've made your peace with Major Mai."

Gregory said stubbornly, "Ruxton, we've got to have a purpose. There's no use trying to escape in the winter time. We've got to decide now that we're only going to appear to yield to the mental skulduggery of these monkeys. Ruxton, the United States Armed Forces made a complete study of Chinese Red methods—"

"Damn you," said Ruxton, "I don't want to hear your story." He had always had an instinct for danger, and that feeling was on him now. In a tone of voice that brooked no opposition, he said, "Captain, get out of this room!" He broke off. "Listen, I'm going to pull the bed back, away from you. When I do, you open the door, and leave. Do you agree?"

There was a long pause. Finally, with obvious reluctance, Gregory said, "I agree."

It was Ruxton's turn to hesitate. Was there something in this situation that he was missing? He released the bed, and started to retreat.

As he did so, Gregory said, in Russian, "Kill!" What saved Ruxton then was not his understanding of Russian, but his silent and swift withdrawal all the way to the wall.

Someone leaped across the bed, and landed on the floor about where Ruxton had been a moment earlier.

Judging entirely by memory, he reached for, and successfully grabbed up, the rickety ivory chair, stepped forward, and swung hard. There was a crash, and a splintering of wood. A man—not Gregory—cried out in pain. In the darkness, something fell to the floor with a metallic sound. Ruxton dived for it, fumbled frantically—and came up triumphantly clutching the fallen knife. Ruxton yelled, "Gregory, you puling hypocrite! I'm coming after you with the knife your pal tried to use on me."

"Ruxton, wait! Promise to escape with us when the time comes, and we'll leave. Otherwise, we'll stay here, and fight it out in the dark."

Even in his fury, Ruxton knew that was the wiser course.

He said, "All right, I will."

He broke off, savagely, "And now, if you two aren't out of here in 12 seconds—" He started to count. When he reached eight, the door was opened a crack. Momentarily, a man was outlined against it. Gregory stepped between the silhouetted figure and Ruxton. With a quick movement, he shoved the other man through, followed him, and closed the door behind him. It was fast thinking on Gregory's part. In leaving, he had successfully concealed the identity of his companion.

"Except that he speaks Russian," thought Ruxton. It was his one clue.

WHEN breakfast was over, no one stood up, Ruxton glanced surreptitiously around the room. There was a visible expectancy on the faces of the prisoners. He thought, "The word has been passed. They're waiting for Gregory to act."

Ruxton swung his gaze to Gregory. He seemed thinner, as if somehow his whole body had contracted.

Gregory raised his head, and his gaze met Ruxton's. His eyes swerved away quickly, but not before they had flashed an unintended message that this man was sick to the bottom of his being with what he was about to do.

Ruxton was alarmed. He jumped up and walked hurriedly over to the Captain. "I want to talk to you," he said. "Outside."

An expression of relief passed across that strained face. It was as if he had needed some life energy other than his own to move him out of his state of shock. He walked with Ruxton to the portieres, and across the lobby, and outside. The cold impact of the air seemed to brace Gregory. "I'm all right now," he said.

He started to walk along the road, bending a little into the wind. As he did so, Mrs. Mai emerged from the gate of the Mai residence, and stopped as she saw who was coming toward her. Gregory looked straight ahead, as if he did not see her, and walked through the gate and out of Ruxton's line of vision. The woman continued to stand, obviously watching to see where Gregory went.

Finally, she allowed the gate to close, and came along to where Ruxton was standing. Ruxton said, "Did he go into the book room?"

She had paused, before he spoke. Now she stood look-

ing at him thoughtfully. "What did you do?" she asked. It was not a direct answer to his question, but it said the same thing. "I guess I must have persuaded him that he was not truly a prisoner of war—the position he was trying to maintain."

She nodded, and said, "I'll tell my husband."

She hesitated. Suddenly she looked straight into his eyes. "That matter we discussed yesterday," she said, "It's all right."

The excitement that swept Ruxton made it difficult for him to say anything. But he managed a husky, "Thank you."

"By the way," she added casually, "my housekeeper may be getting married. I was talking about it to her yesterday."

He saw that she was watching him closely. But Ruxton was an old hand at showing false emotion. He said now, with a casualness that matched her own, "A woman should be married. It gives her a sense of security." He paused, then in a puzzled tone, asked, "Who will she marry?"

"One of my husband's aides is very attracted to her, so I think that my husband and I will be matchmakers for her." She gave him a long, thoughtful look, and said finally, "You're a very clever man, Mr. Ruxton. But don't, please, think for one moment that you are going to be having two women while you are here"...

THE next day Ho Sin Go, the Chinese-English interpreter, came up to Ruxton and said, "I wonder if I might invite you to my wedding, Mr. Ruxton. It is to take place this afternoon. Madame Mai suggested that I ask some of the white prisoners to be present, and named you among them."

That was all Ruxton needed. *Madame Mai suggested...* This was Tosti's marriage.

The marriage ceremony itself was simple. A book was brought out by Main Lin Yin. He explained that it was the official record book for all persons at the prison, both prisoners and staff.

Tosti was dressed in a long silk gown, and she looked as beautiful as a picture postcard. The orchestra began to play, and a group of dancers both men and women whirled into the initial steps of a country dance associated with weddings. Mrs. Mai came over beside him.

"Now, listen carefully. I do not plan to attend the theater tonight, but my husband will be there. We can meet in the basement of the house—at seven."

"I'll be there," he said.

He glanced at Tosti where she stood beside her husband. The gloomy expression faded from her face. She gave him a look that said, "Come over!" As Ruxton came near her, one of the women dancers grabbed the sad-faced Ho Sin Go, and whirled off with him.

For a minute, they were alone. "That woman really hounded me," she said. "I finally gave in, because it was the wiser thing to do, all things considered. I have told this husband of mine," she said, "that there will be no sex relationship. So you come to see me as soon as it seems safe, will you?"

He recovered from his surprise, and said quickly, "All right."

She inclined her head. "I've missed you," she said in a low voice...

He felt himself to be in grave danger. Tonight, Phenix. Tomorrow, Tosti. Could he keep them both? He would handle the difficulties when he came to them...

PHENIX said, "I don't know why you excite me. But you do, tremendously. I suspected that such feelings were possible, because I tried to have them several times for my husband. But I simply couldn't sustain the feeling."

They were lying in the darkness on a blanket that she had thrown over a pile of mattresses in the cellar of her house. The woman whispered, "I'm sure it must be love. I feel so different."

Ruxton answered that with a tender remark. She snuggled up to him, and said, "Do you think you could learn to love me?"

Ruxton told her what she wanted to hear...

The next morning at half past ten he sauntered outside. He paused briefly on the edge of the garden, as if admiring the clear, bright day. He proceeded to the side entrance, entered and, standing in the hallway, closed the door behind him with a loud click.

A pause. Quick footsteps. Then Tosti hurried in from the room beyond.

She seemed changed, more distraught. She drew him into her room, closed the door, and began to talk. She said something about the outrage of having to spend a night in

the same room with her husband. As a Japanese woman of good family—

The flow of words suspended during the physical act of sex, and then began again, and accompanied him to the door. As she let him out, she stopped, made a staunch effort, wiped a tear from her cheek, and said unhappily, "I talk too much. But I don't see him again for a week. So don't worry. I shall remain firm. You are my lover."

Ruxton squeezed her arm, and went out, touched.

It was only when he was lying in bed that night that the significance of what Tosti had said came through to him. She had repeatedly called herself a woman of good family—which didn't fit with what she had told him previously.

Slowly, he lay back, and considered. Tosti was not who she had said. Not a poor little warehouse clerk caught in the defeat of the Japanese armies.

And that line of thought led him directly to the only possible explanation for such a deception. Either Tosti was a former warehouse clerk, or she wasn't. And if she wasn't, she was a spy.

He saw Tosti again the next morning. She was silent during the lovemaking, and for the first time in their relationship he had the feeling that she was merely a recipient of his passion. When it was done with, she said unhappily, "I wish I hadn't talked so much yesterday. I disgraced myself. I was so full of personal emotion."

Ruxton pulled away and saw that she was on the verge of tears. That decided him. He bent to her ear and whispered, "Do you think this room is wired?"

Her brown eyes widened. Finally: "I have checked everything every day. There's nothing."

Ruxton accepted that, and took the big step. "You did talk too much yesterday. Afterwards it struck me that you are not what you seem."

She shrank away from him. "And if I am not who I seem, who am I?"

"It could mean only one thing. Do you have any direct contact with your people?"

"Yes," she said. "In Wanchan—30 miles from here."

Having spoken, she opened her eyes, and looked at him. She said quietly, "That's what you wanted to know, isn't it?"

It was a direct admission. He whispered quickly, "There's nothing I want to know. Except I want you to know that it's all right. I'm on your side."

Ruxton kissed her lightly, and they separated. He returned to the book room, relieved that the truth was out in the open. Whatever happened could now be dealt with on a basis of full communication. He found himself wondering what the Japanese expected to learn, and suddenly it seemed to him that what she was doing must be a relatively minor detail of a larger espionage system. They probably had agents in the great prison itself. He felt even more relieved.

IT was half an hour later.

The day had been particularly dusty, and Ruxton headed for the washroom in the hotel, and gave himself a refreshing rinse. On the way downstairs, as he approached the second floor, he heard a woman—not Phenix—speaking in Chinese.

She said, "How long will you be alone?"

"Two hours." The answer came from Mai Lin Yin, but he spoke in such a low tone that Ruxton stopped short on the second step from the bottom, just out of sight.

"Then we have time?" It was the woman, and her voice also sounded conspiratorial.

"Yes."

"Then please come to me at once. I long for your arms around me."

"And I yours," almost whispered Mai Lin Yin.

Ruxton hesitated no longer, but came down the remaining steps, and so into Mai's range of vision. The commandant was standing, watching the thin, plain wife of Fa'tze, one of the staff members, walk off along the hall.

He gave Ruxton a startled look, then an expression of relief flitted across his face. He acknowledged Ruxton's greeting with a curt nod.

Ruxton made his way to the lobby, bemused. He wondered if Phenix knew.

Ruxton decided, after a moment's consideration, that she did. That was why she was sleeping with a white man, the one forbidden sex behavior in Red China.

How he might make use of what he had seen and heard, Ruxton had no idea.

Arrived in the hotel lobby, Ruxton was about to sit down when he saw that the soldier at the desk was motioning to him. The man pointed at the dining room, and gestured imperatively. He saw that a meeting was in progress.

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It was, Ruxton discovered, a meeting against stock exchanges and grain exchanges and in fact against any kind of price setting on the open market.

Shortly after midnight, Mai came in and listened to the halting arguments with a scowl. After a while he went up to the front and took over the meeting with a curt "I'll handle this" to the interpreter Fa 'tze.

From Ruxton's left, Lemoine said in an irritated tone, "I don't see the value of this. I have a better subject for discussion."

Ruxton glanced at the young Frenchman, and noticed that he was very pale. He watched with interest as Lemoine continued, "I have been a Communist three times of my own free will. I thought I would have no trouble at all becoming one for a fourth time. I sit here night after night in these groups, becoming more and more tired each evening, but no closer to being a Communist. Where are these brainwashing methods that we have heard about? I need them used on me."

Mai studied him with narrowed eyes, then said in a voice thick with rage, "Just one minute, Mr. Lemoine, while I get the equipment, and we'll do a little old style brainwashing. Just one minute."

WITH that, his face dark as thunder, he strode out from behind the table, across the room and through the portieres.

Mai came back into the room, an automatic revolver in his hand. As soon as he was back at the table, he said, "Mr. Lemoine, stand up."

Lemoine, a startled expression on his face, climbed to his feet.

Mai raised the automatic. "See this?" he asked. "It contains eight shells. Seven are blank, one is loaded. Come up here!"

Lemoine, gray and visibly shaken, walked to the table. Mai held the gun out to him. "Take it!"

Lemoine slowly reached out with trembling hand and took the weapon.

"Raise it!" commanded Mai, "Place the muzzle against your head."

Like an automaton, Lemoine brought up the gun.

"Pull the trigger!" Mai snapped.

Lemoine lowered the gun. He stared for a moment at Mai, and he was breathing hard. "Are you crazy?" he gasped. "Why, the first bullet may be the one that's loaded."

Mai smiled a tight smile. "Yes, Mr. Lemoine. You asked for old-style brainwashing." He held out his hand. "Give me the pistol."

Lemoine reached across the table and placed the weapon in his hand. Mai removed his attention from Lemoine, and his eyes took in the other prisoners. He said in a ringing voice, "Gentlemen, we're going to have a demonstration whereby someone this evening will lose his life. Since you have Mr. Lemoine to thank for this, you may by a two-thirds majority vote, select him as the victim."

The vote was 20-0 against execution.

Mai said harshly, "By your unfortunate 20 to 0 choice, you have voted yourselves into the game. Accordingly, we shall now draw lots, that most democratic of all methods of selection." He turned to the interpreters, "A sheet of paper and a box, please." When these articles were brought, Mai sat down and wrote on the sheet of paper, tore it into pieces and dropped the pieces into the box. "Shuffle those," he said to Fa 'tze.

When this was done, Mai reached in without looking down, picked a slip of paper, and then read the name on it: the Dane, Niels Madsen. The second name was Gregory; the third, Jarnoz; the fourth, the Portuguese, Diogo; the fifth was Ruxton; the sixth, Kuznetoff, the seventh Tittoni. At that point, Mai said, "I arbitrarily name the eighth and last person to be Lemoine."

He waved an arm excitedly, and pointed at the right wall. "Those persons named will please line up over there."

At that point, there was a sound from beyond the portieres. They parted, and half a dozen soldiers with fixed bayonets came running into the room, and took position facing the prisoners.

Pistol in hand, Mai now walked over to the Portuguese, who stood first to his left. The commandant was at ease, smiling. He said in a genial tone, "How do you feel, Mr. Diogo, with an 8 to 1 chance that the first bullet is not blank?"

"I feel extremely angry," was the reply, "but I have nothing to say."

Without another word, Mai raised the automatic, paused momentarily while he aimed directly between the eyes—and pulled the trigger.

There was an empty click.

Ruxton, who had flinched and closed his eyes, opened them and realized that he was in a state of incredulity.

Mai stepped over to Gregory. "Well, Captain," he said, "yours is the seven to one risk. Do you have any comment?"

The American officer turned to him. "You want a comment?"

"Yes."

"Very well. I don't believe that was a fair drawing. When I look at the men whose names came up, they appear to me, with one possible exception—that Dane—" he nodded at Madsen—"to be individuals whom you want to beat down. Show me the slips in that box. Either you just wrote nonsense on those papers, or else we're the only ones who are named on them."

A look of extreme irritation erased Mai's smile. He said sharply, "You are certainly a man who can arouse me to annoyance," said Mai, and raised the gun.

The sensitive mouth of the officer compressed. The lean face grew taut. He looked straight ahead, as the automatic pointed at his temple.

There was a hollow click.

Ruxton, who had kept his eyes open, saw that little beads of sweat stood out on Gregory's forehead. The officer slowly unclenched his fists, and without waiting for permission from Mai, walked over to a chair and sat down.

Mai confronted Lemoine at number four position.

"Well, my friend," he said accusingly, "what do you think of the effect you created?"

Lemoine stared at him dully. "All these meetings," he mumbled. "I am going crazy."

Mai nodded. "You undoubtedly have strong feelings over having created such a deadly threat to your fellow prisoners. Accordingly, I offer you a second opportunity at this stage to end this situation. Take this pistol, select one person from among this group, and fire it at him. I want you to select the person who, in your opinion, is the least likely to be useful to the world Communist movement."

Lemoine said almost blankly, "You mean I—shoot one of these people?"

Watching Mai, Ruxton suddenly realized the truth. All this was for Lemoine. Mai had spotted the young Frenchman's mental disturbance, and was trying to push him over the brink.

Since it was a trick designed to break a man's mind, obviously the next bullet was not the one.

He said aloud, in French, in a tense voice, "Lemoine—choose me! Take the chance. Otherwise, we all have to go through it, anyway."

Mai gave him an astonished look, then turned to the French interpreter. "What did he say?"

The translator told him.

Mai stepped close to Ruxton. He said, "At this point, my friend, I should be inclined to end this game—except for one thing. Your urgent request that Lemoine fire at you still fills me with great eagerness to pull the trigger once more. And since you asked for it, I believe that you should be the victim of this shot."

RUXTON looked down into that stubborn, angry face, and felt the color drain from his cheeks. Now he was not so sure the next pull of the trigger would be a safe one.

As the first intense fear began to fade out of him, Ruxton made a kind of truce with imminent death. He was able to say earnestly, "Major, I see this little game of Russian roulette as suitably deadly, but I also see that the purpose of it is to get one of this group to turn against the others. You want to break through a kind of basic unity that we have. In Korea, you broke up the most personal friendships. Have you now decided to do the same here?"

The eyes of the Chinese commandant continued to stare at him for some moments. Finally, he said a bleak voice, "Mr. Ruxton, brainwashing does not work. Not as it has been practiced up to now. That is why you and I and the others are here. Among us all, we will find the answer."

"Of the 3000 prisoners in Korea," Mai continued, "only a score—as you may recall—actually stayed behind. Old-style brainwashing techniques, which merely frightened, are of no value. The man must give himself to us all the way, and only methods that will get him to do this are of interest. If the brainwashing of 3000 American prisoners in Korea had been successful, they would have cut their tails of loyalty and remained in China."

Ruxton said, "If what you say is true, if such tactics as this—" he indicated the gun—"do not work, what can you or I or anyone gain by a continuation of this game?"

Mai stared at him in stony silence. Finally, he put the

gun into his pocket and said, "You're a clever man, Mr. Ruxton. You led me such a devious verbal route that—like an unskilful chess player—I was unwary and now find myself checkmated."

With that, Mai started for the door.

Beside Ruxton, Lemoine said in a low voice, "It is over?"

Ruxton shook his head. He did not look at Lemoine, as he said in French, softly, "No—that man is charged up to commit murder, and he hasn't murdered anyone yet."

Fascinated, he watched the retreating figure of the commandant.

Halfway to the door, Mai stopped. Turning, he strode over to Pescara, an Italian sailor, whose "crime" was seduction of a Chinese teenager. Out came the pistol from Mai's pocket. Before the startled seaman could more than stiffen, the barrel was pointing at his head, only inches away.

The explosion shattered the silence of the room. The blood came rushing, pouring down over his face. Pescara pitched forward to the floor.

Mai screeched at the soldiers, "Carry out the body of this foreign dog, and bury it!"

With that he walked quickly from the room. . .

RUXTON went to bed and must have fallen asleep instantly.

He dreamed that he was dying, and awoke struggling with someone who was in the bed with him. Appalled, desperate, Ruxton fought in the dark with his unknown adversary.

Exactly how he had gotten on top of the man, he could not be sure. But he could feel the other's throat between his hands, and he squeezed with the strength of fury. Beneath him, the man twisted weakly. His fingers clawed at Ruxton's wrists. He let go of the man's neck then, and thought, "My God, I'm not in my own room!" Following hard on that was an even stronger realization: "He's not trying to kill me. I'm trying to kill him!"

With a single movement, Ruxton was off the bed. A crack of light at floor level located the door. He ran to it, fumbled for the knob, and then hesitated. Whom had he tried to kill? His confusion was too great. He turned the knob, jerked the door open, and hurried along the bright hallway.

He entered his room, pushed the bed against the door—just in case his victim counterattacked—and then flopped down. What had happened was disturbingly clear.

For the first time in over seven years, he had again attempted a sub-consciously motivated murder.

He decided that the murder was merely one factor in a complex of extreme exhaustion and tension. It was this entire complex that had stirred the old psychosis. . .

As he ate breakfast, the shock of the night before lifted from his body. Presently, he was able to look at the other prisoners. He wondered again: "Whom did I try to kill?" His seeking gaze moved over the room, met Gregory's narrowed eyes; paused momentarily to receive a hard, answering look from Diogo, the Portuguese; moved on. . . He came to the Russian, Kuznetoff. Ruxton glanced away before the man could catch his eye. Because, who else? It was Kuznetoff who had come that night with Gregory, to murder him. Logical, that in the cunning depths of his brain, where rage monitored thought and action, Kuznetoff would be the man marked for death.

"All right, so maybe I know who I nearly choked to death. Now what?" Ruxton pictured himself telling that hate-filled man exactly what had happened. Simply to confront that thought made it obvious that he could never admit the truth.

But he felt uneasy, since he could assume that Kuznetoff would be trying to determine who had attacked him. That was something he'd have to watch out for. . . Keep the bed against the door at night, be alert whenever the man was near. . . simple precautions.

THE next morning, Mai left on a 10-day trip to Peking. Ruxton's affair with Phenix continued its course. That night she was dangerously possessive. And she kept him until 7:30. It occurred to Ruxton after he had left that he actually felt more threatened now when Mai was away than when that grim, suspicious man was at home.

Another night.

Phenix was tremendously emotional, so much so that it affected Ruxton, and he found himself involved in a fierce whispered discussion about the good-heartedness of the Chinese and the evil intentions of the whites.

Phenix argued so long and so late that he barely got to the gate before ten P.M.

The following night, he was more than 20 minutes late for the group discussion.

On the eighth night, Phenix over-shot the mark finally

and irrevocably. As she hurriedly pushed him to the door, she whispered, "Oh, I'm so sorry. The guard will be coming to look for you. It's 20 after 10."

"Go on upstairs," he whispered. "They may knock on your door."

"You'll be all right?"

"I'll do what's necessary," he said.

He heard her pad across the floor, and the faint, faint sound of her soft steps on the stairs. A door opened and shut. Silence.

Ruxton slitted open the door that led outside. He slipped through it, and closed it carefully behind him. He took three swift steps and then lowered himself partly behind and under a bushy evergreen. He waited, expecting reaction.

The stillness of the night was broken. A door opened. Tosti's voice came. A man spoke in Chinese, asking for Madame Mai.

He had been tugging with stiff fingers at his shoe laces. Now they came loose and he pulled off his shoes. A moment later he was on his feet, and padding softly over the hard ground. He came to where he could see the gate. As he had feared, the Book Room guard stood in front of it.

Ruxton waited in the shadows, watching the second guard, estimating his chances. They seemed small.

Madame Mai and the first guard came suddenly into his line of vision near the gate. She had led the man around the far side of the house.

She spoke to the two soldiers. "Go to your quarters. If this prisoner is missing, he will be found. But I'll take charge now, and see if he has returned to the hotel."

One of the guards said, "We searched the yard, but there was no sign of him. Perhaps we should look again."

"Do as I say!" she commanded sharply.

They walked off, one grumbling that it would be her own fault if anything went wrong.

Phenix was looking around anxiously. He shrugged, and emerged from hiding.

The woman came over and said in a low voice. "We have been very foolish. The gate guard says that you have been leaving at 10 o'clock, and the book room guard says no, you leave shortly after seven." She broke off, urgently, "You'd better go back to the hotel. We'll decide in the morning what to do."

Ruxton returned to his room, went unhappily to bed and to a restless sleep.

The next morning, she told him: "I have acted. I sent them away in the middle of the night. They understand punishment, and have been told that they were let off lightly. Also, I sent them to their home units, and had their immediate superior tell them that the disciplinary action is not shown on their records. So they won't talk about it."

Ruxton nodded his grudging admiration of the solution. By getting the men away before dawn, she had minimized the possibility of the story spreading.

"Do I see you tonight?" he asked.

"Of course." Her tone was sharp. She seemed to realize it, for she softened, and said, "Tonight, but not tomorrow night. My husband returns tomorrow evening."

That day passed. That night for the first time Phenix let him go at ten to seven. "We should have been more careful in the past," she said with a sigh, as they separated.

Ruxton was summoned by Mai two days later. There was a warning in the way Phenix sat. She was hunched

"I'LL TAKE the girl," the pilot said, "but there's no room for you"



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up, her legs drawn under her, as if her body had contracted, as if she had tightened all her muscles and become smaller.

He accepted the possibility that their liaison was discovered. And so he gazed at Mai with an outward calm and, more important—an inward willingness to be immensely flexible in his reaction.

Mai said harshly, "Mr. Ruxton, my wife has confessed that for many months she has been your mistress. What have you to say for yourself?"

"Major Mai," Ruxton said, "I cannot pretend to know what has transpired between you and your charming wife that would lead you to accuse her. As for me, what you say is fantastic. This is a military prison. Everywhere you look there is a soldier on duty—"

"Except in my wife's bedroom!" Mai snapped.

So he didn't know about the basement. He was convinced now that Phenix had confessed nothing. Therefore he had nothing to fear except the madness of a man who correctly divined a truth.

The silence lengthened, and finally there was a movement from Phenix. She had taken on the look of a woman who knew herself to be secure, as she said "Mr. Ruxton, as you have no doubt surmised, I have a jealous husband, who does not shrink from degrading his wife. I beg you not to make this accusation common talk among your fellow prisoners."

It was no time to hold back. Whatever cards he held, he now had to play. He said, in Chinese, "Major Mai, don't you think you have done enough to your prisoners in the first six months?"

The unspoken message was: "Now that you know I understand Chinese, you will realize that I know about Madame Fa 'tze."

He glanced at Phenix. The woman was staring at Ruxton. "You've understood Chinese all this time? She glanced at her husband uneasily. "What has he overheard, do you think?" she asked quickly, and she spoke in the crude north country Chinese.

"He overheard me and Fa 'tze Jui-fang arrange a rendezvous. I told you that he came by, remember?"

Ruxton had no intention of letting them know that he also understood their northern dialect.

Mai faced Ruxton. "How many languages do you speak, Mr. Ruxton?"

"Four," lied Ruxton. "French, Chinese, English and Latin."

"I see," Mai stared off into space. His expression gradually hardened. "Your attempt to blackmail me gets you nowhere, Mr. Ruxton, but it does establish your guilt."

"I don't follow your reasoning," Ruxton said.

"We won't argue the details," said Mai.

"Naturally," Mai went on in a relentless tone, "I do not confuse my personal life with my public life, and so what I shall do, Mr. Ruxton, is simply speed up your conversion. We shall follow the route of maximum sustained fatigue to change."

He clapped his hands, and yelled in Chinese, "Attention!"

The two soldiers came through the door on the double.

The soldiers motioned Ruxton toward the rear door. Thereupon he became the first in a procession which consisted of himself, followed by the two soldiers in single file, with Mai bringing up the rear.

THEY entered a long, large rear room which was unoccupied and unfurnished except for a treadmill and some chairs.

Mai motioned Ruxton over to the treadmill.

Ruxton walked to the machine. It was a typical treadmill and differed from the kind used for work in that there was a rear wall, and this wall had tiny sharp nails about half an inch in length protruding from it.

"Get on!" Mai said curtly.

Ruxton asked, "What is this supposed to do?"

Mai said, "You step onto it a Capitalist and you step off a Communist."

Ruxton felt blank, but he asked in a steady voice, "How long do you think it will take?"

Mai seemed to consider that. "Fifty hours," he said finally.

He spent the first few minutes sensing the responses of the treadmill to his weight, and movement.

Its slowest speed was slightly faster than a man normally walks, and this was the pace he brought it to.

Mai turned away finally, and walked out of the room.

The two soldiers sat down in chairs on either side of the treadmill, and watched him stolidly.

In less than ten minutes, he began to feel confused, like a man who is required to do so many things at once. He knew then that the pace was beyond his strength, and that the crisis was only minutes away.

The pace took its toll of his energy. He began to feel surges of grief, and then he seemed to be without emotion but immensely tired.

He fell without any sensation.

His first awareness was that he was lying on the floor, and rough hands were jerking him back onto the machine.

He blacked out again.

Yet the next time that consciousness returned, he was walking quite firmly on the treadmill, as if he had recovered his strength.

Again the blackness closed over him, and when he had his next awareness he was still walking the treadmill.

He was still in the barracks, still on the treadmill, still moving forward, but on his knees now, automatically straining to get away from the needles. His back felt numb. There was a feeling that the needles had been used many times now. Two soldiers, new to him, sat in the chairs.

Ruxton turned his head aimlessly, his gaze flitted across the barred window, and he saw that it was night.

He crawled on. The steady mumbling of his own voice suddenly roared in on him. And he was saying: "Tosti is a Jap spy—she's a spy—a spy—"

RUXTON bit his tongue. It was not a small reaction. He bit

so hard that blood gushed in his mouth, and his tongue hurt with an excruciating pain. The silencing act was so violent he stopped his movements on the treadmill and instantly the needles drove cruelly into his back. He jumped with the agony, and frantically scrambled forward, as he had done so often, earlier. He thought, "You scum, you're betraying that girl—"

He seemed to be falling into some incredible distance. And as he fell, he dreamed.

A man's voice said, in French, "All right, Ruxton. Get off!"

"Get off!"

"Get off!"

Hands grabbed him, and shoved him violently, breaking the repetitious pattern. The floor came up. He had a momentary glimpse of it coming toward him. The next moment, or so it seemed, somebody was shaking him. Ruxton had no means, then or later of determining how long he lay there on the floor. But when he opened his eyes he felt quite sane.

His head had been facing toward one bare wall. Now, as he was about to sit up, he turned it automatically.

Kuznetoff sat in a chair. As Ruxton moved, the lanky Russian placed a short, thin knife against his throat. "Stay right there, Ruxton!" he said. "I have a question to ask you, and your answer will determine your fate. Were you the man who came to my room and tried to choke me to death? Don't expect any interruption. I've killed your guards. If you try to get up, or call for help, I'll shove this knife right into your throat, and no one will ever know what happened."

Ruxton spoke slowly. "That night... when I woke up, there I was in the act of choking you."

"You admit it!" The man's face was livid. "All right, Ruxton, your confession earns you the privilege of begging for your life."

The threat was hard to take. Yet Ruxton's mind remained steady. He flung his body along the floor, and leaped to his feet. He felt, rather than saw, the White Russian make a belated thrust at his back. Kuznetoff lunged up out of his chair, lost his balance, and staggered within reach of Ruxton's arms. Ruxton caught him in a grip of iron, slapped one arm around the slender, wiry body, and with his free hand grasped the man's right wrist. He squeezed mercilessly until the knife fell to the floor. Instantly, he slammed his foot down on it, and with a lurch of his own body to give power to the thrust, sent him spinning back into the chair.

The look of confusion on the man's face stopped the attack Ruxton had been about to make. "Speaking of my attack on you, how about your attack on me—with Gregory?" Ruxton said.

The startled look on Kuznetoff's thin face was replaced by an expression of relief. "That makes us even," he said quickly. "I'm willing to call quits."

At that point Ruxton saw the two Chinese soldiers sprawled on the other side of the treadmill.

He blurted out, "Good God, you really did kill them!"

Kuznetoff made a dismissing gesture. "I'm sure they deserve it," he said. "One of them was sleeping," he explained,

"and the other dozed for a few moments. That's when I came in through that backroom window—" he pointed vaguely—"and cut their throats."

Ruxton thought of Tosti. "I've got to get her to Wanchan," he told himself, "before they put me on that damned machine again."

"Show me how you came in!" he whispered fiercely. "Then you get back to your room before we're discovered here."

Outside was a great stillness. In the darkness the two men removed their shoes.

When they came to the rear of the Mai house, Ruxton whispered, "You get back into the hotel as best you can. I'm stopping here."

Kuznetoff caught his arm, then grabbed his hand and shook it. "Good luck," he said, "whatever you do. I regret the violent feelings I had for you."

"Thank you for rescuing me," said Ruxton.

"I came to kill, not to rescue," was the sardonic reply. They separated.

Gingerly, he climbed over the Mai fence. As he lowered himself on the far side, a figure rose up a few feet away, and a whispered voice said, "It is I, Mr. Ruxton. Ho Sin Go. You have come, perhaps, to see my wife."

Ruxton grabbed at him, but Ho retreated. "I have a gun," he said. "Hold still."

"Do not fear me, Mr. Ruxton. I came earlier to the torture chamber, and I heard what you said about Tosti being a Japanese spy. I want to know what I can do to help."

Hurriedly he explained the problem of getting to Wanchan to Ho Sin Go. The distance required vehicle transportation.

Ho said, "Mr. Ruxton, when I heard you say those terrible words about my wife, I went out in a stunned state. But soon I recovered, and knew what had to be done. I have here a forged requisition for Major Mai's own car. Will that be satisfactory?"

In the darkness, Ruxton squeezed the man's arm in a gesture of affinity. "Go and get the car!" he whispered. "Drive out about a mile along the road, and wait. I'll bring her there. And get your own things," said Ruxton. "You'll have to go with her. You can't remain here after this."

"I have every intention," was the fierce reply, "of accompanying my wife wherever she goes."

Quickly, he helped Ho over the fence. Turning, he crept across the yard, making his way to the side door. And so, softly, into Tosti's room. He reached down and placed one hand over her mouth, and encircled her body with the other. It was like trying to hold a wild animal, so violently did she struggle. But after a little, his whispered words penetrated, and her fight ceased. He told her what had happened, but not why it had happened.

He was aware of her bending down, and in the darkness he heard her fumbling in one corner, near the floor. Then he heard her speak in a low voice, in Japanese.

Ruxton realized that she was engaged in two-way radio communication.

The conversation lasted several minutes. Then she rose to her feet, and whispered: "A jet will come for Ho and me," she whispered. "I'm sorry, Seal, they won't take you. I begged, but they won't."

"For Christ sake, why not?"

"They want Project 'Future Victory' to go on. They will not interfere."

"But why take Ho?"

"He may have information."

It was all too logical. Ruxton inquired if the plane would land on the abandoned airstrip to the north. Tosti said it would, shortly before dawn.

A few minutes later, they joined Ho, and made for the strip. . . .

THE darkness was barely beginning to soften when the familiar jet hissing came. As the plane roared in, they turned on the car lights.

Ruxton recognized it as a long-distance two-jet trainer, capable of carrying a pilot and two persons. And, being Japanese, two relatively small persons. It was not constructed for six-foot Americans.

He had hoped until this instant that he might force his way aboard. Now, with an emptiness in his stomach, he accepted his fate. He lifted Tosti through the narrow door, and then helped Ho up beside her. "Good bye. Good luck," he said simply.

The jets hissed with their sound of power, and the plane moved, gathered speed, and made its take-off. . . .

The light of dawn increased rapidly now. Soon, he was able to make out mounds of stones piled off to one side or another of the strip. To pilots they were familiar sights, common to all hastily cleared fields.

He worked fast, rearranging the rocks until he had a narrow cave, big enough to hold him, and with one rock that he could lower to cover partially the entrance to his hideout.

He was in process of easing himself into the imperfect shelter, when the first jeeps appeared on the horizons. Hastily, Ruxton lowered the rock into position, crouched down—and waited tensely.

He could only hear, not see, what was happening. The jeeps arrived. Once, he heard a shot. After more than an hour, the jeeps went away and there was silence.

Ruxton lifted off the rock, and crawled out. Mai's car had been driven away.

He found a hollow of ground, curled up and went to sleep. When it was dark, he set out, his destination the Mai house.

HAVING gotten safely into the Mai basement without being seen, he spent the night cutting up and rearranging the pile of mattresses there. He ripped solid sections from the centers of five of the mattresses. He fed this slowly into the furnace during the next several hours, taking care not to stuff in too much at one time.

When his task was completed, the pile of mattresses looked as it had before—but now there was a cosy little home for him 30 inches high by about three feet wide and nearly five feet long. It would, he hoped, conceal him.

Satisfied, he removed his shoes and some of his clothing. He would have liked to sleep, but his mind was too active for that.

Mentally, he wrote an essay on the subject of the "right man," a subject that had been occupying his mind for a long time.

The type of person I am describing, wrote Ruxton with his mind pen, sees everything that ever happened to him in a distorted fashion, which in essence shows him to have been 100 per cent right and everyone else to have been wrong.

Although married, he must be free to do as he pleases, with no questions asked.

If his wife crosses him, or brings up to him some aspect of his misbehavior in a critical way, he either withdraws into a resentful silence which may last for a week or even longer, or he expresses unqualified rage.

Is she leaves him, he must die.

This can be actual death, or the symbolic death of alcoholism, drug addiction, or insanity, or an illness so severe that when he finally recovers he is no longer the same person.

He can leave her, and live.

If he does the leaving, he still tries to control her by withholding child support, or alimony, to the limit of the law, or often he seeks a lover-mistress relationship with her, his argument being that this is the least she can do for him in return for financial support.

It should be noted that all persons feel better when they are right. This normal impulse ought not to be confused with the neurotic or the psychotic drive of the person whose need to be right has caused so much misery and destruction.

Ruxton completed his mental summation, and fell asleep. . . .

SOMEONE was in the basement.

A woman's voice said softly, "Seal, are you here?"

Phenix! "Here!" he answered. "Under the mattresses."

She came swiftly around the pile. She exclaimed a little as she saw his stubble-bearded countenance; but then she rubbed her cheek against his, lovingly. And then she said, "I saw you after that White Russian helped you to escape. My husband is a very sound sleeper, and so I sneaked out. I was going to rescue you. There was so much confusion yesterday, I dared not come down here. But I knew you hadn't gone off with that woman and her husband."

Ruxton had eased himself to the floor. He said abruptly, "Phenix, I want you to leave your husband. Tell him you plan a divorce, and that you are leaving for good. Pretend to return to your family, but actually go to Hong Kong, and wait there. I'll write a letter which will authorize you to receive funds from my bank while you're there."

It was a long message, but he was able to say every word of it before she reacted. She said in astonishment, "Leave my husband—whatever for?"

As quickly as he could, he told her of his theory—that Mai would temporarily abandon his mistresses in a desperate need to have his wife back. He pointed out, "Once you discover how he responds to your departure, you can control him completely if you wish."

She was quick. Her first words went instantly to the heart of the idea. "You're implying that Marx, Lenin,

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Stalin, Mao Tse-tung, my husband, and all their kind merely projected their 'right' personality into the ideals of Communism. That the ideals have no reality in themselves." She sounded shocked.

Ruxton explained patiently, "The truth or falsehood of the ideas is not a factor. There *are* true ideas in the world, but they are not involved in a 'right' man's responses when he is manifesting his rightness."

She murmured, half to herself, "It's true that my husband is a very disturbed person."

He said, "Let me make clear what will happen to your husband when his mother-substitute—you—leaves him."

As he told her how Mai would react, her eyes grew wide. "I don't believe it," she whispered. "That hard-hearted man hasn't that much feeling in him."

"It isn't feeling, as you mean it," Ruxton explained patiently. "It's madness. But if you ever hope to find a way to live with this man, then you ought to discover if he will have a response to your leaving him, in the way that I predict he will. The fact is he'll have a temporary feeling of relief when you first leave. Your departure will give him the sense of freedom that his neurosis tells him he wants."

She bit her lip, nodded as at some secret thought, and then, as if his answer would decide her, said, "Tell me again, what will actually happen in your opinion?"

"Your husband," said Ruxton, "will either take to drink —"

"Impossible," she said. "He detests alcohol."

"—Or," said Ruxton, "he will start using drugs."

"He despises drug addiction more than anything in the world."

"—Or," continued Ruxton, "he will temporarily become insane."

"I can't imagine it," said Phenix.

"—Or," said Ruxton inexorably, "he will start to die. That," he lied, "will take a while, of course."

The woman was silent for a long moment. Finally, the look of decision came into her face. She said, "The whole thing sounds completely fantastic, but the truth is I've seen people—men—do things like that and so I'll do as you ask. What do you want me to do?"

Ruxton said, "As soon as you can, get me paper and pen, and I'll write a letter to my business manager in Hong Kong. It will instruct her to supply you with an income that will enable you to live in an apartment in Hong Kong for as long as you wish."

"But what's going to become of *you*?" Phenix asked plaintively.

Ruxton said quickly, "We can talk about that before you leave for Hong Kong"...

AT the end of three weeks, the food that Phenix had prepared for him was completely gone. Accordingly, Ruxton emerged from his hiding place one morning just before prison breakfast time. He made his way outside, stood blinking at the brightness of the day, and then climbed over the rear fence, and walked around to the hotel.

He was a dirty, bearded monster, but he got all the way to his seat at the breakfast table before being noticed.

Ruxton saw Fa 'tze wave his colleagues to silence, and stand up.

"Mr. Ruxton!" he said through the French interpreter. "Where have you been?"

"I've been hiding from torture," said Ruxton, who had planned this dialogue for weeks.

Fa 'tze demanded in a severe tone, "Where have you been hiding?"

"That information," said Ruxton firmly, "I think I shall give only to Major Mai."

Fa 'tze hesitated, then turned to his colleagues, and there was a murmured consultation among them. Presently, Fa 'tze said, "You will resume your former activities until further notice. Major Mai is incapacitated—he has a severe cold."

Ruxton's grim guess was that Major Mai's cold was going to get worse.

Father de Melanier, de la Santa, Gregory, Jarnoz, and Tittoni came upstairs with him. They stood by in the bathroom while Ruxton shaved and gave him the news.

In a few minutes he had the details. The disappearance of Ho and Tosti, the departure of Mrs. Mai, Mai's illness—which had begun about six days before.

Before they could speak further, there was a clatter of footsteps. Someone yelled a command. An instant later the door was thrown open.

There was a pause, and then a pale, hollow-eyed Mai walked in through the open door. The caricature of what had been a well-groomed Chinese officer motioned the other men to leave.

When they were alone, Mai asked him in English, "Mr. Ruxton, do you know where my wife is?"

"Yes," said Ruxton, "I know." He went on, and his voice was slightly uneven, "When she rescued me—"

"Rescued you! My wife?" Mai spoke sharply.

Ruxton continued as if he had not heard the interruption, "When she rescued me, she told me that your accusation against her degraded her, for she was a good woman who had been faithful to an unfaithful husband."

Mai said in a dead level voice, "Mr. Ruxton, where is she?"

"That information," said Ruxton, and abruptly he was sweating, "has a price on it."

"What is the price?"

Standing there, not really knowing what to expect next, Ruxton told him.

To Ruxton, Mai said, "Get outside!"

Mai followed him. "You were sentenced to death *in absentia*. The sentence will be carried out immediately."

As Ruxton walked down the stairs, his knees felt watery, but otherwise he had no fear and almost no thought. And still he believed that his analysis of what was happening in the brain of Mai, the "right" personality, was correct.

He was led along the street, and tied, spread-eagled, to the rings in the concrete wall. Even as he was being tied, a squad of six soldiers came running along the street. They took up position opposite him, and unlimbered their rifles.

Without a word, Mai turned his back on Ruxton, walked over behind the firing squad, and faced about.

"Ready!" he cried in an inexorable voice.

Ruxton felt blank and unbelieving. It all seemed far away.

"Aim!" Mai yelled at the firing squad.

Ruxton closed his eyes. There was a pause, that lengthened. He opened his eyes in time to see Mai waving the guns down. The commandant walked across the street to where Ruxton stood against the wall.

"Well, Mr. Ruxton," he said savagely, "are you prepared to talk? You have a final opportunity."

Ruxton stared at him, and he was thinking, "All these people are implacably following the principles of control Marx discovered. Now I've found a deeper motivation for what they do. It reaches past all their training into the mind itself. Why shouldn't I follow through on what I think I know?" The truth was, he had no alternative.

Ruxton shook his head. "You have my offer," he said.

Mai said, "You persist in this plan to ruin me?"

Ruxton shrugged, "You're ruining me."

Mai snarled. "You're a white man—of no value in the new age."

Ruxton asked coolly, "Do you include your big White Brother, the Soviet Union, in that sweeping statement?"

Mai was silent; he was pale, and seemed distraught.

Ruxton continued, "Your attitude is simply and backwardly based on race prejudice. There is not a New Age bone in your body. So I think we can do without your contribution to the future of mankind."

It was immensely dangerous talk. But—again—there seemed no alternative. Nonetheless, Ruxton decided that he had said enough.

What his knowledge of the "right" man could do for him was done....

THE Chinese, Ruxton decided, were the greatest spitters in the world. The fact had never been so strongly borne in on him as on that long railroad ride to Hong Kong.

The floor of each crowded car in the speeding train was slimy with sputum. All around him people kept clearing their throats and expectorating.

Restlessly Ruxton walked back and forth. As restlessly, he sat at intervals with the little party of white prisoners. Mai sat hunched in a seat, staring mindlessly.

Once, when Ruxton sat down, Father de Melanier indicated the commandant, and shook his head in bewilderment. "What did you do to that man?" he asked. "What's holding him? He'll be killed for this, if they ever catch him."

"His wife hid me when I escaped. She told me she was leaving him, and where she was going. I'm taking him to her."

Father de Melanier said, wonderingly, "Love is a strange phenomenon."

"It's not love," said Ruxton.

"It makes you realize that these people still have human qualities after all," the father said.

"What the 'right' personality has," said Ruxton, "makes people inhuman."

"But he has become a pitiable object," said the priest.

Ruxton said earnestly, "It is only an accident that the man sitting in that seat is not Mao Tse-tung or Nikita Khrushchev. All terrorists are equally vulnerable."

Five hours later, the train pulled up at the border station, and there, only a short distance along the bank, was the bridge that separated Red China from Hong Kong.

Without hesitation, Mai commandeered the border inspector's private office for the phone call to his wife.

There was a thrilling moment when Anna Chen's voice came over the phone. When she heard Ruxton's voice, she burst into tears. When she had finally controlled herself, there was a long pause; and then, Anna said, "We're all very guilty here, because undoubtedly someone talked too much to Madame Mai. I'm afraid she suddenly got a picture which you didn't want her to see."

"What are you talking about?" he yelled.

"I think she found out about me and Antonina and Celeste and she went back to China," said Anna, sobbing.

Ruxton glanced through the open door at Mai in the inner office listening on the phone extension. "Okay, Anna," he said, "I'll talk to you later."

He hung up, walked in to the inner office to face a slyly smiling Mai, and closed the door behind him.

"Well," said Major Mai Lin Yin, and he was as of old, "your little scheme to use my love for my wife didn't work."

"It isn't love," said Ruxton. He had his hand in his pocket, where he still had Kuznetoff's knife, and he did a strange thing with his muscles; he braced himself to commit murder.

"You think your wife returned to the prison?"

"I'm happy that you raised the point. I'll phone the prison. She's had time to get there."

After the call had been put through, Mai burst into tears.

"Oh, my dear, my dear sweetheart," he sobbed, and his speech was the rough, North China dialect. "You must never leave me again—" The sobbing and the protestations of love went on for some time, but Mai presently recovered.

AT the point, Ruxton said, "May I speak to her?" He held out his hand for the phone.

Mai said into the receiver, "One moment, lover."

"Madame Mai," he said into the phone. "Do you realize what you have done, after our agreement?"

She replied, "I am in my husband's house, where I belong."

Ruxton said grimly, "What you have done is typical of the wife of such a man. Trapped by some last minute foolish emotion of her own, she rushes back to receive again his false assurances of love."

"At least," came the reply, "I shall not be just another foolish concubine in your extensive harem."

"Madame Mai, tell your husband that you will join him in Hong Kong, and nowhere else."

He heard her draw in her breath. Then she said, "Mr. Ruxton, surely you don't expect me to betray my own government?"

Suddenly breathless, he said—and he virtually gasped every word, "Madam Mai, what you discovered in Hong Kong relates to the old-style me. That was the way I was before I began to analyze the man who has to be right. You should make allowances for change in a person who has begun to understand himself."

Phenix said: "From what you have said, I realize there is truth in you, and that I was wrong to think otherwise. Yet you must know that I cannot do what you want. However, there is a solution. Seal, put my husband back on the phone!"

Shaken, Ruxton handed the receiver over to Mai. "She wants to talk to you," he mumbled.

He was vaguely aware of their conversation.

Mai replaced the receiver on the phone, and he gazed up at Ruxton soberly. "My friend," he said, "we both have my lover to thank. I don't think any of you could get away, because there are several hundred soldiers at or near this border station. Nonetheless only you and I know the situation. Therefore, you may cross the bridge, but the others remain. Agreed?"

Ruxton did not question that this was a legitimate offer.

The alternative was to make a fight for it.

Ruxton tossed the gun onto the grass mat covering the floor. "I won't be needing that," he said.

"You are very wise," Mai said, and moved around the desk toward the door. As he reached the gun, he turned, and stooped to pick it up.

The truth was that the West was not yet motivated to kill communists. The world was poised in a dreadful balance between mass destruction and peace. That balance should not be upset by single persons on their private decision. And so, Mai—though he had murdered thousands, and by all the ancient codes of man deserved death—would now benefit from the uneasy truce that was still in force. Ruxton knew how to damage without killing.

He struck a single, incapacitating blow with the knife.

OUTSIDE, striving for casualness, Ruxton spoke to Gregory, loud enough so that two nearby, uniformed officials could hear. "We're to go," said.

And he started to walk toward the barrier. He was vaguely aware, as he partly turned his head, of the Chinese chief inspector coming out of a building, and looking after them.

The inspector yelled a command at a platoon of six soldiers. As these men trotted after the little party of white men, the inspector turned and went back into the building.

Ruxton restrained his panic with the thought, "He can't know anything till he tries to talk to Mai."

But he said now to Gregory, "I wounded Mai, and I think he'll be found any second. We can't allow these soldiers to take us back. It's a fight to the death right here."

Every man was walking with hand in pocket, gripping a pistol butt.

The soldiers loped past them, and took up position at the barrier. One of them spoke to the officer in charge, and it was he who stepped forward and, in a distinctive British accent, addressed Ruxton, who was first in line.

"I have instructions to pick up your authorization permits. This should have been done at the station."

Ruxton reached in his pocket, and handed his over. Then he gripped his automatic again and waited while all the permits were given to the man.

The white men stepped onto the bridge. Ruxton looked back, and saw the inspector and some soldiers hurrying toward them.

"Run!" yelled Ruxton.

As they reached the Hong Kong side, a scattering of rifle fire made everyone dive for the nearest cover. For Ruxton, this consisted simply of lying flat on the ground. From his prostrate position, he could see that on the far side of the bridge, soldiers were milling and gesturing.

He thought, "I have the power of special knowledge, equal to Marx's armed proletariat, Hitler's understanding of reactionaries."

The logic of it was remorselessly simple. Everywhere, those few "right" men who had not fallen by the wayside lived in that state of heightened, feverish activity which had substantially given them control of the world.

The Marxists were only the latest of a long line of people who had chosen to use their knowledge to gain power, no matter what the cost in human lives.

He stood, arching his back, stretching, feeling a strange confidence. He had conquered the confusion of the 20th century. It was a dynamic age, and there would be many changes. But through it all, he would be able to stand up to his full height and live each moment according to what it had to offer.

Later, straight and tall and thoughtfully, he went into the great city. ●●●

"WALK FASTER" Mai said.
"Every step will show you
how good Communism is"





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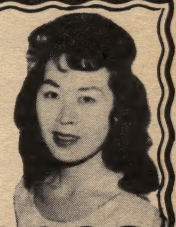
The experts in Japan, who know and teach these ONE-finger techniques, have now explained that YUBIWAZA is a centuries-old system of Self-Defense which is so simple and so effective that outsiders were never instructed in its use. The system was restricted to Japanese who SWORE to apply these methods only in time of danger and attack by an aggressor. Many of the very techniques in my Yubiwaza book, once highly guarded secrets of the ancient Samurai warriors never shown to outsiders are now shown to you — FIRST time!

EASY -- And I am now ready to show you, too, through clear, easy-to-understand photos, every secret. I guarantee to make you a YUBIWAZA specialist in hours—or every cent you paid will be refunded. You don't have to attend my school where I train beginners like you and turn them into experts. Now I can show you how to practice YUBIWAZA in the privacy of your own home with only a few minutes of practice a day. I'll show you how to defend yourself against hoodlums, bullies, "wise guys" and juvenile delinquents who respect neither lives nor property.

When you apply YUBIWAZA methods, you can cut an aggressor down with JUST ONE FINGER! You can disarm an opponent rushing you with his fists, a broken bottle, a revolver or any kind of bludgeon. You can turn an aggressor's attack into your advantage with only one finger or your bare hands. No matter how "hot" the action gets, YUBIWAZA keeps you "on top." You can apply simple pressure of your finger against any one of a dozen or more vital nerve centers of your opponent and watch his gun or knife fall from his limp hand while he himself sinks to the ground completely helpless and faint. If the neighborhood bully pushes you, you

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says Yoshie Imanami —
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MASTER EVERY SITUATION!

Make no mistake! The world is crowded with anti-social enemies who think nothing of sticking a knife into the ribs . . . or attacking peace-loving citizens just for the fun of it . . . or molesting boys and girls shamelessly. There is a crying need for a system of self-defense that relies on KNOWLEDGE, not big muscles or strength . . . that depends on TECHNIQUE — not on weight or size of body . . . that is based on simple TRAINING—not on illegal possession of weapons.

When you know YUBIWAZA you can disarm and disable your opponent in seconds. You can repel a mugger who grabs you from behind—no matter how big he is or how much he weighs. Instantly you know WHERE to attack, and how. You learn the body's major vulnerable regions, the defense or on-guard position to take, and your body's personal weapons which you can apply to maximum advantage. I have jam-packed all I know about YUBIWAZA into my Guide, which I have profusely illustrated and clearly explained. I take you step by step through the fundamentals of this amazing system so that you understand clearly and immediately how these effective principles work. You learn those tricks used by marines, police and G-men . . . how to floor any bully . . . how to touch vital spots that will make any attacker helpless. No matter whether you are big or small, strong or weak, you can overpower practically any opponent with lightning speed!

BECOME A NEW MAN!

Knowledge of YUBIWAZA will turn you into a NEW MAN even if you never actually have to use it! For you will become SELF-ASSURED through your ability to handle yourself. You will walk with a deter-

mined and confident air secure with the knowledge that NOTHING can frighten you . . . that you can deal with ANY man, ANY weapon, ANY situation—and that you can do all this with NO bodily contact! And you will win respect and admiration from everyone.

Thousands of men of all ages have won confidence and respect by learning YUBIWAZA. YOU can do the same! You owe it to your own peace of mind . . . to your friends and loved ones—to be able to defend yourself in these days when attack may come at any time and place from hoodlums, criminals and delinquents. So mail Coupon NOW for my COMPLETE Instruction on YUBIWAZA. If you and your friends don't say that YUBIWAZA has made a NEW MAN out of you, every cent will be refunded!

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Would you like to know how to tear a license plate in HALF . . . or break bricks bare-handed, using very little strength . . . or to split a plank by splitting breath, sand and straw? How about splitting a bottle cap in half? YOU CAN DO ALL OF THIS—if you know the secret. And the secret is NOT brute strength—but technique! Your personal copy of HOW TO DO STRONG-MAN STUNTS WITH EASE will show you exactly how each trick is performed! Mail Coupon NOW!

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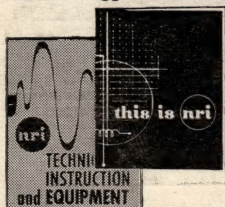
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EARL GROSS, Hanover, Ont., has spare-time Radio-TV service shop. Does work for four dealers. W. F. KLINE, Cincinnati, Ohio, went from factory laborer to his own business with sales of \$158,000 in one year. F. W. COX, Hollywood, Calif., averaged \$150 a month spare time while training, now has his own full time business. E. DUANE BITNER, Northfield, N.J., works on missiles. He says, "NRI training gave me the biggest boost in my life."



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